THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1918

DO you want to get away from yourself for a couple of hours?

Do you want real amusement—real entertainment?

No—we're not going to advise you to go to the theatre. Maybe you're too tired to get out of your dressing gown, or you have a hard day ahead of you and must retire early.

Let us be your guide to the popular plays through the columns of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. We'll pass by all the "flivvers" and let you peep in only at the plays that are displaying the S.R.O. sign.

Get acquainted with us. You'll start well by reading the November issue.

DID you ever study the psychology of stage clothes?

Clothes can be witty and poetic, full of emotional meanings.

Actresses have sprung into fame because of their clothes, or because of their lack of them.

A Salvation Army bonnet earned a fortune for Edna May.

Merode became famous because she wore her hair over her ears.

Maude Adams is the most popular actress on our stage in spite of her preferring to be unfashionable.

Read Mildred Cram's clever article, "Clothes and the Actress" in the November issue.

WE all know the splendid work that is being done in this country by the Stage Women's War Relief and the Liberty Theatres in the camps to secure for America's fighting man that amusement and diversion that will raise his morale and help him to forget the horrors of war.

But we do not know exactly the conditions under which theatrical entertainments are given in the trenches. Can you imagine the unusual and very many difficulties the khaki-clad stage manager and uniformed thespians labor under before they can give a performance?

Read in the next number the article entitled, "Say, Let's Have a Show," written by a man who has really been "over there" and taken part in a performance.

It's an eye opener to the way the drama thrives in No Man's Land.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

IN the current number Raymond Hitchcock tells us how he was fired from Wanamaker's, and Irene Franklin describes amusingly her midnight marriage.

But these are only two experiences. Next month Nazimova, Leon Errol, Blanche Bates and others will tell you in their own words "The Most Striking Episode of My Life."

HOW has the war affected the drama?

The majority of our plays nowadays concern the crushing of the Hun. Yet no one pretends it is good art. It would be unnatural for such a period of storm and stress to bring forth first class art in any form.

Read "War and the Drama" in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for November. An article with a "punch" that's sure to interest you.

WHEN you see the matinee idol make love on the stage doesn't it all seem real? Don't you think the leading lady the luckiest woman?

When you see the villain in the melodrama cheating and murdering his fellows, don't you just clench your fist with indignation?

Well—if you do feel like this you're all wrong. The matinee idol doesn't love his leading lady. The villain, too, is far from being as black as he's painted.

Read "His Letters Home" and learn the true feelings of the "love sick" leading man.

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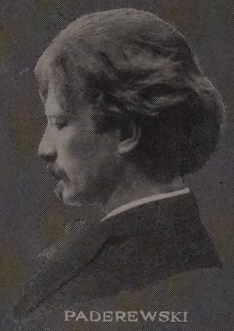

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 212. OCTOBER, 1918

From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

JEANNE EAGELS

This sympathetic young actress plays the leading feminine rôle in "Daddies," the new comedy at the Belasco

AFTERTHOUGHTS OF A FIRST NIGHTER

IN these war times, when everything connected with the murderous Hun is abhorrent to all straight-thinking Americans, it is interesting to know that the Government is inquiring into the origin of some of the plays which have recently proved money makers on Broadway.

From the office of A. Mitchell Palmer, Enemy Alien Property Custodian, comes the announcement that the American rights to several enemy owned operas, operettas and plays have been taken over, and in the future all royalties collected for these rights will be invested in Liberty Bonds. The operettas taken over include "Her Soldier Boy," played all last year in New York, "Pom Pom," "Sari," "Miss Springtime," another favorite of last season, and "The Chocolate Soldier." The plays include "Madame X," and "The Concert." Among grand operas are "Salome," "The Jewels of the Madonna," and "The Secret of Suzanne."

Are these all? Report has it that a highly successful farce, which ran for months at a leading theatre last season, and whose coarseness and vulgarity might have suggested its Teutonic source, is also an adaptation from the German. Other pieces which had long and prosperous runs in New York last year, are likewise said to be thinly disguised adaptations of plays that had previously been applauded in Berlin.

WE are not among those who are indiscriminating in their righteous rage against everything German. We are still able to enjoy the music of Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner without identifying their world genius with the atrocious baby killers who burned Louvain. Don't let us forget that the arrogance and barbarism of the Prussians has never been denounced more bitterly than by their fellow countrymen Goethe and Heine. We should be foolish to deprive ourselves of the masterpieces of German music and literature simply because the nation that produced them has temporarily gone mad.

But emphatically what we should do is to see to it that no present-day German dramatist is allowed to profit by the exploitation of his play on our stage. This is a matter that can be safely left to the United States authorities. There is no necessity why American managers should go to Berlin for their plays. There are plenty of plays by American authors—just as clever and certainly far more wholesome and cleaner—that are only waiting for a chance to be produced. If our managers are so anxious to go to Berlin, let them follow the Flag, and go there, rifle in hand, to avenge the victims of the *Lusitania*.

IT'S impossible to be late at the theatre in New York."

A well seasoned playgoer just behind me uttered this sage remark the other evening as he cooly strolled in thirty minutes after the time advertised for the rise of the curtain and leisurely took his seat. According to the time set by the manager for the commencement of the play, the first act should have been half over when he arrived, but, as a matter of fact, the asbestos had not yet gone up.

WHY do theatre managers leave themselves open to this sort of criticism? Are their published announcements ever to be taken seriously or are they only Germanized "scraps of paper" which the manager may honor or disregard at his convenience?

Cannot a theatre be run on business principles like any other commercial establishment? If a dry goods store advertises that it will open its doors at a stated time, or a railroad traffic manager schedules a train to leave at such and such an hour, you may lay odds on the doors being opened and the train leaving promptly on time. But when a theatre manager makes any announcement of the kind, you know by long experience that you are perfectly safe in ignoring it.

Why are we theatregoers, who have the decency to come early to the play, constantly annoyed by late arrivals pushing rudely past us, treading on our corns and blocking our view of the performance already in progress? Why are we unable to hear the lines of the actors in the opening scenes of the play owing to the confusion and noise of seating late comers?

Because theatregoers are so tired of being kept stewing in the auditorium for the performance to begin that they arrive late at the theatre deliberately. Because they know you can never be late at a New York theatre, they saunter in at all hours, sure of not missing very much, even if they are an hour late.

ON the first night of "A Very Good Young Man," at the Plymouth, manager Arthur Hopkins announced that the curtain would rise at 8:20 p. m. Some patrons were foolish enough to take the announcement literally and, risking acute indigestion, they bolted their dinners, jumped into their cars and raced down on high to the theatre, only to find the auditorium empty and the lady ushers smiling pleasantly at their gullibility. After having been parboiled in a torrid temperature for what seemed an interminable period, the curtain at last rose at *a quarter to nine*—nearly half an hour later than Mr. Hopkins declared it would rise.

What is the trouble? Does Mr. Hopkins not know his own mind or has he no authority in his own theatre to enforce his orders? If I were manager of a New York playhouse I would have more consideration, if not respect, for my patrons. The day has gone by when "the public be damned" policy can be followed with impunity. That might have been all right in Commodore Vanderbilt's time, but it won't work nowadays. If I were manager of a New York theatre and I advertised a performance to begin at 8:20 o'clock the curtain would rise at 8:20—not a minute sooner nor a minute later.

Is it surprising that our theatre managers fail so lamentably in catering to the public's spiritual uplift, when they themselves are lacking in one of the most elementary of virtues—punctuality?

EVERYTHING is being Hooverized. Why not Hooverize the long and expensive casts of metropolitan productions? A. H. Woods has led the way at the Eltinge. In the new war drama, "Under Orders" there are only two actors—Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull. It's a distinct novelty watching only two players where usually one watches a dozen or more, but I'm not sure that it's an experiment that would bear much repetition. It becomes rather wearisome to see the same two faces throughout the four acts.

To the manager, of course, it would be a Godsend if playwrights could be always restricted to two actors (why not one actor doing a monologue). Think of the saving in the pay roll—only two people to settle with on the day the ghost walks! In these days of big salaries the economy would be enormous. The pay roll of a Broadway production ranges from $1,500 to $3,500 a week. The price of actors, like the price of eggs (strange how readily one associates hen fruit with the actor!) is steadily rising. Who knows? Very soon the manager, burdened by other heavy expenses, may have to do without actors at all, like some of us have to do without eggs. In cutting down his cast to two, Mr. Woods may be very farseeing. His present salary list at the Eltinge can't be much more than $400 a week, just about what it cost William Dunlap to run his entire stock company at the famous John Street Theatre in 1798. But for that price Dunlap had a dozen famous players where Mr. Woods has only two, and instead of getting $200 and $300 a week each, as most of our leading players do—they were glad to get anything, from the $25 a week paid to the celebrated star Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, to the $4 a week paid to the dainty ingenue!

Richard Ross, Andrew Lawlor, Thomas McCann, Charles Whitfield.

Penrod and his "detectifs"—Sam Williams, Herman and Verman

Katherine Emmett

Penrod's mother with the two culprits

hotos White

Helen Hayes John Davidson

The "detectifs" spy on the object of their persecution, the beau of Penrod's sister

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S BOY HERO "PENROD" ON THE STAGE

PROHIBITION AND THE DRAMA

Teetotalism will rob the dramatist of effective scenes and the comedian of his red nose

By LISLE BELL

THIS is an inquiry into the state of the drama under prohibition. It will be pursued—and possibly overtaken—in two directions. In the first place, what will national prohibition do to the theatre? And in the second, what will the theatre do to national prohibition?

One point is clear to start with. If the nation goes dry, the theatre must follow suit. A moist theatre in an arid land is unthinkable. There must be no hanging back, no mooning at the bar. Wet is wet, and dry is dry; and never the twain shall meet.

Should Congress go dry—in a liquid, not an oratorical sense—the effect will be far-reaching. It would be unreasonable to expect the theatre to remain passive in the midst of this reform. If the drama has been at times a little overstimulated, then the abrupt withdrawal of all spiritous liquors will involve many minor adjustments.

Under the new régime, for example, there is no doubt that numerous dramatists will find themselves stripped of some of their best material. They will discover themselves hampered, cramped for material. Think how many a good situation is founded upon alcohol. And now they may lose their punch, in both senses of the word.

If the nation goes dry, many plays will automatically acquire a purely antiquarian interest. To steal a term from the technicians, they will begin to "date" badly. If no one can drink, no one will be much interested in a play where liquor enters into the plot or the hero.

THERE is the drama "Bought and Paid For," to cite a familiar instance. Its third act climax, and its fourth act moral lesson will go by default, will drop—as 'twere—from the sublime to the bibulous. And think of "Fair and Warmer" under prohibition. With what mixed feelings will men regard its mixed drinks. With what uncompromising attitudes will women view its compromising situation.

Of course, certain of these plays might be rewritten. It might be possible to do "Bought and Paid For" over and give it a "Daddy Longlegs" flavor. "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" might be renovated and rechristened "Ten Nights in a Bevo-Bar," but it would be difficult. Even Falstaff may lose his charm for a non-imbibing audience.

Theatrical criticism will not go unchallenged under the new dispensation—or rather lack of dispensation. Plays may no longer be seen through a glass sparklingly. Do you recall the advice of a New York reviewer during the past season, who urged "some good Burgundy" as a prerequisite for the best enjoyment of "A Marriage of Convenience," and then embellished the idea by advocating "a couple of Bronxes" to precede the Burgundy? It begins to look as if the critics will have to discover some war-time substitutes for this sort of thing.

As for the actor, he will find his field of endeavor more and more restricted. All comedy of the red-nose variety will become obsolete. The hilarious effect of a carbonated water siphon will become nil. Going upstairs unsteadily which has been known to evoke the biggest laugh of the evening, will cease to lure the guffaws of reminiscent gentlemen.

Even such a master of the art of mimic inebriacy as Leon Errol may find his following less appreciative. When he begins to plunge and pirouette about the stage in "Hitchy-Koo," you roar your delight. Each succeeding fall seems more ludicrous than the last. But under prohibition, it is to be feared that this hearty reception may give place to

> "A feeling of sadness and longing
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the *missed* resembles the rain."

TURNING now to the producing phase of the problem, there is little question that, if what is true of other fields holds good for the theatre, we may look forward to a marked increase in production. At any rate, that is the way the experts size up the situation.

In order to determine just how much of an increase may be expected, it will be necessary to compare the theatrical field with some other industry. Take coal, for instance. (It will be difficult to do, but take it just the same.)

Recently it was reported that in West Virginia, which is a dry State, coal miners have increased their production five-sixths of a ton per man per day. These figures are stupendous, not to say bituminous.

However, upon the same basis, we estimate that prohibition in New York ought to increase theatrical production five-sixths of an actor per act perhaps.

But there are other phases of the situation which do not fall into simple arithmetical solution. There is, to take one instance out of many, the intermission to be considered. If the nation goes dry, the intermission will go begging.

There will be no occasion for long waits bridged by short drinks. There will be no sudden and concerted withdrawal of the male portion of the audience, intent upon discussing the progress of the play, act by act. One may confidently predict the gradual disappearance of the entr'acte altogether. Perhaps that is why, with his unfailing foresight, Bernard Shaw composed "Misalliance" with no break in the action from the first curtain to the last. He foresaw the approaching aridity, and with it the atrophy of the intermission. If there is nothing to go out for, why go out?

ALL these changes, and numerous others, may be expected to follow in the wake of prohibition. But do not reach a hasty conclusion, just because the theatre may cease to be fluid, in the fermented sense of the word.

The drama is notoriously adaptive. Other days; other liquids. The substitute beverage lies close at hand; it has, in fact, become part and parcel of one phase of the drama already.

You hear a great deal about the "new movement" in the theatre. You hear it so frequently that you almost get the impression that the theatre is some sort of Ingersoll.

You hear that the various community playhouses are turning 'em away, that the Drama League is doing capacity, and that the commercial theatre—whatever that may be—is doomed. Of course, you don't have to believe all of it; no one expects you to, in fact, but it makes such rattling good conversation.

Do you want to know why the community theatres are thriving, why the Drama League is lusty, why the commercial theatre is doomed—if it is? The reason has been discovered. It was discovered by the Chinese. It is, to be quite brief and monosyllabic, tea. Of course, other influences have had a hand in the affair, but none has played such a large part. Man does not live by tea alone—nor drama, either.

But the "new movement" is steeped in tea, nevertheless. Without tea—and teas—the new movement wouldn't have amounted to more than a budge. The Greeks poured libations; we pour tea. (Miss de Peyster during the first hour; Mrs. Van Highebrough during the second.)

Every self-starting theatre uses tea to lubricate its bearings. Every Drama League center is christened with a baptism of the same fluid. By their teas, ye shall know them.

In these facts lie our cue. It is significant that there is a pronounced as well as a pronouncing similarity between teetotalism and teatotalism. Verily, the weaker brew shall succeed the stronger.

Why smile at the illiterate New Yorker who speaks of going to the "tee-atre"? He is not so far wrong after all. His error is mispronunciation, but he pronounces truth.

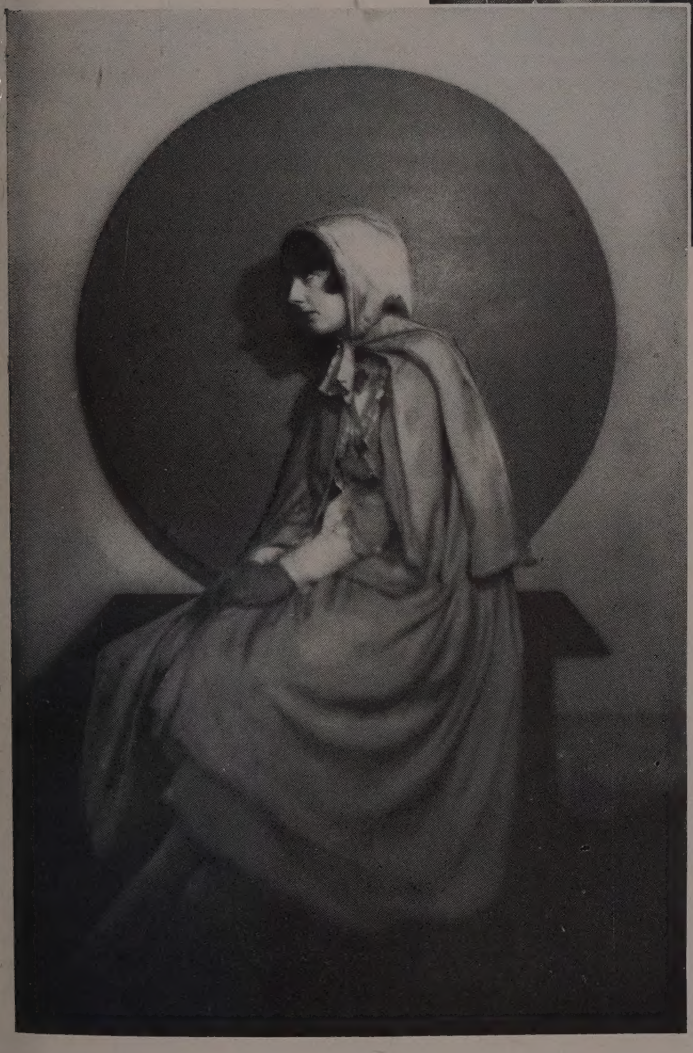
THE working philosophy of the "new movement" is elementary and sound. One must give 'em something—why not tea? Coffee might keep some of them awake, and something stronger might put them to sleep. Tea is the happy medium.

And in truth, it would be difficult to estimate how many plays have been written under the influence of tea. Possibly many a slice-of-life drama could be traced to a slice-of-lemon inspiration. One lump or two, dissolved in the cup, may be chrysolized again in one lump or two, dissolved in the throat.

There are those who believe that they can read their life's future in tea grounds. If the leaves arrange themselves in the bottom of the cup in a certain way, it means certain things. If the leaves arrange themselves in certain other ways, it means certain other things. It's a great system.

If the nation goes dry, we ought to be able to read the future of the drama in tea grounds. And no one ever heard of an attempt to read the future of the drama in wine dregs. Perhaps, if we put tea to this use, our findings might be termed a pekoe into the future.

The history of the dramatic renascence has not been written—not at yet. When it is, it will have one whole chapter devoted to tea. It probably will be an oo-long chapter.



Photos Maurice Goldberg

MOLLIE KING

From musical comedy to moving pictures, and from movies to midnight revue is Miss King's interesting stage record. From one of our most successful screen stars she has become the hit of the new revue atop the Century Theatre, for she can sing and dance as well as act

GLADYS SLATER

Being the possessor of that much-prized theatrical asset—beauty—Miss Slater has adorned the chorus of many musical pieces until now she has become one of the shining lights at the Century Grove

STARS THAT SHINE IN THE NIGHT

THE CURTAIN CALL

An annoying custom which has come to be one of the great abuses of the theatre

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

NO custom of the modern playhouse calls for more drastic reform than the curtain call. How its abuse is tolerated by managers, actors and the theatre-going public defies intelligent comprehension.

One of the objects of drama is to create illusion. The play that fails to provide it rarely gets over the footlights. With the objective end of the play achieved—often at the expenditure of much money, labor, talent, time—why destroy all this effort at one blow by revealing the artificiality, the make-believe of the whole?

Nowhere has this theatrical invention of uncertain origin degenerated into such a nuisance as in America. It is merely perfunctory, for the curtain usually rises and rerises without the provocation of a single handclap, and no longer is the call confined to the character or characters of the scene upon which the curtain fell. It often embraces a play's entire cast, regardless of a previous appearance. Personally, we have always resented the actor or actress stepping out of the picture and thrusting his own personality between us and the character or atmosphere his art created.

It is not a new grievance—this curtain call nuisance. William B. Wood, the veteran manager of the Old Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, denounces it in no uncertain terms. He says:

THE advent of Kean introduced a custom, which, however tolerable in view of his great genius, led subsequently to much annoyance and to many abuses. I allude to the habit of calling out performers, dead or alive, and after the curtain has dropped, to receive a tribute of extra applause. The absurdity of dragging out before the curtain a deceased Hamlet, Macbeth or Richard in an exhausted state, and solely for the gratification of a few unthinking partisans, or a few lovers of noise and tumult, is one which we date with us from this time. It has always been a matter of wonder with me that the better part of the audience should tolerate these fooleries. Can anything be more ridiculous, than that an actor, after laboring through an arduous character—a protracted combat, and the whole series of simulated expiring agonies, should instantly revive, and appear panting before the curtain to look and feel like a fool, and to destroy the little illusion which he has been endeavoring to create. 'The time has been that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end, but now they rise again with forty mortal murders on their heads.' This custom, reprehensible as it has ever appeared, even in rare cases of superior talent, becomes absolutely insufferable when seeking to gratify the vain aspirations of common place powers. To such an extent has it of late years obtained, that on some occasions nearly the whole characters of a play have been paraded to receive the applause of their partizans; when they certainly must have received the derision of the more numerous and sensible portion of the house. We are all aware that this custom was borrowed from the French stage, and was doubtless part of the system employed by the *claquers,* or acknowledged hired applauders. Not the least offensive feature is the establishing of a personal communication between the audience and performers; a practice equally indelicate and unwise."

In more modern times theatregoers have rebelled at Effie Ellsler's many curtain curtseys in "Heroine in Rags," Maggie Mitchell's frequent appearances before the curtain in "Fanchon," Minnie Maddern's curtain appearances in "Fog Ferry," and Kate Claxton's many curtain bows in "The Two Orphans," to be fanned down the years by the recollection of innumerable Romeo and Juliets from the tomb, to the Divine Sarah blowing kisses through a consumptive death mask before we had time to dry our eyes or blow our nose.

THEY have worked hard all evening to bring us to Troy," we once remarked as a reluctant curtain rose a third time on a Greek play, "And now they have succeeded in getting us within the walls why couldn't we be left there, so we might take home with us Troy and the Trojans instead of the Provincetown Players?"

"You feel that way?" beamed my neighbor. "So glad! You're the first I ever heard speak out so frankly against actors showing themselves clothed in their right minds at the end of a play. All my life, I've been strong against this calling them before the curtain, but was afraid to say so because everybody seems to think it's the right thing to do."

On the other hand, some theatregoers think different. Roland Holt, publisher and Drama League enthusiast, declares: "When an artist gives me pleasure I like to show my appreciation by applauding, to add my mite towards bringing him or her back to receive my applause. It is a pleasure for me to have them know how I feel." This unquestionably is the attitude of the average normally constituted playgoer.

That approval in guise of handclapping is the crowd's natural outlet of inner feeling is proved by the frequency of applause in moving picture theatres. Applause is contagious as measles in boarding school, smallpox in camp or appendicitis at Newport or Palm Beach. And the germ from which it starts is often as difficult to locate. Happily for the preservation of illusion, the silent drama has no come back! This to some minds is not the least of movie virtue.

ACTORS like applause. They live on it. No one who has never faced an undemonstrative audience can know the heartbreaking struggle the actor goes through to overcome its apparent apathy. The terrorizing depression caused by a cold audience is paralyzing to thought and action.

Richard Mansfield was one of the first of American actors to break away from the curtain call tradition. He positively refused to appear before the curtain in the character of the scene in which he had just died. After a death scene he at once removed all his make-up. If the applause became insistent, he would appear before the curtain, but it was Mansfield, the ma not the stage character, who faced the audien

Louis Calvert thinks the curtain call all wrong. He says: "I never take one wh it can be avoided. Response to a curtain call the end of a play is sometimes admissable when the demand is spontaneously persiste A curtain call should never be taken in cha acter. During the many years I played wi Henry Irving he always took a curtain c reluctantly, and then only by walking across t stage in character."

Edith Wynne Matthison is inclined to defe the custom. "I think a few things may be sa for it," she said. "The curtain call has evolve out of a very natural desire of the public t thank the artist for his work and has ther fore about it certain elements of the democrat and the courteous. Incidentally it encourage the artist."

Mrs. Fiske shares Miss Matthison's disap proval of the "worked up" call.

"There is no more revolting aspect of the cur tain call," said Mrs. Fiske, "than the forced ca which a vulgar stage management would extrac from an audience which has reached the end o spontaneous feeling. With what distaste all o us in the audience have watched that nervou jumping curtain! But not a little of the call i warming and beautiful and seems to be a part o the old Theatre we like to read about."

DAVID BELASCO loves the curtain call Who so much as he? One of the mos pleasant incidents of a Belasco first night come at the end of the second act when the curtain shoots up and down sometimes half a doze times without anyone appearing. Then, when the audience has shouted itself hoarse with crying "Author! Author!! Belasco! Belasco!!" the wizard of Broadway comes shyly and reluctantly to the footlights, as if some kindly soul in the wings had pushed him forward, and tugging his curly forelock thanks the spectators modestly for their kind reception of "the play and this little girl"—whoever his leading lady may happen to be at the moment.

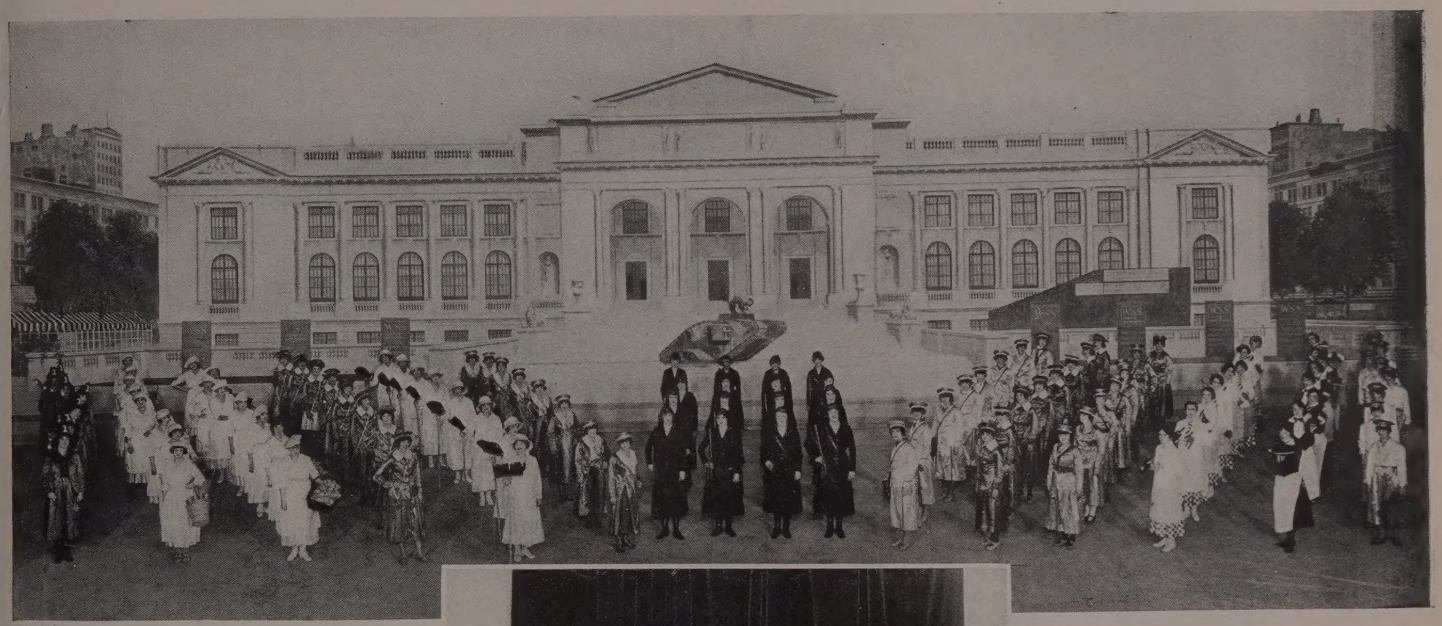
"I agree with your objections," said M. Jacques Copeau, Director General of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. "Unfortunately, there are always certain facts which have to be taken into consideration, and which cannot be ignored with impunity. While I am absolutely opposed to making concessions in regard to the high quality of the plays to be produced in my theatre and turn a deaf ear to those who clamor for more 'popular' type, I am of the opinion that a compromise may be made in certain other directions and the public met 'half-way' in their demand for old customs and usages. I prefer to educate the public little by little, step by step toward certain desirable reforms rather than to impose my personal desires and opinions on them all at once. However, this I can promise you: Next season the Vieux Colombier in serious drama will cut out the curtain call!"

It seems only justice that this tiresome custom which came to us originally from France should be abolished here first by a Frenchman.

Sarony

A group of the principal roller skaters

Gerda Gulda (left) and Marion Saki (right)
Two of the dancing girls



White

Singing "Every Girl Is Doing Her Bit Today," in front of the New York Public Library at 42d Street

The acrobatic Gaudsmiths and their even more acrobatic poodles

"EVERYTHING" IN ONE AT THE HIPPODROME

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences

WHY I WAS FIRED
By Raymond Hitchcock

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

THE most striking episode in my life, you ask? Without a doubt it was my discharge from Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. I was "fired" by Tom Wanamaker, personally. And I'll say that I deserved it.

I was No. 839—all the employees of John Wanamaker have numbers—in Department 0, which was then the shoe department. I had been a shoe clerk in Auburn, New York before I went on the stage so when our comical opera troupe was stranded in Philadelphia I took to the shoe game again.

The day on which "the most striking episode in my life" took place, was a hot one. It seems to me that I tried on several thousand pair of boots without making a sale. Nothing that I was able to show customers seemed to suit them. To make a long story short, my last customer was a very stout lady who insisted on trying on at least a dozen pair of high boots. I nearly broke my back over her and finally when she asked me to unlace the twelfth pair of high boots and put on her old shoes the worm turned.

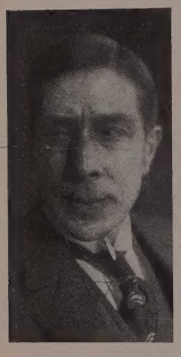
"Madame," I said, "those high boots you have on are going to stay on."

"You mean you refuse to take them off?" she blazed back.

"Madame," I repeated as respectfully as possible, "as far as I am concerned those boots are on for the rest of your life."

And as far as I know the stout lady is wearing them to-day. She couldn't have taken them off herself and I know that I didn't. Tom Wanamaker happened to come along at the psychological moment and I was "fired" on the spot. The funny part of it was that I didn't have a nickel in my pockets. However, I went back on the stage and Wanamaker's was saved from the poorest shoe clerk who ever laced up a high boot.

MY FIRST REHEARSAL
By George Arliss



GEORGE ARLISS

THE greatest moment of my life has nothing dramatic in it, and was of no moment to anyone else. The pushing open of a grimy door that led from a grimy court onto a grimy stage, doesn't sound very exciting, but it was for me the most thrilling moment I have ever known.

I had been "taken on" at a salary of six shillings a week (a dollar and a half) as a real member of a real stock company, and this was the morning of my first rehearsal.

I had been warned, as most young stage-struck men were, that to go upon the stage meant certain poverty, and privation. I remember thinking, as I pushed open that door: "I'll do my best, and whatever happens I will never regret the step I am taking, because I can never be happy in any other business." I had no ambition but to be "on the stage." I hoped to make enough to pay my way eventually, but never expected any more.

It was a dirty, ill-ventilated theatre, with scenery known as "kitchen sets" and "palace sets" and "library sets" that had done service for twenty years. The paint-rack was against the back wall of the stage, where a regularly paid scenic artist was always at work touching up and painting special pieces for the next week's production. The stage had its own special smell, that can only be obtained through generations of stagnant "scenic effects," the presence of the well-seasoned "props" of the old stock actor, and the aura of unwashed audiences. To me, it was as the perfume of Araby.

I was shouted at by a stage manager as though I were deaf, and treated generally as though I were a born fool (this was not meant unkindly; it was considered to be the only way to treat beginners), but nothing could depress me. If ever I am admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven, I know I shall feel very much as I felt that morning.

A RAPID FIRE COURTSHIP
By Geraldine Farrar

GERALDINE FARRAR

THE most amazing moment of my life was *not* my operatic début, nor my adventures in the films. Before that moment I had considered that my life had been filled with more than its share of thrills, but all those previous "big moments" faded into insignificance, when compared with the episode of which I write.

It happened after a casual entertainment at my Hollywood (California) home about two years ago There had been dancing, supper, and a maypole dance on the lawn at midnight. The guests were leaving in a body—all except a tall, handsome and distinguished young man, who lingered behind. It was Lou Tellegen, whom I had met but a few times before.

"Good night," I said, holding out my hand, thinking he simply wanted to thank me for a pleasant evening before leaving.

Mr. Tellegen gripped my hand in a cave-man's vise, and, without preface exclaimed with vehemence and conviction, "I am going to marry you!"

Although his unexpected, and under the circumstances, somewhat strange declaration almost took my breath away, I had sufficient presence of mind to answer:

"No. I am *never* going to marry—I am wedded to my work. I would not even *think* of relinquishing my personal independence!"

But the amazing fact remains that this more than determined young man chose the most odiferous (unpleasantly so) oil fields in southern California as the setting for his preliminary courtship, in a next day run in his two-seater. To clinch matters, we were arrested for speeding by an over-zealous traffic officer (how it came about is a mystery, for Mr. Tellegen's arm was about me—and we were only flying in our thoughts)! To the order to appear before the local magistrate, the officer added:

"Who's the lady?"

"My wife," promptly answered Tellegen.

I had no choice. So we were married "and are living happily ever after."

MY WEDDING DAY
By Irene Franklin

IRENE FRANKLIN

THE most striking episode of my life was on the 15th of May—as to the year, I will keep that to myself!

Burt Green and I decided to get married on that day—because I wanted that day and no other. The place was Jersey City.

How to get there was another story, as between my husband-to-be, Maude Fulton, who was to be the bridesmaid, the best man, and myself—all we had was $1.84.

To be married without a bridal bouquet was another impossibility, and up to this day Mr. Shubert does not know that it was he who supplied it, as we gathered violets and orchids from the Carnival at Nice used in the play "The Orchid."

We all got into a hansom as far as the ferry—then went across the river.

The town was in darkness. The first hotel we came to was in a most dilapidated condition, and what I shall always remember was a large stuffed alligator in the window.

When the manager of the hotel saw the two men in their dress clothes—Maude Fulton and I in evening dress (also borrowed from the show) he stared at us, indicating that his place was respectable, and we'd better fade away. When we flashed our marriage license his expression changed.

By the time the Justice of the Peace had arrived, and we were ushered into a room where hanging on the wall was a large reproduction of a steamer entitled *"Henry Peck."* My husband-to-be, however, found the similarity to "henpeck" so strong that he insisted upon being married in another room.

The Justice asked my name in full and I replied Irene Lucille Marguerite Franklin, and soon to be Mrs. Van Tassell. When it came to Burt's turn he said—James Eugene Burton Green Van Tassell. We were married.

Returning to New York in the early morning we found that Churchill's was the only place open. There we had a heated argument as to whether it was to be a wedding breakfast or a wedding supper. We compromised. The bridesmaid and groom said it was supper and had lobster salad. The best man and the bride said it was breakfast and had ham and eggs.

And just across the room sat Helen Green celebrating her divorce from Burton Green, granted twelve hours before while we celebrated our wedding.

NEXT MONTH WE SHALL PUBLISH UNDER THIS HEADING EXPERIENCES BY ALLA NAZIMOVA, LEON ERROL, BLANCHE BATES AND OTHERS

From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

BEATRICE BECKLEY

Who created the wife in "Why Marry," is appearing again as a wife this season in Oscar Wilde's play "The Ideal Husband." This is the first time Broadway has seen this charming English actress in a leading rôle, and as Lady Chilton she is being cast true to type

PITY THE POOR STAGE DIRECTOR

Players must be both roared at and cajoled as they are drilled in their parts

By CHARLES BURNHAM

THE stage director, or as he should more properly be termed, the producer, is an individual, quite, if not absolutely, necessary to the success of the theatre. Given the play, there is then needed one upon whose sagacity depends the selection of the proper people to interpert the author's meaning, upon whose intelligence rests the suitable illustration of the play about to be produced. It has been said that the actor's power to represent a passion is a gift, not a deliberate artistic effort obtained by study. It is a faculty, to be developed and improved by practice. The author only affords the actor an opportunity to display his powers. The actor who is built on an author, is merely a mouthpiece, not an artist, for he should obtain his inspiration as the author gets his, out of his inner self. Even when he is possessed of dramatic instinct, the guiding genius of the director is needed to turn the art of the actor into the right channel.

The actor of to-day lacks the schooling that belonged and was necessary to an actor in the earlier days of the theatre, and therefore more reliance must be placed upon the director's ability to inform and assist the actor in the assimilation of the character he is to enact. Time was when the stage director depended upon the actor to help him in his task. He would give the simpler stage directions, considering it the province of the actor to illustrate, to embody, and perfect the meaning of the author by judicious additions and by-play. He would explain the purport of the character or scene, and leave the rest to the actor. The elder Wallack, who in his time guided the minds of more actors than perhaps anyone connected with the stage, always followed this course. At the conclusion of his description of the part he would say, "You must paint your own picture."

EDWIN BOOTH, once in speaking of the inability of many of the actors of his time to assimilate their rôles, said, "We have not the natural aptitude for dramatic action, the inborn dramatic genius, that the French and Italian possess. The poorest and most uneducated of those people have an unconscious ease and eloquence of gesture, and a dramatic delivery of sentences which neither the Englishman, the American, nor the German possess. But we have strong dramatic instincts, nevertheless, when *rightly guided*. and as for gesture and intonation, we readily 'assume a virtue if we have it not.'"

Mr. Booth was far from being a model of patience with the actor at rehearsal and was frequently known to abruptly leave the stage in the midst of a rehearsal, turning over the duties to an assistant with the remark, "See if you can instil in that actor's mind some regard for himself, some reverence for his art, some knowledge"—a speech generally delivered so that the offending actor could make no mistake as to whom it was intended for. In speaking of stage directors, Mr. Booth was asked whom he considered the best director of his day.

"Henry Irving," he replied. "He possesses the necessary patience, a quality which I must confess, I do not possess. He is despotic on his stage, commanding all points, with an understanding that his will is absolute law, that it is not to be disputed, whether it concerns the entry of a mere messenger who bears a letter or whether it is the reading of an important line by Miss Terry. From first to last he rules his stage with an iron will, but as an offset to this he displays a patience that is marvelous. At rehearsal he will sit upon the stage among his players, watching every movement and listening to every word, and instantly stopping anyone—Miss Terry as readily as the messenger—who does not do exactly right. Mr. Irving rises, explains the fault and gives the proper form, and that part of the scene is immediately repeated. As he is very exact as to every detail, and requires its elaboration to a nicety, you can readily imagine that the scene does not quickly reach perfection, but his patience holds out against every test it receives. Over and over again the line is recited, or the bit of action is done, until all is perfected. At his theatre one sees the perfection of stage discipline and in Mr. Irving the perfection of stage patience."

Stage directors, like other humans, are of many minds and methods in their work. One will call out to the offending actor with an appealing voice, begging him not to ruin his—the director's—efforts, hoping to reach the actor's understanding with a plaintive note. Others are sarcastic and bitter in their remarks, calling down the judgment of heaven on the head of the offender, praying that he may be given a glimmer of intelligence. Regrettable to say, there are also those who so far forget themselves and those about them as to transcend all rules of decorum.

BUT, directors, like artists, have their temperaments, and they are liberally displayed while at work. An eminent director, one of the exponents of the new idea in the art of the stage, who came to this country some few years ago to present his ideas, would frequently stop a rehearsal, while he rended the air with exclamations that would not pass a Sunday-school censor, and berated some unfortunate actor who had failed to grasp his meaning. Again he would frantically pace up and down the aisles, seemingly pulling his hair out by the roots in his anguish of mind, and then, by way of change, would throw himself down on the floor, beating the carpets with his hands, declaring by all the gods of mythology, that he was being driven mad by the stupidity and lack of comprehension on the part of those whom he was rehearsing. But, with all his temperament, and his vagary of action, he was a director of ability and possessed of a thorough knowledge of his art.

One of the most successful managers of today, who was his own director and producer, who is frequently referred to as the leader of his time, has reached his present position through ability to so direct a performance as to make it notable. His aptitude in this direction is something akin to genius. He has been known to take a play almost devoid of plot and situation, and develop it into a popular success, solely through his skill in directing the actor and in properly illustrating the play.

The late Charles Frohman was a most indulgent, yet capable director, with a companionable sort of way and possessing the necessary amount of patience which Booth thought so essential. When explaining to an actor some desired bit of action he would briefly sketch the point and then wind up by saying, "You see what I mean, you understand," thus leaving with the actor some of the responsibility for developing his part. While patient at rehearsals he was wont to display a bit of sarcasm if he failed in receiving a proper response to his instructions. Once when rehearsing a play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress was engaged, he suggested a bit of business to which the actress took exception. Walking down to the footlights, she called to Mr. Frohman, who was seated in the front of the house, "I object to that. You must remember, I am an artist."

"All right," retorted the manager, "I will keep your secret. Now let's get on with our work."

IN former times, the actor-manager, one who directed his performances, and at the same time took part in them, was more in evidence than in these modern days of the drama. Booth, Forrest, Macready, Wallack, Irving, in fact all the great historical figures of the stage, were possessed of the ability to direct. The actor-manager of the olden day was a great stickler for strict obedience in following directions at rehearsals, and autocratic to a degree in their demands upon the actor. It is told of Macready, the once famous English tragedian, and perhaps one of the most arbitrary directors of the old school, that at a rehearsal of the banquet scene in "Macbeth," the First Murderer, in spite of Macready's adjurations, persisted in walking to the center of the stage, until the tragedian called for the carpenter and had a brass-headed nail hammered upon the spot where the actor should stand. "Now, sir," said Macbeth to the Murderer, "stand upon that nail until I come to you." When the night performance came the Murderer entered, walked down the stage and apparently began to search for something he had dropped. The "house" tittered. "In heaven's name, what are you about?" audibly demanded Macready. As audibly replied the actor, "Why, looking for that confounded nail of yours."

While the burden lies heavily upon the director and makes him more or less of a serious turn of mind, he is human and humorous. Mary Anderson and Louis James were appearing in a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and when the tomb scene was reached and Romeo throws himself upon the supposedly dead body of Juliet, the phial from which he was to derive his share of the poison, could not be found.

"What shall I do," exclaimed Mr. James in an undertone to the director in the wings. Miss Anderson convulsed with laughter could not offer no suggestion. The director, an Englishman, deliberately drawled out, "If I were you, I would swallow the dagger."

Photos White Frank Bacon Harry Davenport Ralph Morgan

Prologue: Lightnin' Bill Jones, who has had plenty of experiences, and is not averse to talking about them, recounts another imaginary tale

Frank Bacon Ralph Morgan

Prologue: Bill: I brought you over these honeysuckle shoots to plant out there on your mother's grave

Frank Bacon Bessie Bacon

Act I. Mrs. Harper: Isn't that trunk heavy? Bill: Not when you know how to handle trunks—it's just a knack

Jessie Pringle

Act II. Mrs. Jones: Please, Bill, I don't want a divorce. Will you forgive me and take me back?

Act III. Millie: Father, are you all right? Bill: Sure, I ain't had a drink in a month

Beatrice Nichols Frank Bacon Jessie Pringle

George Spelvin Frank Bacon

Act III. Bill: I drove a swarm of bees across the plains in the dead of winter once and never lost a bee

HUMOR AND CHARM IN "LIGHTNIN'" AT THE GAIETY

WANTED---A LIBRETTIST

The reasons why, in musical shows, the singing is left to the dancers

By CHARLTON ANDREWS

ACCORDING to the press agents at least, untold—or rather, very often told—millions are spent on annual non-descript shows of the Winter Garden—Follies—Revue type. The money is spent, it would appear, principally for scenery, costumes, and pulchritude. Whatever is left over is invested in comedians, a book, and lyrics. According to tradition someone must sing the songs, of course; but that work is invariably left to the dancers.

Scenically nowadays all our shows, being painted by Joseph Urban, are successful. In many recent instances, too, the costumes have actually harmonized with the background. As for feminine loveliness, it varies inversely with the square of the distance from Mr. Ziegfeld's office. Show girls at present are divided into two classes: those who average in looks above, and those who average below, our well-known conductorettes.

Regret it as the producers apparently do, all this eye-banquet has to be unified by some sort of lines and relieved by one grade or another of appeal to the ear. The masque must have its anti-masque. The matter of music presents few difficulties. There are always the good old melodies and the familiar jazzeries to be remoulded as close as possible to the heart's desire by our gifted galaxy of composers. Novelty or the vestige of an idea in show music being a calendered crime, nobody in Tinpan Alley cares to chance a penitentiary sentence.

Naturally it is easy enough for the lyricists to accomplish their object all sublime—to make the punnishness fit the rhyme, the punnishness fit the rhyme. Anybody in these days who goes to a musical piece and can't predict the rhymes for nine lines out of every ten in the lyrics is indeed a dull-pated-fellow or else one whose theatre-going has been sadly neglected.

The state of affairs is just as well, I suppose, since nobody but the dancers is employed to sing these songs. No one begrudges them their little fling when they experiment *in corpore vili*. That they dance well is sufficient. So long as Marilynn Miller pirouttes like incarnate youth, it would be absurd to bother about what happens when she lifts up her voice in lyric rapture.

That brings us down to the "book," which in musical shows means the few expository and the many pseudo-comic lines that infest the entertainment. Once in a while at the Winter Garden one of these productions makes some initial pretense at a plot to account for the frequent reappearance of the same characters in one costume or another or none to speak of. But usually this story dies young. Messrs. Ziegfeld, Hitchcock, and Cohan almost never take any chances with anything so fractious as a plot.

Without a story, then, the lines, except when needed to explain the scenery, have nothing to do but to be funny. I daresay if anybody connected with the theatre concerned—any stagehand, usher, musician, or even librettist—can think of any funny lines while the piece is being prepared, said lines are incorporated. If not, as would probably be the case, the hokum storehouse is ransacked for whatever is oldest and most reliable for setting off the crow-like chanticleer those innumerable lungs that are tickle o' the sere.

Hokum, of course, belongs primarily to vaudeville. That is why managers of musical pieces find it easiest just to transfer not only the stuff itself but its most adept perpetrators direct from the variety stage. That is why "scenery, costumes, girls, and vaudeville" has become the established formula for musical shows.

Personally, I am very fond of all these ingredients, when they are Grade A. But I can't help thinking that their sum total is always insufficient, that the resultant concoction lacks seasoning, that there is a sad deficiency of salt—Attic salt. There was a Gilbert once—! Ah, but that's entirely too much to expect of the Twentieth Century.

At any rate, the Winter Garden is ever without a trace of anything but the most obvious travesty. The "Follies" are never cleverly satirical except in the scintillant epigrams of Will Rogers, which stand out in such bold relief against the background of routine comedy. Once in a while there is a gleam of true burlesque in what Eddie Cantor chirps; and in the good old days of Bert Williams—but why dismter the past? Hitchcock COULD do much; but he sticks to his clowning.

The musical showman who makes the greatest pretensions to the satirical is, of course, George M. Cohan. His two revues were supposedly take-offs on the plays of the season. In the first instance, he at least gave much promise. A wit as nimble as the author's feet played about such subject-matter as was afforded by "Marie-Odile," "On Trial," and "Common Clay."

Great hopes were aroused by the first Cohan Revue. A year rolled by and in lieu of a successor we had only a *bon mot* about the impossibility of anything being funnier than the serious plays of 1916-1917. And this last season brought us from our most patriotic of satirist (if not our most satirical of patriots) much disappointment.

The second Cohan Revue turned out to be just another girl-and-song show, with vaudeville by Nora Bayes, *et al.*, music (to say nothing of words) by Irving Berlin, and all the old familiar material. When the author would be satirical, he only repeated what he had given us two years before. Even the mimicry was, for the most part, mere literal reproduction without a trace of the ingenious caricature we so eagerly craved.

So taking things by and large and in the last analysis and all that sort of rot—as Percy Ames would say—when we look for Attic salt in our musical show fare, we needn't look any place else for it except where Fred Stone is. The essence of wit is in not what Stone says so much as in what he does. He not only skates as well as Charlotte, but he caricatures fancy skating. Whatever he does, indeed, he is always making merry with something that deserves and can stand a bit of quizzing.

Will Rogers does it in words; Stone for the most part, in action.

Some day, let us hope, some producer will do without an extra scene or two, and invest some of his money in Attic salt for his musical show. Of course, the first thing to do will be to find a librettist with salt in his attic.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

STRANGE that Billy Sunday has not joined the Lambs or the Friars, along with the other actors.

If Julia Sanderson keeps on growing younger each year, the Gerry Society will soon prevent her from appearing on the stage.

Instead of being stuffed with sawdust, the Dolly Sisters seem to be filled with quicksilver.

There has been speculation about George Cohan's middle name. The "M" generally accredited to him is simply a "W" inverted by a careless typesetter, and stands, of course, for "Washington."

Lenore Ulric, star of "Tiger Rose," used to spell her name "Leonore Ulrich." As her fame expanded, her signature contracted.

Lillian Russell assures the purchasers of "The Lillian Russell Toilet Preparations" that she herself expects to use these aids to beauty—eventually.

Raymond Hitchcock has hope of eventually becoming editor of *"The Review of Revues."*

It was thought that the climax had been reached when "Under Orders" was produced with only two characters in the cast, but Elsie Janis is now preparing to give an imitation of an all-star cast.

Mary Pickford's coat-of-arms consists of a cash-register and the motto "Cash!"

For years Houdini has broken out of handcuffs and straight jackets, and now he has broken into the movies.

Laurette Taylor never forgets her Manners.

White

First New York actors and actresses, members of the Over There Theatre League, to sail for France to entertain American soldiers at the front

Sitting (Left to right): Roland Young, Margaret Mayo, Elizabeth Brice, Will Morrissey, Inez Wilson, Henry Souvaine

Second row: Helen Goff, Howard T. Collins, Helene Davis, James F. Kelly, Emma Pollock, Will M. Cressy, Blanche Dayne

Standing: Will J. Kennedy, Paula Sherman, Amy Horton, Hal Pierson, Madeline Glynn, Kate Condon, Alfred Armand, Leo J. Donnelly, D. C. MacIver, Tony Hunting, Corinne Frances, Burton Green and Irene Franklin

Photo Marcia Stein

Jacques Copeau and his French players rehearsing on Otto H. Kahn's estate, Morristown, N. J., for the new season at the Vieux Colombier

Rochlitz

MRS. FARRAR

The most recent portrait of Geraldine Farrar's mother

ANDREW LAWLOR

The eleven-year-old boy who plays the title rôle in "Penrod" at the Globe

JOSEPH KLAW

Son of the well-known manager, Marc Klaw, and launching this season into managerial enterprises on his own account, making his début as a producer with a piece called "Some Night." This picture shows him in the uniform of a corporal of the 71st Infantry, U. S. A.

OVER HERE AND OVER THERE IN THE THEATRE

CHURCH AND STAGE

Despite prejudice, many well known players the sons and daughters of clergymen

By HAROLD SETON

DURING the Middle Ages church and stage were closely associated. In fact, the latter was part and parcel of the former. There were no theatres, and strolling players were merely singers, dancers, jugglers and acrobats. But Miracle Plays were presented in the churches at regular intervals, principally at Christmas and Eastertime, all the parts being interpreted by priests and acolytes. At a later date Morality Plays were introduced, still under ecclesiastical auspices, although no longer acted in the cathedrals.

Oliver Cromwell, in righteous indignation, closed the theatres, but they were soon reopened, during the reign of Charles the Second, the Merry Monarch. The dramatists of the Restoration wrote brilliant but indecent comedies, and stage-players were naturally eyed askance. Nell Gwynn, the royal favorite, had originally sold oranges at the Drury Lane Theatre. Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, speaks of seeing women on the stage for the first time, until then all the characters having been taken by men.

As generation followed generation, and the theatre gained in general popularity, the old prejudice against actors was overcome to a considerable extent, but church and stage were still separated as completely as were the sheep and the goats of the Scripture parable. When Queen Victoria came to the throne players lived in a little world of their own, and were seldom encountered in polite society, although then, as now, men of wealth and position sometimes married stage-women.

BEFORE long, however, one after another, ladies and gentlemen went on the stage, or persons already on the stage became recognized as ladies and gentlemen. Queen Victoria commanded various thespians to appear before her, and was especially partial to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Albert Edward, as Prince of Wales and as King of England, was always devoted to the stage and cordial to the players. Knighthoods were bestowed upon Henry Irving, John Hare, Charles Wyndham, George Alexander, Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Certain playwrights were similarly favored, such as James M. Barrie and Arthur Wing Pinero.

Many actors and actresses of the present generation are of gentle birth and excellent connections, and quite a number are sons and daughters of clergymen. It is true that these cases of church affiliations have been much more frequent in England than in America, but that is simply because there is an older culture in the land of Shakespeare than on this side of the water. It may prove of interest to enumerate just a few examples, some of which may come as a surprise to the majority of readers.

The famous Vanbrugh sisters, Violet, who married the actor-manager, Arthur Bourchier, and Irene, who married the actor-manager, Dion Boucicault are the daughters of the Reverend Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter. Violet's most noted rôles have been in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "Whitewashing Julia," "The Walls of Jericho," "Samson" and "The Woman in the Case," and Irene's most noted rôles have been in "The Liars," "Trelawney of the Wells," "His Excellency the Governor," "Letty" and "The Gay Lord Quex."

Lilly Langtry, who was in her day a great theatrical attraction, because of her remarkable beauty rather than her histrionic ability, was the daughter of the Very Reverend W. C. E. Le Breton, Dean of Jersey. Her principal vogue was in England, but she made frequent tours of the United States. Lena Ashwell, who displayed exceptional talent in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Darling of the Gods," and "Madame X," is a daughter of Captain Pocock, of the Royal Navy, who in later life became a clergyman of the Church of England.

BASIL GILL, a London favorite, is the son of the Reverend John Gill, of Cambridge. Charles Hawtrey, another London favorite, is the son of the Reverend John Hawtrey, a master at Eton. His best known rôles have been in "A Message From Mars," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" and "The Man From Blankley's." The late Kyrle Bellew, for many years associated with Mrs. Brown Potter, the American beauty who abandoned society for the stage, was a son of the Reverend J. C. M. Bellew, a clergyman of London.

Charles Brookfield, successful as an actor and an author, was the son of the Reverend W. H. Brookfield. In 1911 he was appointed a censor of the plays produced in England. Percy Burton, who has appeared as an actor, but is best known as manager for Charles Wyndham, Henry Irving, John Hare, and Forbes-Robertson, is a son of the Reverend E. Burton. Matheson Lang, who was born in Canada, but has gained renown in England, South Africa and America, is the son of the Reverend Gavin Lang, a cousin of the Archbishop of York who visited America at the suggestion of the British government. His noted rôles are in "Hamlet," and "The School for Scandal," and he created the title rôle in "Mr. Wu."

F. R. Benson, famous for his Shakespearean productions, having given semi-annual performances at Stratford-on-Avon since 1887, is a nephew of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and his connection with the stage has assuredly not tarnished the family name and tradition. Keble Howard, who has written many novels and plays, is the son of the Reverend G. E. Bell, vicar of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire. Anthony Hope, who has also written novels and plays, is the son of the Reverend E. C. Hawkins, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, London.

OTHER British novelist-playwrights include Robert Hichens, who is the son of the Reverend Canon Hichens, rector of St. Stephen's, Canterbury, and Jerome K. Jerome, who is the son of the Reverend Jerome C. Jerome. The religious note is struck in Mr. Hichens' play, "The Garden of Allah," and in Mr. Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

In America Otis Skinner is recognized as one of the leading players before the public. He is the son of the Reverend Charles A. Skinner, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His production of "Kismet" was a notable one. Hartley Manners was formerly an actor, but is best known for the series of successful plays he has written for his actress-wife, Laurette Taylor. These plays include "Peg o' My Heart," "Over There" and "Happiness." Mr. Manners was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, as was also that excellent character-actor, Leo Ditrichstein, who is the son of Count Ditrichstein, of Austria.

Charles Rann Kennedy, who made his mark as an actor before achieving fame as a playwright, studied for the ministry, and this influence is seen in his celebrated drama, "The Servant in the House." He is the husband of Edith Wynne Matthison. Reginald de Koven, author of many musical comedies, including "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy" and "The Highwayman," is the son of the Reverend Henry de Koven.

Marie Wainwright, for many years a popular player, is a daughter of Commodore Wainwright, United States Navy, and a granddaughter of Bishop Wainwright. Flora Zabelle, who has appeared in many musical comedies, and is the wife of Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, is a daughter of the Reverend M. M. Mangasarian, of Constantinople. Al Jolson, one of the great favorites of the Winter Garden productions, is the son of a cantor in a Jewish synagogue of Washington, D. C. Carmel Meyers, a moving-picture star, is the daughter of a rabbi, and also has a rabbi for an uncle. Houdini is the son of a rabbi.

SO the days are past when the church could despise the stage, or when actors could be regarded as beyond the pale. And yet many of us can remember how "The Little Church Around the Corner" gained its nickname, by extending the hand of fellowship to players who had been slighted at other houses of worship. An actor even abandoned the stage in order to become minister of this congregation. Nowadays many actors and actresses are church-goers and even church-members, and when Mrs. Gilbert, "The Grand Old Lady of the Stage," passed away a church honored her memory with a memorial window.

Cardinal Farley, of New York, has expressed his approval of a society composed of players who are Roman Catholics. The devout adherents of this faith include George M. Cohan, Wilton Lackaye, Fritz Williams, John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore, John McCormack, Andrew Mack, Brandon Tynan, Mary Anderson, Marie Cahill, and Eleanor Robson, now Mrs. August Belmont.

Another religious denomination that includes many stage celebrities among its adherents is Christian Science. Those interested are Emma Dunn, Effie Shannon, Isabel Irving, Nora Bayes, Bessie McCoy Davis, Lillian Russell, Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Henrietta Crosman, Edna Aug and Ruth St. Denis. Also Henry Jewett, Malcolm Dunn, and William Norris.

Photos Bachrach

While DeWolf Hopper amuses audiences at the Hippodrome, his wife and son find entertainment in watching the airplanes that fly over their charming home at Great Neck, L. I.

"It is motherhood that links a woman with heaven," says Blanche Bates (Mrs. George Creel), "and makes the ways of earth a path enchanted to her feet. With earth and heaven in her heart, how can she help being able to give a truer expression to stage ideas and ideals than the artist to whom the crown of motherhood is denied?" That Miss Bates practices what she preaches may be seen by the evidence below.

We are not accustomed to see a première danseuse as she appears in the seclusion of her own library in private attire. But this attractive young woman is no other than Rosina Galli of the Metropolitan Opera House ballet

GLIMPSES INTO PROMINENT PERSONALITIES' HOME LIFE

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

White

ALBERTA BURTON

MISS ALBERTA BURTON, the young woman about whom all the fuss is made in "She Walked in Her Sleep" at the Playhouse—is one of the minute girls of the stage. She was ready when her chance came. George Broadhurst saw her in "Toot Toot" and next day secured her signature to a contract

White

CHARLES MEREDITH

THIS emotional young hero of "Allegiance" literally jumped into Broadway success, for he jumped out of one of the pages of the big stage book in the playlet "The Best Sellers" presented at the Fulton by the Actors' and Authors' Theatre. He is the something good that has come out of the Washington Square Players

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LYDIA DICKSON

WHO has made a distinct hit as Osprey Mandelharper, the man hunter in "A Very Good Young Man," at the Plymouth, came out of the West. She is not a novice. She was a contemporary and rival of Douglas Fairbanks in the Denver dramatic school in which both were trained for the stage. For five years she supported Thomas Ross and frivolled funnily in "Excuse Me." She figured in "Checkers," "The Silver Wedding," "Fine Feathers" and "Good Gracious, Annabelle"

© Hartsook

ALAN DINEHART

IT has become "The Thing" to recruit the dramatic stage from vaudeville. Comedy is the door of entrance or the bridge from the humbler to the higher form of entertainment. Alan Dinehart, whose every utterance as the waiter in "A Very Good Man," is a signal for laughter, is one of these recruits. He was best known in the varieties for his characterization in "The Meanest Man in the World," in which sketch he has played all the big-time houses from Coast to Coast

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

GAIETY. "LIGHTNIN'." Play in three acts by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Produced on August 26 with this cast:

Lightnin' Bill Jones	Frank Bacon
John Marvin	Ralph Morgan
Raymond Thomas	Paul Stanton
Lemuel Townsend	Thomas Maclarnie
Rodney Harper	Harry Davenport
Everett Hammond	E. J. Blunkall
Nevin Blodgett	Sam Coit
Oscar Nelsen	George Thompson
Fred Peters	Sidney Coburn
Walter Lennon	William F. Granger
Zeb Crothers	George Spelvin
Liveryman	Fred Conklin
Hotel Clerk	James C. Lane
Mildred Buckley	Beatrice Nichols
Mrs. Jones	Jessie Pringle
Margaret Davis	Jane Oaker
Mrs. Harper	Bessie Bacon
Freda	Beth Martin
Emily Jarvis	Sue Wilson
Mrs. Moore	Phyllis Rankin
Mrs. Jordan	Minnie Palmer
Mrs. Brainerd	May Duryea
Mrs. Starr	Frances Kennan
Mrs. Cogshall	Ruth Towle
Mrs. Brewer	Helen Story

ACTORS *will* write plays, and most of the time the product is of the theatre theatrical. It is so with "Lightnin'," which Frank Bacon has been nursing for these many years, and which Winchell Smith has doctored into shape for him. But in this instance, the authors have put into their play something—a character, in fact, that seems to have been drawn from life.

Bill Jones, derisively nicknamed "Lightnin'" because of his laziness, is a combination of the village loafer, the village drunkard, and the village liar. In addition to this, he is witty and fundamentally honest. When the land sharks persuade his credulous wife to sell the old home and divorce her husband, who refuses to sign the deed, Bill, with the aid of the youth who courts his foster-daughter, turns up in time to put a quietus on the whole nefarious project.

Obviously old stuff, this, as you see. But Lightnin' himself is so quaintly humorous and lovable that the rusty plot never for a minute interferes with his comic effectiveness. It is true that the prologue and the first act drag considerably, while Lightnin' is not holding the center of the stage. But the court-room scene in Act II is more genuinely amusing than anything of the sort I have seen in many a long day.

Mr. Bacon's impersonation of the central figure is Jeffersonian in its simplicity and understanding. He is satisfactorily aided by a long cast, noteworthy among whom are Ralph Morgan as Lightnin''s youthful friend and attorney; Thomas Maclarnie as a sentimental judge; Harry Davenport as a highly plausible villain; Jessie Pringle as the gullible wife; and Beatrice Nichols as the daughter.

A special word of prasie is due to Jane Oaker, who characterizes with skill a vaudeville dancer seeking a divorce in Reno.

PLYMOUTH. "A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN." Comedy in three acts by Martin Brown. Produced on August 19 with this cast:

Mrs. Hannigan	Josephine Meyer
Pearl Hannigan	Ruth Findlay
Walter Hannigan	Frank Longacre
Katie Hannigan	Fannie Bourke
Dutch Grogan	Harold Salter
Mrs. Mandelharper	Ada Lewis
Osprey Mandelharper	Lydia Dickson
Leroy Gumph	Wallace Eddinger
Elmer Erdwurm	Alan Dinehart
Fred Pantzer	William H. Elliott
Birdie Pantzer	Marion Dyer
Minnie Pintitten	Grace Knell
George Wemyss-Daingerfield	St. Clair Bayfield
Pebolita Berrigan	Eleanor Boardman
The Roaches' Second Cousin	Clarke Williams

BEWARE of the young man with no vices." That is the theme of Martin Brown's clever farce comedy, "A Very Good Young Man"—a piece quite Dickensonian in atmosphere and characters which recently provided a capital evening's entertainment at the Plymouth.

Leroy Gumph, a sober, hard-working young chap who is shortly to be promoted to $17 a week, is engaged to marry Pearl Hannigan, a demure and unsophisticated young person of the East Side. Pearl's mother and sister—always quarrelling among themselves—are inclined to scoff at Pearl's young man, declaring he is altogether too good to be genuine. This view is sustained by Mrs. Mandelharper, a vinegary and socially ambitious undertaker's widow, who loudly denounces all men as imposters.

"Every one of 'em," she declares, "breaks out sooner or later and no doubt Leroy is only waiting an opportunity to sow his wild oats."

This kind of talk convinces Pearl that her sweetheart is hiding his true character, and when he runs in jubilantly to tell her that the expected $2 raise has come at last, the announcement leaves her cold. She takes him to task for his conceit. Bewildered, he demands an explanation, and when he finds that she is ready to break off the engagement because he does not drink or stay out at nights like other fellows, he makes up his mind to be a bounder like the rest.

So Act II finds him going the pace at Pantzer's Pier Pavilion, Sheepshead Bay, where he has gone with Mrs. Mandelharper's daughter, a desperate husband hunter who has lines out for every male she meets—a delicious part. Here the fun waxes fast and furious. Leroy opens champagne for the crowd, hugs, and dances with all the girls and makes a general ass of himself. A feature of the act is a quartet of singing waiters, who at a signal from the head waiter, suddenly stop in the act of serving and burst into song.

Leroy is hopelessly compromised and returns to Pearl confident of her approval, but to his amazement she refuses to have anything to do with him, complaining that his conduct has broken her heart.

"But didn't you tell me to do it?" he asks.

"Yes—but I didn't expect you would," is the inconsistent and quite feminine answer.

The foregoing brief outline of the plot fails to do justice to the wit and sparkling quality of the dialogue, the fun of the situations, and the cleverness of the character drawing. Mrs. Mandelharper, a Malaprop of the East Side, as played by Ada Lewis, is a sheer delight. While she is on the stage the audience is kept in convulsions of laughter. Wallace Eddinger is always the same, but this performance ranks with his best which is saying a good deal. Ruth Findlay makes a pretty and sympathetic Pearl, Alan Dinehart is capital as the head waiter—a character worthy of Dickens—and Lydia Dickson was the little feminine bounder is the hit of the play.

The public failed to appreciate the play and it only had a short run—which is a reflection on New York's judgment.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "THREE FACES EAST." Play in three acts by Anthony Paul Kelly. Produced on

August 13, with the following cast:

Kugler	Joseph Selman
Helen	Violet Heming
Colonel Von Ritter	Fred J. Fairbanks
Captain Luchow	Otto Niemeyer
George Bennett	Charles Harbury
Lieut. Arthur Bennett	Frank Westerton
Valdar	Emmett Corrigan
Thompson	Herbert Evans
Mrs. George Bennett	Marion Grey
Dorothy	Grace Ade
Miss Risdon	Cora Witherspoon
Hewlett	Harry Lambart
Yeats	Frank Sheridan
Brixton	David L. Leonard
Lieut. Frank Bennett	William Jeffrey
Nurse	Mary Ilene Mack

"THREE FACES EAST" is a sort of combination of "Under Cover" and "Cheating Cheaters," with a war intelligence background. It is a trick play of mystification carried to the nth power, wherein half a dozen spies may or may not originally belong to this or that secret service as the case may be. Need I add that the heroine has nursed her wounded lover back to life in a hospital behind the lines?

The prologue in Germany and Act I in a British cabinet minister's home, flow along as engrossing dramatic narrative about young "Fraülein Helene," who is sent by the Huns to England and received into the minister's household. There she finds a mysterious butler, who greets her with the password, "Three Faces East."

Then begins double-crossing doubly redoubled. The arch Teuton spy, Franz Boelke, is being sought by the British. During the chase so many agents appear now on on this and now on that side of the fence that the spectator at length could scarcely be surprised if the cabinet minister turned out to be Boelke and the Scotland Yard man were the kaiser with a clean shave.

However, there is always the thought that high-priced "heavies" like Emmet Corrigan are rarely employed to play secondary heroes or even secondary villains, and that leading ladies like Violet Heming in melodrama never prove to be hardened adventuresses.

Obviously the play is all intricate Sam Lloyd with scarcely a note of human interest. Its success will depend on the number of puzzle-lovers among our theatregoers.

The acting and the direction are expert throughout. London is bombarded and the audience gassed at the end of the second act. Mr. Corrigan is a model of suavity and forcefulness as the mysterious butler. Miss Heming plays the *"fraülein"* with appealing skill. Among the other men Charles Harbury as the cabinet minister, Frank Sheridan and Harry Lambart as Scotland Yarders, and William Jeffrey as the lad who returns from the front just in time to supply Miss Heming with a lover, are all that well-acted melodrama can demand. Marion Grey does nobly with her bit of pathos.

BOOTH. "WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR." Play in three acts by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clemens. Produced on September 2 with this cast:

Corporal Greene	Le Roy Clemens
Commissioner	Alexander Loftus
Major Tomms	Frederick Esmelton
Captain Fielding	Gerald Pring
Captain Bennett	Leon Gordon
Sergeant Birdseye	Stanley Harrison
Edith	By Herself
Dorothy Farnham	Mary Servoss
Mr. Dudley	Emil Hoch
Mrs. Patch	Ruby Hallier
Comrade Deversalles	Harold Vosburgh
Karl	Dore Rogers
Comrade Olganoff, of Russia	Bertram Marburgh
Comrade Nagle, of Germany	Dodson L. Mitchell
Comrade Pastorelli, of Italy	Edward Colebrook
Comrade Beaubien, of France	John De Briac
Comrade Bergstoff, of Austria	Charles Fisher

A DELUGE of spy plays has swept the stage early in the new season—most of them thrillers of the penny dreadful order. Yet, artless and crude as these hastily constructed pieces may be, they all appear to interest and hold audiences. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. Any subject connected with the war is so timely, so perfectly in tune with what is uppermost in everyone's mind, that the theatregoer swallows every war play greedily and cries for more.

"Watch Your Neighbor" is easily a winner among the sensational dramas of its kind. It is thrilling and what is better—it is amusing. Improbable it is in spots—what self-respecting melodrama isn't?—but the hero, apparently a "silly ass" Englishman but really a nimble-witted secret service man, at all times commands our respect and never fails to tickle our risibilities.

English, American and Italian pacifists, lured on by German spies, agree to call on their nationals in the trenches to throw down their arms at a given moment, the understanding being that the Germans will do the same. It is, of course, only a trap, the Germans planning to attack in overwhelming force directly the Italians, French, British and Americans have thus voluntarily disarmed themselves. This nice little plot is hatched at a secret international meeting in Switzerland, but the German conspirators have reckoned without Captain Bennett, V. C., of the British Secret Service. After a number of daring adventures, during which the auditors grip their seats from sheer excitement, he frustrates the conspirator's nefarious schemes and puts them where they belong.

Leon Gordon rather overacts the rôle of the English dude-detective, especially in his silly scenes, but he is always amusing, and is the life of the piece. There is an American girl, delegate to the Geneva meeting—a part dragged in apparently for the purpose of giving the play a quite unnecessary love interest—the rôle enacted with considerable spirit and charm by Mary Servosa. Emil Hoch is excellent as a belligerent British pacifist and Dodson L. Mitchell and Bertram Marburgh deserve mention, the first for a life-like portrait of a Prussian officer masquerading as a pacifist, the second for his Comrade Olganoff, a black-bearded Bolshevik, secretly playing the German game.

48TH STREET. "THE WOMAN ON THE INDEX." Melodrama in three acts by Lillian Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst. Produced August 29, with this cast:

David Maber	Lester Lonergan
Henri Delcasse	George Probert
Robert Alden	Lee Baker
Gen. Sir William Thorndyke	Walter Ringham
Monsieur Deschamps	George LeSoir
Zetts	Bennett Southard
Johnson	Harry Hadfield
Oki	T. Tamamoto
Helene Maber	Julia Dean
Lady Millicent Thorndyke	Alison Skipworth
Sylvie Angot	Amy Ricard
Madam Zenlon	Eugenie Blair
Madame Deschamps	Camilla Dalberg

STILL another spy play, with even less to commend it, is "The Woman on the Index," a most artificial melodrama unadorned by a single shred of probability. This piece has many stirring theatrical situations but it is too much a melodrama concerning a woman and too little a melodrama of the war.

It is amazing to find Mr. Broadhurst with his long apprenticeship of the theatre, permitting such an absurdity as that in the prologue where a police captain, who looks and talks more like a naval officer, enters a den of theives and digs

$50,000 out of the ash can without first taking the precaution to search for the crook who lies dead under the clothes on the bed. Another childish device is in Act I where the marked passenger list is conveniently placed just where it will fall into the hands of the spy.

There is a more or less terrible Turk as the spy and a mysterious Japanese to solve the action. The two principal characters thus being foreign to the verities of the moment, it is not exactly a war play at all, but a melodrama, mainly concerning the distressing difficulties of a woman who is forced to choose between her husband, an American, and the Turk in the personal relation, and at the same time prevent the sending to the enemy of Marshal Foch's plan, the conveying of which would mean the destruction of the allied cause. The Jap is more instrumental in that matter than she is, for he proves to be a spy, but an allied one, in the service of the conspirator.

Julia Dean is a charming and sympathetic actress but as the woman in the case she was as artificial as the play. Lester Lonergan was hopelessly miscast as the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James. George Probert, as the spy, hardly suggested the type of man for whom foolish women are willing to leave home. The best acting of the evening was done by Amy Ricard as Sylvia Angot and Eugenie Blair as the blind Madam Zenlon.

BELASCO. "Daddies." Comedy in four acts by John L. Hobble. Produced on September 5 with this cast:

Robert Audrey	Bruce McRae
James Crocket	John W. Cope
Nicholson Walters	Edwards Davis
Henry Allen	George Abbott
William Rivers	S. K. Walker
Parker	George Giddens
Ruth Atkins	Jeanne Eagels
Mrs. Audrey	Winifred Fraser
Bobette	Edith King
Madame Levigne	Paulette Noizeux
Lorry	Lorna Volare
Alice	Aida Armand
Francois & Co.	The Quinns
Katie	Mrs. Armand
Nurse	Mrs. Quinn

DAVID BELASCO'S first offering of the season, "Daddies," by John L. Hobble, might just as well have been called "Kiddies" or—even better—simply shortened to "Goo." Goo is there in gobs, and the darling little kiddies help to spread it thick.

Four members of a preposterous rah-rah bachelor club are induced by a hypermaternal old lady to adopt an assortment of war orphans. One old grouch (John W. Cope), who insisted on a boy, drew a cute little girl who nearly pestered the life out of him by reading aloud about the c—o—w cow.

A second, more youthful bachelor was awarded a seventeen-year-old girl, who made things so miserable for him that he fell in love with her. A third ascetic had to marry his petite ward's aunt to keep the child. And a fourth was rewarded with triplets. Never did the heart-melting influence of a little child wreak such havoc.

Although sugar and sentimentality were unhooverized throughout the piece, there was a decided thinness as to both interest and plausibility. In fact, the burden of the comedy fell upon John W. Cope as the woman-hater and a remarkable chil actress, Lorna Volare, as the tiny minx who quite enslaved him.

Few demands in the way of histrionism were made upon the other children. Of the remaining grown-ups Jeanne Eagels distinguished herself with her quaint, pathetic characterization of the seventeen-year-old ward whose heart was partly with Bruce McRae, her Satevepost author-guardian, and otherwise with the orphaned children of France. Her landsick scene, however, was distinctly unpleasant to all save the guffoons. In it she appeared fragile, anemic, and suffering, while Mr. McRae stood by and watched her misery without so much as an effort to aid her. She almost had to stagger across the room to faint where he couldn't help catching her.

Appropriately enough, Winifred Fraser was quite the sugariest stage mother you could imagine, a champion long-distance smirker. George Giddens was the butler, and I couldn't help expecting him to break in at any moment with "You never can tell."

If you like to watch the little dears cavorting on the boards long past bedtime, "Daddies" will tickle you to pieces.

GLOBE. "Penrod." Play in four acts, adapted for the stage by Edward E. Rose from Booth Tarkington's stories. Produced on September 2, with this cast.

Sam Williams	Richard Ross
Rev. Lester Kinosling	Wm. F. Canfield
Rodney Magsworth Bitts	Bevor Alverez
Maurice Levy	Henry Quinn
Georgie Bassett	Ben F. Grauer
Mrs. Bassett	May Ellis
Mamie Rennesdale	Lillian Roth
Marjorie Jones	Helen Chandler
Herman	Thomas McCann
Verman	Charles Whitfield
Mr. Coombes	Jack Ellis
Tim	Robert Vaughn
Della	Flo Irwin
Mary Schofield	Catherine Emmet
Burns	Thomas Ford
Robert Williams	Paul Kelly
Mrs. Laura Rewbush	Maud Hosford
Jarge	Leslie M. Hunt
Henry P. Schofield	Edmund Elton
Margaret Schofield	Helen Hayes
Mr. Jones	George Meech
Herbert Hamilton Dade	John Davidson
Penrod Schofield	Andrew Lawlor

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S later "Penrod" stories, as made into a play by Edward E. Rose provide real fun for the greater part of an evening. There is much of the original author's sympathetic observation of childhood in the piece and enough plot to make it coherent.

This plot concerns the shadowing by four boys of a suave young stranger who is bent on robbing their elders in a small community not named in the programme, but doubtless somewhere in Indiana. Eventually a chance pistol shot fired by one of the lads in a fortuitous moment results in the capture of the crook.

The lads believe they have committed murder, and in the last and best act of the play they weave a diabolically ingenious entanglement of prevarication to exculpate themselves. Then to their astonishment the chief of police arrives with the facts, and they suddenly find themselves heroes.

The burden of the acting falls upon Andrew Lawlor and Richard Ross, who portray the eleven-year-old Penrod and his assistant detective Sam Williams with remarkable life-likeness and obvious fidelity to their stage direction. They are ably abetted by two negro lads, Thomas McCann and Charles Whitfield, as Herman and Verman, who live in Penrod's alley.

The other characters merely form a sort of background for the activities of this precious quartette. John Davidson as the suave stranger and Edward Elton as Penrod's father are the principal "feeders" for the younger comedians. Unfortunately these parts, like most of the other adult rôles, are of broadly farcical drawing. The Tarkingtonian observation, keen as it is with the children, seems helpless in the higher altitudes.

"Penrod" begins and ends well, although it sags considerably in the middle. It suffers, too, from the inevitable monotony incident to its theme and its child-acting. Moreover, it is afflicted with a sad case of calf-love feebly re-echoing "Seventeen." But there is enough honest-to-goodness comedy in the antics of the four young sleuths to furnish forth a half-dozen of our ordinary plays.

GEORGE M. COHAN. "HEAD OVER HEELS." Play with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Woolf, suggested by Lee Arthur's dramatization of Nalbro Bartley's story "Shadows"; music by Jerome Kern. Produced on August 29 with this cast:

Mr. Robert Lawson	Boyd Marshall
Mr. Edward Sterling	Irving Beebe
Mr. Squibbs	Robert Emmett Keane
Mitzi Bambinetti	Mitzi
Signor Bambinetti	Charles Judels
Miss Edith Penfield	Grace Daniels
Mrs. Sarah Montague	Gertrude Dallas
Baron D'Oultremont	Ernest Marini
Jarvis	Edmund Gurney
Molly	Carrie McManus
Toni	Joseph Dunn
Oscar	James Oliver
Buxaume	Andy Bennett
Henri	Edward Mathews

MITZI is Mitzi, and the most diminutive of bodies to be so great a personage, for she is infallible in entertaining if she is not smothered, as she has been more than once, in the inanities of some attempted comic opera plot. She is very human and can act, for she has a strong touch of tenderness in her composition and a telling sense of humor.

But in "Head Over Heels," at Cohan's Theatre, she is hardly more than called on for a little while to be, or pretend to be, suffering unutterable woe from the pangs of love while gaiety is in her voice, manner, song, dancing and prankery. The play then falls into the frivolity of a slightly connected variety performance. Jerome Kern's melodies are spirited and pretty. The best perhaps is "The Big Show," in which Mitzi imitates what we can't help but hear at the circus, emphasizing very drolly the impudent noisiness of the calliope.

Mitzi and Robert Emmett Keane, the principal comedian, burlesque the "turns" that are familiar to that wierd part of the public whose concentration of mind can be held not longer than about ten minutes at a stretch. Of course, in these ten minutes, prodigies of humor and entertainment can happen. Keane was comical enough in a mock military drill of women. Charles Judels has an interpolated song in "Me." The girls are pretty, and the production, by Mr. Savage, has every possible pleasing factor of comic opera as we know it and like it in these days.

REPUBLIC. "WHERE POPPIES BLOOM." Melodrama in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue, founded on the French of Henri Kistemaekers. Produced on August 26, with this cast:

Guido	By Himself
Breval	Jean Gautier
Charlie	Will Deming
Lagarde	Laurence Eddinger
Pierre	Alfred Hesse
Henry	Percival Knight
Velieres	Marcel Rousseau
Brochier	Paul Doucet
Theuret	Roy Walling
Bertolle	Lewis S. Stone
Shorty	Frank Nelson
Marianne	Marjorie Rambeau
Rene	Pedro De Cordoba

M. HENRY KISTEMAEKERS' most recent play, "Un Soir au Front," when produced in Paris last spring proved a gripping melodrama of the war, centering about the world-old struggle between love and duty. Starting with a brief scene of trench 'atmosphere" mingling the humorous and the pathetic, it developed swiftly into a simple, dramatic tale, wherein a woman's heart was torn between love for a true soldier of France and loyalty to the memory of her husband.

Friend husband, Marianne believed, had given his life for her country. But it speedily developed that he was not only alive, but a German spy wearing the French uniform. I was the soldier-lover who discovered this fact, and she implored him to save the traitor from the firing-squad so that she would not have to tell her son that his father was sent to his death by his wife and her lover.

A. H. Woods purchased the rights to this piece and eventually turned it over to Roi Cooper Megrue. Its fate was that which nine-tenths of foreign plays meet at the hands of American adaptors. Mr. Megrue introduced a group of low comedy soldiers and started each act with about fifteen minutes of "gags," all wholly unrelated to the play, its theme, its atmosphere, or its tone.

"Where Poppies Bloom"—as it is absurdly called—might have survived even this treatment. But for some occult reason the adaptor threw away all the emotional possibilities of the central situation. In the original the hero, after his love had made him sacrifice his duty, went into battle to atone. Mr. Megrue sends him there in a fit of disappointment because the prospective widow won't promise to marry him.

Percival Knight contributed his familiar Cockney soldier bit. Pedro de Cordoba, as Marianne's lover, was customarily melancholy. Lewis Stone missed his opportunity by not making the German spy cold-blooded and matter-of-fact.

Miss Rambeau was a disappointment. Her performance was utterly without *nuance;* and when she should have been emotionally impressive, she merely ranted like a virago.

HIPPODROME. "EVERYTHING." Musical spectacle by R. H. Burnside; music by Lieut. Philip Sousa, Sergt. Irving Berlin and others; lyrics by John L. Golden and others. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

The Toymaker	DeWolf Hopper
The Amateur Magician	Chas. T. Aldrich
The Little Stranger	Helen Patterson
The Good Fairy	Belle Story
The Terrible Tiger	Arthur Hill
The Rag Doll	Will J. Evans
The Tin Soldier	Albert Froom
Captain Inbadsky	"Bluch"
Night	Desiree Lubovska
The Moon	Peggy H. Barnstead
The Rainbow	Gerda Gulda
The Village Postmaster	Tommy Colton
Lazy Luke	William A. Weston
Jack Rough	J. Parker Coombs
Mr. Smart	Albert Alberto

THE Hippodrome show is always an event of every new season. This year the big show is entitled "Everything" and everything it is, if one may judge by the number and brilliancy of the many acts and scenes. There are fifteen "Things," and for spectacular effect and beauty of color, the Toy Factory, in Lampland, and The Hall of History easily lead them all.

The show lacks a real thriller, however. There is no sensational scene such as the Ice Ballet of a couple of seasons ago. There is a roller skating scene, but this can scarcely be called a novelty.

DeWolf Hopper heads the list of performers which includes such established favorites as Belle Story, Houdini, Bluch Landolf and Lubovska, the dancer. As Uncle Sam, Mr. Broadway, and the Admiral of the Bad Ship Bolsheviki, Hopper is always entertaining.

The patriotic note is dominant in the entertainment and furnishes the motive for some beautiful coloring. Taking all in all, "Everything" lives up to its name.

BIJOU. "DOUBLE EXPOSURE." Play in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced on August 27 with this cast:

Jimmie Norton	John Cumberland
Baba Mahrati	J. Harry Irvine
Maggie	Grace Hayle
William	William Postance
Officer O'Brien	Dan Moyles
Tommy Campbell	John Wesley
Lecksy Campbell	Francine Larrimore
Sybil Norton	Janet Beecher

AVERY HOPWOOD'S new farce, "Double Exposure," starts with an act that might well begin a melodrama, an act marked as much by seriousness as by comedy. Thereafter the piece becomes a thing of repetious silliness and burlesque.

John Cumberland, as the abused husband, was as funny as ever in his familiar impersonation of meekness. When he had lost his ego,

Julia Bruns and Orlando Daly

George Nash and Yolande Duquette

SCENES IN "THE BLUE PEARL," A COMEDY DRAMA AT THE LONGACRE

Violet Heming

"THREE FACES EAST," A PLAY OF THE SECRET SERVICE, AT THE COHAN AND HARRIS

THRILLS IN NEW BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS

DO AUDIENCES WANT SERIOUS PLAYS?

Weary of artificial thrills, theatregoers eagerly respond to problems akin to those in their own lives. Being an interview with

BERTHA KALICH

AMERICAN theatregoers unappreciative of serious drama and of real acting? It is not true. There are nowhere more sympathetic audiences than Americans. They have a quick understanding for every situation on the stage. Nothing seems foreign to their hearts. But you must have the key to their hearts, if you wish to make them feel with you, if you wish to move them to tears and to laughter."

The speaker was Bertha Kalich, who after two years spent in motion picture production, returns this season to the spoken drama in her new play, "The Riddle Woman." The piece opened in Washington, on September 23d, and will come to New York shortly.

"Truth and sincerity," the actress went on, "are the only passwords. American audiences, I think, are tired of the eternal suspense that is supposed to keep them breathless until the curtain of the last act. They are tired of artificial thrills, tired of seeing the evolution of plots that are absurd and improbable. But give them real life, logical and illogical, just as it really is, confront them with facts such as they have to face in their own lives; don't act as a clever stage manager has taught you to, but live for them up there on the stage evening after evening. Don't go through the motions of your part automatically like a phonograph record, but experience the emotions you are expressing, be humbly the person whom you are portraying.

"There is so much romance and tragedy just now in the lives of everyone of us, so much joyful sacrifice, that people are fairly hungry for an outlet for their emotions; they welcome everything on the stage that parallels, even in a slight degree, their own experiences. They want to see a solution to the complexities of their own lives.

THE hearts of Americans do not know distinctions of classes, of social and material differences. Rich and poor are close neighbors at home and at work. Rich and poor, high and low, virtue and vice rub elbows constantly in life. It is immaterial if fate overtakes one in a mansion or in a tenement house; it does not matter if the man who wronged another man's wife wore evening dress or the rags of the slums. Everyone of us carries his own tragedy in his heart as his silent secret; on an evening he meets his carefully guarded secret on the stage. He sees how others act, how they solve his, or nearly his dilemma. He cries tears of relief, he weeps in compassion, he shudders at the violent solution of his struggle, and thanks his Maker who saved him from succumbing to a similar temptation. He gets up a better man, though his problem is far from being solved."

Thus Bertha Kalich defended her audiences. The actress spoke passionately, and with conviction. Her slender hands rested on the arms of her chair. She has wonderful hands. There seems such a lot of latent power about them. Often when I saw Bertha Kalich on the stage I felt that these quiet hands were actually ready to accomplish the deeds of which her mouth spoke. A small gesture of these hands indicate inexpressible sorrow, threw an audience into the terror of the situation on the stage, showed indignation, commanded obedience, urged silence and invited confidences.

I DARE to speak with authority about American audiences. I have made it the business of my life to find out about them, and no matter what managers and others say, the theatre has remained for me, until this very day, my temple. I was born in Poland, of Jewish parentage. My people were Orthodox Jews, and frivolity quite foreign to their natures. My enthusiasm for the theatre, my desire to act, seemed to them my calling in life. 'Her talent is a gift of God,' I remember my grandfather saying. 'And she must go out and do it honor.' And I have played ever since I can remember, leading parts in four different languages in

Mishkin

Bertha Kalich in "The Riddle Woman"

Europe. The terrible persecutions of the Jews in Russia developed in them a fine sense for tragedy, not only in life but also on the stage. It was during the height of Jewish emigration to America that I was called here to play in Yiddish in the East Side theatres.

"I met my first American audience. The more sincere I was on the stage, the more I felt the pain and the tragedy I impersonated, the greater grew my influence over them. One day Mr. Fawcett 'discovered' me. It was quite fashionable in those days to go slumming to the Bowery and pay a visit to the Yiddish theatres with their strange atmosphere, where people were sitting in shirt sleeves, eating oranges between the acts, and moaning loudly in deep sorrow or shouting at the top of their voices with joy. He introduced me to Broadway. I selected 'Theodora' for my début. My English was very poor. I knew hardly anything but the lines I had to speak. Mr. Fiske became my manager later, and I found the Broadway audiences just as responsive as my followers on the East Side. It was under his management that I appeared in the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' I played Marta in the Spanish drama 'Marta of the Lowlands.' In all these plays I had portrayed snatches from real life. My audiences, who knew life, were always with me.

LATER I starred in Percy MacKaye's 'Sappho and Phaon.' This was the tragedy of my stage life. It was my only play that failed. It was a beautiful poetic drama, but had nothing whatever to do with American life, or with real life, as a matter of fact. The critics pronounced it a beautiful work of art, classical. 'The Merry Widow' was playing across the street, and that is where people went. Then I went into vaudeville.

"Between the acts of acrobats and black-face comedians, I presented one of the tensest plays ever brought out on the stage. 'The Light of St. Agnes.' I needed quiet in the audience, I needed the full attention of everybody. It was a dangerous experiment. I never have had a more grateful audience than these millions of vaudeville goers from coast to coast to whom I presented my one-act play. I kept them spellbound from the first to the very last minute. I actually could hear the breathing of the people in the first rows in the orchestra.

"About my new play, 'The Riddle Woman.' Who knows? It was very successful at its original production in Denmark. It deals with one of the vital dangers of our times, with blackmail. A woman who loves her husband, is devoted to him and his interests, sees herself confronted with the necessity to lie, even steal in order to keep silenced the man who has taken advantage of her inexperience years ago. Her husband is a business man, a man who says 'Yes' or 'No' and means it. Shall she go on deceiving him, being afraid of risking her and her happiness, or shall she tell him the truth to get rid of the blackmailer and perhaps ruin her own and her husband's life? Fate solves such questions usually in life."

From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

A new study head of America's favorite ball-room dancer, who is soon to sail for France, where she will entertain "the boys" with the intricacies of the latest fox-trot, one-step, etc. She is seen here wearing the war decoration of the late Captain Vernon Castle

IMAGINARY OR REAL HEROES—WHICH?

Historical dramas fail because playgoers have illusions which most costume plays destroy

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

WE are becoming unutterably tired of the pseudo-historical play!

Once upon a time, when Bernard Shaw wrote "Cæsar and Cleopatra" for Forbes-Robertson, and that charming English actor visualized with keen intelligence a sort of dress-suited and modern-clubman Cæsar who kicked into a cocked hat some of our preconceived ideas of fabled greatness, we chuckled with huge enjoyment. It was delightful foolery—the sort that Bernard Shaw alone seems able to handle with the deft and subtle touch that such plays require.

Then, many years later, Louis N. Parker wrote "Disraeli," an interesting and mildly dramatic play, in which George Arliss achieved a deserved and lasting success. Then came "Paganini," by Edward Knoblauch, a play of the same genre as "Disraeli"—a play that bored us almost to extinction. Its historical atmosphere and correct data were all there, but its drama was almost as invisible as the strand of a spider's web. It was a wooden transferal to the stage of a dead-and-gone master who lives only through tradition.

Last season we had "Hamilton"—an almost hopeless attempt to convey to audiences of today some idea of the personal charm and winsome individuality of the first Secretary of the Treasury. George Arliss created the rôle of Hamilton and he brought to the task all of the intelligence and sensitive understanding of character that have made him one of the most pleasing actors on the English-speaking stage. But he didn't look like Hamilton, and even his consummate art could not achieve the impossible task of bringing to life a steel engraving.

NEXT, we were given a stage presentment of "Madame Sand." Philip Moeller's brilliant comedy was, literally and figuratively, built upon sand, and stage houses erected upon such a foundation are usually as short-lived as the famous house mentioned in the Bible. Moeller's play, based on the life of this literary light-o'-love, gave Mrs. Fiske a wonderful acting opportunity. But there was just a touch of the Eden Musee about her performance; a faint perfume of lavender and old lace; an echo down the corridors of time. It was, in other words, a combination of Moeller and mothballs. And, while Mrs. Fiske succeeded brilliantly in shaking out the mothballs and holding, as 'twere, the Sand up to nature, enough Moeller remained to remind us that it was still the Twentieth Century and not the Nineteenth.

Arnold Daly was the next wanderer through the dead forest of historical drama. This time it was "Napoleon," served to us on a theatrical plate garnished with Daly-Mansfield trimmings. Arthur Forrest being especially hired to aid in the back-to-Mansfield illusion. But it didn't go worth a cent. Of course not. Why should it? We had already seen the Little Corsican in "Madame Sans Gêne" and in Shaw's "The Man of Destiny," and Herman Bahr, author of "The Concert" was a temerarious person to challenge comparison with this existing collection of stage Napoleons. But he has had his fling, and now let us cry "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war upon the next dramatist who tries this sort of theatrical entertainment.

Why do historical dramas fail? Why is it that the public never evinces the same interest in historic personages put into plays, that it does in men and women who never existed except in the brain of their dramatic creator? We are going to try to answer these questions to the best of our ability. We have our own personal theory on the subject, and we modestly believe that we are right, but you don't have to agree with us. However, here is our theory:

DOWN in their hearts, playgoers have a little nest of illusions, and they guard this nest as jealously and watchfully as a mother bird guards her newly-laid eggs. They may not be aware of the fact that there *is* such a nest in their hearts, but it is there just the same and they unconsciously pay frequent visits to it—just as the mother bird does. Every year some of these illusions grow old enough to fly, and they leave the nest without ceremony—never to return to it. But there are always a few illusions left and their owner secretly hopes that these will never take flight.

There is nothing that puts illusions to flight, however, quicker than the historical drama. It drags forth from the musty lair of history those personages that we have all read about—and they always look bewildered and bizarre in the blazing sheen of the footlights. They are not at all what we expected to see. So another illusion takes wings and flies away forever.

But there is even a stronger argument against the historical play. It takes the romance out of drama. It is too concrete. Besides, "it smells of mortality." One is always tempted to hold one's nose as if a corpse had suddenly been disinterred and brought out before the footlights.

"Well, well, I never dreamed he would look like that!" is your inward ejaculation when the spotlight falls mercilessly upon the body.

Even if you don't agree with us so far, you must admit that the most damning argument that can be brought up against the historical drama is that it contains no suspense. The audience usually knows the ending before the curtain goes up—unless the dramatist has taken undue liberties with history. Therefore, whatever may happen to made-up personages in the subsidiary love story that the author has dragged in, you know that the main character—the personage de résistance, so to speak—went on to his appointed fate. The real-life ending of Napoleon was upon the desolate sand of St. Helena—and the tragic ending of Lincoln's life story was played in Ford's Theatre.

IT was not the story of Disraeli himself that made Mr. Parker's play such a success. It was the apocryphal love story that the author introduced. Without this element, the play would have been an utter failure, despite the splendid acting of George Arliss. And the principal interest in "Hamilton" lay in the love affair of Hamilton with the fascinating Mrs. Reynolds and its subsequent developments. Nobody cared a rap about Hamilton, the great statesman, but they *did* care immensely about the mixup that followed when our first Secretary of the Treasury imprudently made love to another man's wife—which was, in real life, a mere episode in Hamilton's life. But, although the curtain came down upon the reconciliation scene between Hamilton and his wife, the audience knew that there was another ending—the grim ending in a certain field when the bullet from Aaron Burr's pistol cut short Hamilton's brilliant life.

The reason "Madame Sand" was such a failure—both in New York and on the road—is very easily explained. Mr. Moeller relied entirely too much upon the actual life story of Madame Dudevant—in many instances, using George Sand's own witty lines and the witty lines of Heine. And they were too witty! Too clever! A superabundance of wit, like too many puns, is apt in the end to turn admirers into enemies. Whistler and Oscar Wilde are notable examples of this sort of thing.

Macaulay was one of the most brilliant men of his day, but when he was invited out, he took the centre of the stage and monopolized the conversation. From public interest his hearers merged into polite boredom and then—finally—they wanted to throw things at him—even if he was Lord Macaulay! It is often thus! Genius doesn't give a man the right to turn himself into a human phonograph. Nor does it compel human beings to turn themselves into large ears, just for his especial benefit.

BECAUSE he stuck to historical facts, Mr. Moeller was buried beneath his own cleverness—and Madame Sand's. The audiences grew weary of her, just as men and women in real life grew weary of her. She was a human vampire and great men were her meat. In real life, ironically enough, this blasé French woman grew to be quite old and died, prosaically enough, in the odor of sanctity. But *that* ending wouldn't have done at all for Mr. Moeller's purposes. So there wasn't any ending. It was just left up in the air. But the audience knew full well what was going to happen to poor Chopin. Even if they hadn't read about it before, they could, putting two and two together, forsee his finish.

And it was because George Sand was an insincere dilettante in real life, with no settled convictions about anything; with the soul of a butterfly and the face of a female satyr—that she made no lasting impression upon French literature, although she wrote novels by the ton. She was, to quote Edith Wharton's definition of a coquette, "all things to all men, and nothing to any man." She was a failure as a woman for this very reason—and no one is quicker to discover insincerity than an American audience. Hence the failure of the play. Nothing is so bad as insincerity—in an individual or in a play.

A foreigner tried to describe the hostile reception of a play. He had heard the expression "Damned with faint praise" but had forgotten it, so when asked how the play was received, he thought for a moment then his face brightened.

"It was praised with faint 'Damns,'" he said.

Gardner

JESSIE REED
A vivacious brunette
in "Sinbad"

Campbell

NITA NALDI
An Italian type in
"The Passing Show"

Campbell

ISABEL LOWE
The fluffy blonde at
the Winter Garden

Lewis-Smith

ISABEL RODRIQUEZ
Who dances with Spanish fire
in the Winter Garden show

Geisler & Andrews

DOLORES
Tall and regal—a real Gib-
son type in "The Follies"

ALL TYPES OF STAGE FEMININITY

A GRIPPING SPY PLAY

"Under Orders," acted by only two players, a distinct novelty of the new season

A DISTINCT novelty of the new season is "Under Orders" at the Eltinge Theatre, in which four characters are played by two actors. This poignant drama of the war is the work of Berte Thomas, an Englishman, and was first produced in London under the title "My Boy."

The play consists of a Prologue—a long farewell between an American mother and her son who is off for the trenches; two acts, which are "big scenes," and a concluding act which is nondescript.

Mrs. Ford, the American mother, has a twin sister, Marion, who disappeared years before the play opens and whom she believes to be dead. This sister, betrayed by the German officer Hartzmann had to marry him to save her reputation and, ashamed to communicate with her family, has been living in Germany ever since. To her house comes Arthur Ford, ragged and starving after escaping from a German internment camp. He does not know she is his aunt but notes the strange resemblance to his mother:

FRAU HARTZMANN: Who are you?
ARTHUR: Who are you?
FRAU: It is not for you to ask questions—it is for me to question you.
ARTHUR: Yes—you are quite right. I'm Arthur Ford.
FRAU: I don't know that name.
ARTHUR: I'm an escaped prisoner.
FRAU: Why have you come here at this time of night—is it to rob me?
ARTHUR: I am an officer in the American Army. God—it's cold.
FRAU: Go over to the fire.
ARTHUR: Thanks awfully. (*Frau goes to window.*) There's a wind blowing straight from Siberia, or the Arctic regions or some other blasted place.
FRAU: Why have you come here?
ARTHUR: (*Sits chair left.*) For help.
FRAU: You expect to get help from me?
ARTHUR: I won't say what I expect. I intend to have a good try.
FRAU: You will waste your time.
ARTHUR: It's nice and warm in here anyhow—and that's a help to start with—and you won't refuse to hear me—will you?
FRAU: I will hear what you have to say—yes. But as to helping you—no.
ARTHUR: I have to turn that "No" into "Yes."
FRAU: If you can—always bearing in mind what happens to women here who help prisoners to escape.
ARTHUR: That finishes me—I'm off. (*Rises.*)

FRAU: Don't go. There's no harm in talking—even if I have to give you up in the end.
ARTHUR: I can't see you doing that.
FRAU: I could.
ARTHUR: Do you really mean that?
FRAU: I do. I have married a German, and I'm German. Why are you so like my son?
ARTHUR: Carl Hartzmann?
FRAU: You know him?
ARTHUR: To my cost—yes.
FRAU: Then where did you meet him?
ARTHUR: Oh, in Berlin.
FRAU: He came to see you there?
ARTHUR: Every day.
FRAU: Why?
ARTHUR: That's what I've got to find out. Some dirty work.
FRAU: You forget that you are speaking of my son. You have no right to say that to his mother.
ARTHUR: You're quite right. I ought not to have said it. I'm sorry.
FRAU: You are so like my boy.
ARTHUR: You know—at first, I mistook you for my mother.
FRAU: Say that to me again.
ARTHUR: At first I mistook you for my mother—your face is so like—and your hair is like hers, too.
FRAU: Tell me who you are?
ARTHUR: I have told you—Arthur Ford.
FRAU: That tells me nothing—your mother's name—
ARTHUR: Before she was married?
FRAU: Yes—yes—quick.
ARTHUR: Margaret Maddison. (*Sits chair left.*)
FRAU: So? Her boy in Germany! Now!
ARTHUR: I didn't come because I wanted to—I don't love Germany—you can take my word for that. I didn't want to be interned in Torgan—and I wasn't there for my health. I was just sick of it—and I've got out.
FRAU: I have heard it is horrible.
ARTHUR: It's hell. And I've got out.
FRAU: I shall not give you up.

SHE procures for him an old German uniform belonging to her son. Presently he reappears before her in his disguise. She expresses surprise at his appearance.

FRAU: It's wonderful. My son might be standing before me.
ARTHUR: I hate wearing their damned uniform.
FRAU: My son wore it.
ARTHUR: I say—I'm sorry.
FRAU: And it may save your life.
ARTHUR: Look here. What am I to do with these things? (*Holding up the rags which he has brought with him.*)
FRAU: Safer to burn them. In there. (*Opens door of stove.*) (*He puts clothes in; she closes door.*) They'll leave no trace.
ARTHUR: I say—what would happen if Carl came home, and asked for these? (*Pointing to uniform he wears.*)
FRAU: I should tell the truth. He wouldn't give his mother away.
ARTHUR: I don't know. He's frightfully patriotic, and all that.
FRAU: Aren't you?
ARTHUR: Of course I am.
FRAU: And would you give your mother away?
ARTHUR: You know that's an awful thing to ask a fellow.
FRAU: Yes, I do know—that's why I asked. Will you answer it?
ARTHUR: Well, then—if it were to save my country from any danger—or anything like that—she—she'd expect me to—she's that sort of woman—and—I—Yes, I would. But, if it were only to pay her out for helping a prisoner to escape—I—No—I'd see anybody damned first.
FRAU: So would he.
ARTHUR: Oh, and what about your husband?
FRAU: That's another question altogether. As regards him, I must trust to—you'd call it luck perhaps—I'll call it Providence. I have been writing a letter to your mother. (*Gives it to him.*)
ARTHUR: I'm glad you've done that.
FRAU: When you see her, tell her what you can of me—and give her my very dear love.
ARTHUR: I will.

He thanks her for what she has done, and he kisses her good-bye. He goes to window and opens it.

FRAU: No—no—let me—(*She follows him to window and looks over his shoulder. A shot is fired from outside. Both jump to one side.*) That shot was meant for you.
ARTHUR: By Jove, he nearly got me.
FRAU: You must have been followed.
ARTHUR: I couldn't have been. I came through the woods—and I crept across the field to the end of the road. I'd have known it if anyone were following me.
FRAU: Then he must have seen you entering the house.
ARTHUR: If he did—I don't understand why he didn't come in after me.
FRAU: He probably wanted to catch you red-handed.
ARTHUR: Red-handed?
FRAU: Mistook you for a thief.
ARTHUR: Then maybe he's waiting to see what happened before he ventures in. I'll have a shot too.
FRAU: What are you going to do?
ARTHUR: Sh! (*Puts cap on sword.*) Put out the light. (*Frau puts out lights. Arthur puts cap out of the window. Shot from outside. Arthur fires three times.*) He's down. (*He goes into the firelight and looks at the cap.*) Right through the hat, by Jove! Good shot! (*To frau*) Now, if they question you—remember it was a burglar who got away. Thank God you'll not have to suffer for helping me.
FRAU: I shouldn't have minded it. You are my sister's boy.
ARTHUR: And you are my mother's sister! (*He kisses her on the forehead.*)
FRAU: Now I'll get my things and we'll go at once.
ARTHUR: No—Aunt Marion, you've done enough—I'll take my chance alone. Good-bye—
FRAU: (*As he goes through the door*) God watch over him!

The next scene opens in England in the house of Mrs. Ford. Captain Hartzmann, the German spy, has come home in the stolen uniform of his cousin Arthur, and represents himself to the mother as her own son. She finds him a little stouter, but has no cause to doubt his identity until he inadvertently starts playing the piano, which Arthur could never do. Instantly, she realizes he is an imposter. Quietly, she goes to the door and locks it.

HARTZMANN: What was that? (*Rises and faces her.*) You locked the door.
MRS. FORD: I did. (*Moving slowly to the open window.*)
HARTZMANN: Why?
MRS. FORD: Who are you?
HARTZMANN: Your son, Arthur, of course.
MRS. FORD: No!
HARTZMANN: Mother!
MRS. FORD: Don't call me that—imposter—you are not my son—now tell me who you are.
HARTZMANN: Have you gone mad?
MRS. FORD: For an instant. But not now.
HARTZMANN: Give me that key.
MRS. FORD: No.
HARTZMANN: Mein Gott, I'll have it. (*Advances toward her.*)
MRS. FORD: (*Throws the key through the window.*) (*He looks out of the window.*) I don't think you'll venture—(*He goes to the door.*) If you make a noise you'll arouse my servants. (*He turns and faces her.*) Now if you please we've done with lying—we'll have the truth.
HARTZMANN: (*Pauses. Moves to Mrs. Ford.*) Why do you doubt me?
MRS. FORD: Fighting in the trenches has proved a wonderful school. When my son left home he couldn't play the piano?
HARTZMANN: (*Aside.*) Fool. (*Moves R.*)
MRS. FORD: A fool for some criminal purpose.
HARTZMANN: Well, I will tell you who I am.
MRS. FORD: If you please.
HARTZMANN: Though in so doing I place my life in your hands.
MRS. FORD: Your life is of little importance to me.

He tells her that it was all arranged in Berlin that if he is captured and executed as a spy her son will suffer a like fate. For a moment the mother hesitates. Maternal love struggles with what she considers her duty to her country.

HARTZMANN: Choose.
MRS. FORD: I cannot—I cannot.

Photos White Mrs. Ford Arthur Ford

Prologue. Mrs. Ford: "Good-bye, my boy. Good-bye, in its truest, fullest meaning."

Frau Hartzmann Arthur Ford

Act I. Arthur: "If I am to go back to Torgan—it's all up with me—it was killing me. They're dying by dozens in the camp—neglected — diseased — filth—starvation—cruelty;—prisoners are expensive luxuries—dead men cost nothing. They are killing us."

Arthur Ford Frau Hartzmann

Act I. Frau: "It's wonderful. My son might be standing before me."
Arthur: "I hate wearing their damned uniform."

Mrs. Ford Captain Hartzmann

Act II. Hartzmann: "Well, it depends on you whether I am to continue to be Arthur Ford—or whether Arthur Ford dies."
Mrs. Ford: "Or—whether—Arthur—Ford—dies?"

Arthur Ford Mrs. Ford

Act III. Arthur: "Mother! Mother!"
Mrs. Ford (after a pause) "Arthur! My boy—my boy—have you come back to me?"

EFFIE SHANNON AND SHELLEY HULL PLAY DUAL ROLES IN "UNDER ORDERS," A WAR DRAMA FOR ONLY TWO ACTORS

HARTZMANN: You must.

MRS. FORD: If—if I am to be your confederate in this treachery to your country—I must know your plans. I must know what you propose to do.

HARTZMANN: I must stay out my three weeks here, and you must acknowledge me as your son. Then—I shall rejoin my regiment in France.

MRS. FORD: My son's regiment?

HARTZMANN: Your son's if you prefer it—and then—

MRS. FORD: And then—the great scheme you have in hand. What was it you called it? A veritable Sedan—thousands of prisoners would fall into your hands. Thousands of our men—ours! And you expect me to join hands with you in this? No, no—a thousand times, no!

HARTZMANN: His death will lie on your conscience.

MRS. FORD: My conscience will be clear. His death will be mine. Death is but a small matter so that my nation lives. Those were your words. Are they false? Or are they true?

HARTZMANN (*Pauses.*)

MRS. FORD: (*Goes to telephone, takes up receiver.*) Give me the Military Exchange, please. (*There is a pause, and they look at each other.*) Is that the Military Exchange? Put me through to Starford Barracks, please. No—no—not the Mess—the Orderly Room. (*Pause.*) Can I speak to the Adjutant? Thank you. It that Captain Murray?—it is Mrs. Ford speaking. Yes, Captain Ford's mother—Captain Ford of the 2nd Battalion. Send me an escort here—to my house at once. There is a German officer here—a spy. (*She replaces receiver quickly. They face each other in silence. There is a slight pause.*)

HARTZMANN: You have condemned me to death.

MRS. FORD: So be it.

HARTZMANN: Well, I give my life for my country.

MRS. FORD: I sacrifice my son's life—for mine! (*She has the framed photograph in her hands. Music swells.*)

But the American in Germany is saved. Exchanged, he comes home to find his mother's reason like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh. She plays Ophelia, indeed, for a whole act before she finally recognizes her son.

MRS. FORD: I listened to you before—I'll not listen to you again.

ARTHUR: Mother!

MRS. FORD: I'll not hear you. Why is it that my son is dead and that you still live—why is it that you are free? You came here to spy, and I had you arrested—you are spying still. I see clearly now—the hidden hand of Germany is working—working—working. My son is dead—and you free! Why then there is treachery going on—treachery to my country—treachery—treachery—ah!

ARTHUR: For God's sake.

MRS. FORD: For God's sake—for my country's sake—for my country's sake. (*Takes up scissors and attacks him—a struggle— he disarms her—she sinks in Bench C—she collapses. He stands sobbing. He then kneels by her.*)

ARTHUR: Mother! Mother! (*Hides his face on her knees.*)

MRS. FORD: (*After a pause—recovers—strokes his head—raises his head—looks long into his face. Her expression changes from agony to joy.*) Arthur! My boy—my boy—have you come back to me?

ARTHUR: Mother—have you come back to me? (*Embrace.*)

MRS. FORD: My boy—my boy!

The play is undeniably strong and highly engrossing in the middle but tenous and frayed at both ends. And after an hour or so of watching two players only, there were moments when one fairly ached to see somebody else appear upon the scene.

Shelley Hull plays the Dromic lieutenants with accustomed vigor and intelligence. Their differentiation is scarcely subtle, though the German's attempt to impersonate the American naturally requires a degree of complexity.

Effie Shannon makes appealing figures of the two grief-stricken and harassed mothers. The rôles as written make for monotony, and it would be difficult for the most accomplished of actresses to do much with the Ophelia business at the end.

CYRIL IS A PLAYWRIGHT

A letter from Cyril Hyghbrow, the popular dramatist, to his college chum out west

By HARRIET KENT

Dear Pal:

I'VE achieved my ambition at last—my play is on Broadway. But lest you conjure up a vision of me riding around in a Rolls Royce, or dining at the Ritz on the fat of the land, hear my tale.

I have seen my name on the billboards, but with it I have also beheld the last of my cherished illusions, my hopes, my dreams—and my bank account. All in four years, too, since I left home to gain fame and fortune overnight in New York as a playwright.

When I reached this town with the play that all the folks back home thought a masterpiece, I fully expected to have my first royalty check within a month. But the Ms. took two years to go the rounds of the managers' offices (I think it's going yet)—and each time the postman brought it back to my three by four room (New York's the only place that has these miniature chicken coops) it was accompanied by the customary "unavailable" slip.

So I diagnosed the "child's" case and found that all its suffering was due to the fact that it was a fantasy—and poetry doesn't go on Broadway. Trying to attract a Broadway manager with poetic verse is like trying to catch fish with a statue of Venus. No one will deny that Venus is beautiful, but she doesn't appeal to fish. Neither does anything that bears relation to poetry encourage managerial advance.

Audiences must be kept awake, the producers say, and what's suggestive in poetry? Nothing but sleep, according to their point of view.

You can't live on rejection slips, Johnnie, especially if you've a healthy young appetite and the price of living goes along with the aeroplanes. Neither can you survive on expectations, without assuming the shape of a string bean. So I got a job in a manager's office, and have been there ever since. Oh, how I wish that all our embryo playwrights could be on some Broadway producer's pay roll. What a saving of broken hearts it would mean!

I learned the producing business from the bottom up, and believe me, neither the bottom nor the top will bear close scrutiny. Finally, I was elevated to a post in the playreader's office. Ah, I thought, here's where I get my chance. But nothing doing, as they say in this burg. The only opportunity I got was to address envelopes for returned Mss., and now I believe the oft-told tale that everybody from the street cleaner to the stock broker writes plays—or what they think are plays.

One day the boss asked me if I knew anything about French. You remember what a "parley vous" student I was in college. I translated a French drama for him, and as I sat up nights burning the midnight oil, I had rosy views of roast turkey instead of ham and eggs for dinner. But all I got as I passed in the finished product was a slap on the back from Friend—I mean Enemy—Manager and "It's sure to make money, my boy."

And it did. But not for me. It ran for six months on Broadway, but I got no recompense for my labors; and wasn't even rewarded by having my humble name attached as translator.

Why didn't I quit, you ask? Where else was I to get a job—and the weekly board bill coming due as usual? So I stuck of course. But while I was returning rejected scripts to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, I conceived an idea for a real money maker. This time it was a farce, with plenty of zip and go. I knew it would prove a winner. So did the Z——s, for they accepted it. Now all I have to do, thought I, is to picture my name spelled out in tiny electric bulbs, and wait for the first check. But—

The cast was selected, the piece rehearsed, and the out-of-town tryout occurred. Then the trouble began. Oh, no, not with the play—with the star. The Z——s thought her too fat, or too old, or too tall, or too something. I can't remember which. Out of the cast she must go. But then there was her contract to be considered. That's where I came in.

At rehearsals she had put in a word here and half a word there—a couple of "ands" and "buts." To let her down easily the cunning managers talked her into believing she was part author, roused her Egoism (it's spelled with a capital for actresses) and finally amicable arrangements were concluded between manager and star. Her name had been affixed to the play as co-author, and she had resigned from the cast.

I could have withdrawn my play, of course. But was I to go through all the weary months of waiting before some other producer saw its possibilities? Could I endure the agony of more rehearsals, more changes? I decided in the negative.

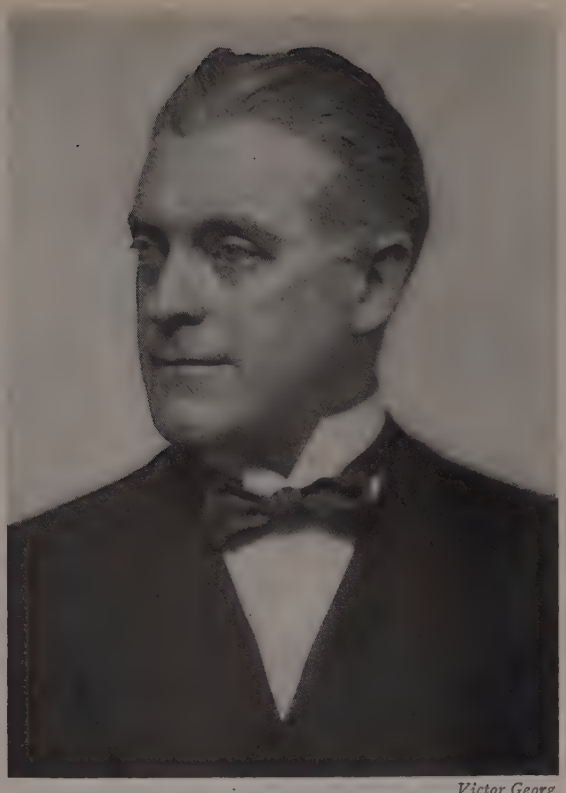
We have opened on Broadway. The farce is a howling success. Audiences are in love with the adorable leading lady, the charming intimate theatre, and their money fills the managerial coffers. And the former star—now she has discovered that she never really cared for acting. Her forte is writing. Looking over her family tree she has found a branch somewhere that leads directly to Old Bill Shakespeare himself.

Johnnie, I wish I had gone in for street cleaning. I'm sure I would have liked the work better.

CYRIL.

© Hixon-Connelly

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
Undoubtedly the matinée idol de luxe. He is now playing a leading rôle in the popular musical success "Maytime"



Victor Georg

CYRIL MAUDE
Everyone who remembers this English actor's characterization of Grumpy will want to see him in "The Saving Grace" at the Empire

EMMETT CORRIGAN
Gives a forceful performance of the mysterious butler in "Three Faces East" at the Cohan and Harris

Dupont

OTIS SKINNER
Starring in "Humpty Dumpty," a new play by Horace Annesley Vachell

Matzene

GEORGE NASH
Solves the mystery of "The Blue Pearl" in the detective play of that name at the Longacre Theatre

STARS AND NEAR-STARS IN THE THEATRICAL FIRMAMENT

NEW YORK CHEERS "YIP, YIP, YAPHANK"

Irving Berlin's latest show is fun-coated propaganda and introduces the soldier-actor

IMAGINE this—the Century Theatre jammed to the doors with an audience that included every good American who could get inside, from the latest draft recruit to the man who wrote *"Over There,"* and ringing with a wild, friendly clamor of "Berlin! Three cheers for Berlin! Hey, Berlin!"

No, it wasn't a triumph of German propaganda, in fact, the whole occasion was part of the plan to take Berlin off the map. Every man on the stage carried a gun that he hopes to aim direct at the Kaiser. The cheers were for a boyish-looking little man in a soldier's uniform who stood before the curtain—Sergeant Irving Berlin, who was the first to go over the top with the syncopated rag, when he wrote *"Alexander's Ragtime Band."*

Then, a few months ago, after a long series of world-wide song successes, Irving Berlin was called to the National Army, and left for Camp Upton, at Yaphank, as a private. Broadway heard little more of its favorite tunester, until news came that he was writing the words and music of a show for a few hundred of his "bunkies" to give at the Century. Finally the town was dotted with posters announcing "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" by Sergeant Berlin, and Broadway was proud indeed.

So that was why the first night became one long cheer for Berlin, a cheer that came not only from his old friends but from new ones in the army and navy who formed a considerable part of the audience.

BERLIN made "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" distinctly a man's show. There was real illusion to the "feminine" cast of "Biff Bang," the earlier naval success at the Century, the "girls" were actually dainty and graceful. But the Yaphank chorus was frankly masquerading.

Of course, the reason is that Camp Upton is a melting pot, and offered entirely different material to work with. It is where Algy Fitzgerald learns that one can eat beans with a knife and still be a gentleman, and where Mike Grogan learns that one can wear a wrist-watch and still be a man.

So the Yaphank ensemble was more to be commended for brawn than beauty, although they disarmed criticism by each admitting their former occupations and habits in pithy couplets—one said he "was a packer, and ate plug tobaccer." The rest were quite as evidently intended for anything but show girls, but, oh, what soldiers they will make!

The military atmosphere began on the sidewalk outside, where every few paces a soldier was stationed with rifle at shoulder, and others guarding the entrances inside. But they were all smiling, and gave a reassuring feeling that martial law to ragtime wouldn't be too severe.

A record first-night audience crowded the lobbies, and army and navy dignataries caught a glimpse of stage celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, George Cohan, Mrs. Castle, Raymond Hitchcock, Jeanne Eagels or Al Jolson passed by. Then, sharply across the clamor of tongues came the military command: "Atten-shun!" People paused in the middle of a word, and programme girls stopped selling, amazed. Broadway disciplined! And at attention they stood where Major-General Bell, through whose consent it was possible to give the show, passed through to his box.

After the opening chorus, which developed into a minstrel show with only the endmen in blackface and the rest in the conventional khaki, Captain McAllister told the men that there was a hard, seasoned enemy on the other side of the footlights, and, although it was completely surrounded and pocketed, it would have to be riddled with riddles, bombed with jokes, and vanquished with songs before it could be annihilated.

THE first raid into No Man's Land was a song about *"You Can't Stay Up All Night On Bevo!,"* for which, they say, the Anheuser-Busch Company has already paid Sergeant Berlin ten thousand dollars. He, in turn, has given it to the "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" fund, to help establish a community house at Camp Upton for the wives, mothers and sweethearts who visit the boys. For Yaphank, being a "boom" town, that a year ago was only a deserted stretch of Long Island, is adding its creature comforts bit by bit.

But the enemy really capitulated first at a quartette which ran something like this:

"Darling, I am not so o-old,
There's no silver 'mongst the gold,
I am only twenty-three-ee,
And the draft is after me!"

After that, the coldest audience in the world became a carefree mob that whistled, shouted and cheered every number, and joined in the choruses after the first encore. The enthusiasm and vigor of the boys on the stage and the stimulus of the songs swept everyone irresistibly into the spirit of the evening. It was more like the last inning of a world-series ball game than anything else.

The minstrel finale, a Darktown wedding, introduced the only real lady in the cast, a colored baby-vampire, who acted as flower-girl, and fairly stopped proceedings with a pair of eyes that would be worth a million dollars in the movies if they were topped with Pickford curls instead of Topsy pigtails.

ALTHOUGH there was a chance for the professional dancers, jugglers, and acrobats whom the long arm of the draft has brought to Yaphank to do their specialties, the best part of the show came in the second act, that showed the different sides of a rookies life at Yaphank.

There was a complete syncopated drill, and the theatrical police reserves—the managers, actors, and playwrights who have been drilling all summer to take the place of the regular New York police force when they are needed—watched the ragtime soldiers jig into more and more complicated formations with hopeless awe written on their faces. A few months ago they would have sat through the drill complacently, but after leading their companies into the wall a few times at beginners' pace, they understood only too well what the boys on the stage had accomplished in their few months' training from citizenship to soldiery.

A wholesale imitation of everyone in the Follies entertaining the boys was the opportunity to bring in more "girls," all of whom had obviously been exempted by General Ziegfeld. But Kuy Kendall as Ann Pennington, and Private Belles as Marilynn Miller did toe-dancing and buck-and-wing with real grace, and Private Cutner was Eddie Cantor himself shouting *"That's the Kind of a Baby for Me!"*

Finally, Berlin himself was pulled from his tent, half asleep, to sing his already immortal lyric about the bugler. Of course, there was a welcome that rocked the theatre, but to his credit as a good actor, there he stood, while his friends waited for a nod of recognition, staring dreamily ahead, and buttoning up his coat. Then he sang, in his peculiar, plaintive little voice, the chorus that goes:

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call:
(*Here reveille sounded*)
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up, this morning!
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead,
I'll amputate his reveille,
And step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed!"

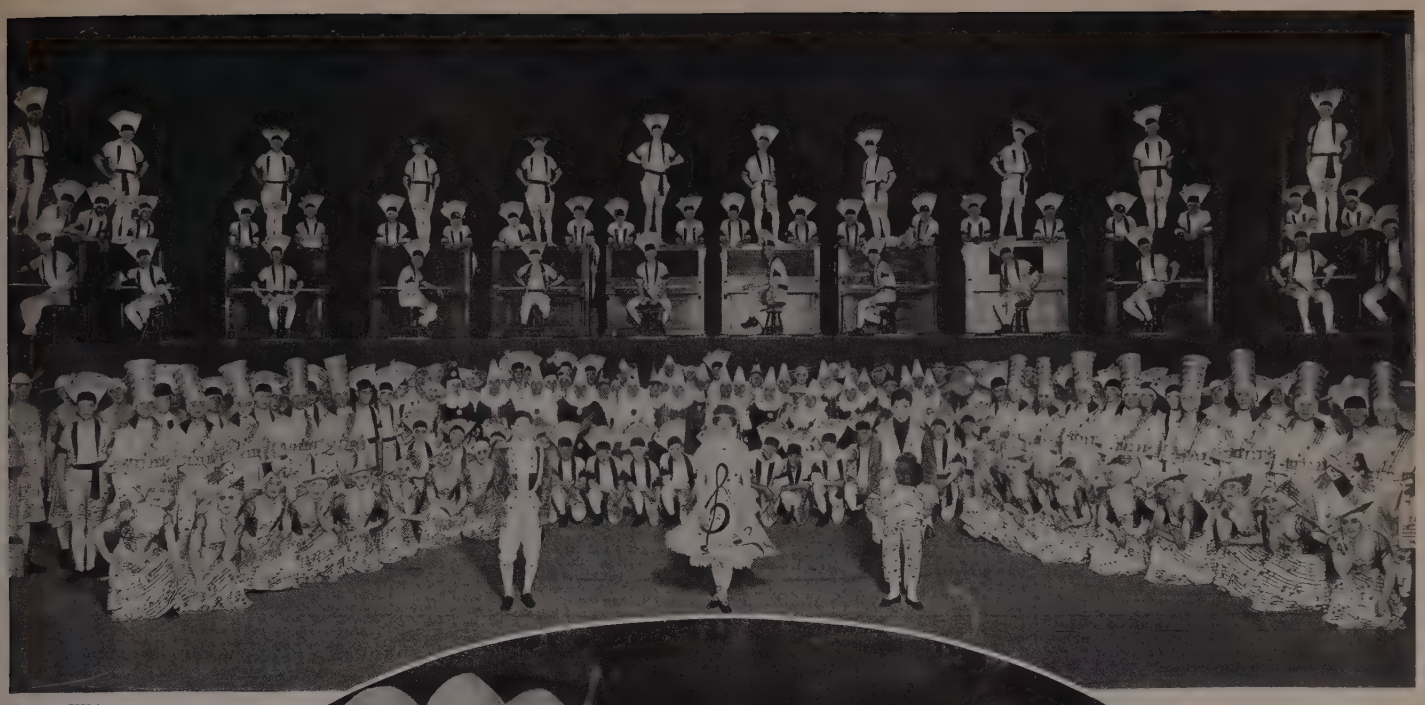
WITH each encore he grew more mournful, until finally he "got the pup, the one who wakes the bugler up!" and went back to spend the rest of his life in bed.

But he came out again as one of the dejected Kitchen Police, and sang about how, with his mop and pail, he was making the wide world "safe for Democracy!" Every soldier in the audience who was doing his bit by peeling potatoes or picking weeds from the parade ground howled joyfully in response.

For the last part, Berlin showed what the Y. M. C. A. huts mean to the men in camp, with true feeling and atmosphere. These scenes seemed almost real, with some of the spirit of the hospital scene in "Out There" or the recruiting scene in "Getting Together." He has written a really beautiful song about the Y. M. C. A.—a simple melody and lyric that is likely to be sung at the "Y" huts all over the world. I have heard soldiers singing it already, not carelessly, as they sing the average popular song, but as if it really meant something to them, as they sing *"Over There."*—It's just:

"You can think of me in the evening,
At the close of the day,
Writing a little letter
At the Y. M. C. A.
Don't you worry, mother darling,
For although the skies are gray,
I can always find a little sunshine in
The Y. M. C. A."

"Yip, Yip, Yaphank" is not only a good "military mess," cooked up to entertain the company and audience, but it shows those at home that the boys are happy and contented. It is fun-coated propaganda, and that's the most effective kind, after all.



Photos White

The "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" boys all together for the super jazz band ensemble

Sergeant Irving Berlin singing *Safe for Democracy* and a few "beauties" picked at random from the draft—all lucky numbers!

Some of the Yaphankers bringing the old-fashioned minstrel show up to date

The Darktown bride, three future soldiers and a potential Red Cross nurse

YAPHANK MAKES A SUCCESSFUL RAID ON BROADWAY

FASHIONS IN TITLES

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

SCAN the titles of plays produced in New York City during the last twenty years and you will realize the changing fashion in titles that is ever taking place during that period. Slowly but surely the titles testify to the Americanizing of the American stage.

At the beginning of the century, when the dramatic section of the newspaper was all of one column and a half, and the announcements of current amusements, theatre, opera, concert and everything else took less than half a page, then the majority of plays, though written, staged and produced by Americans, were given a foreign sounding title to insure popularity. If the home brewed article were offered to the public, the label had to bear a foreign trademark. It evidently was the day for importations.

This vogue held good for several years. Foreign librettos and operettas were given first place on Broadway just as musical circles welcomed to the platform the artist who bore the hall-mark of foreign training.

But about 1910 a new era began. Perhaps it was due to the wave of organized charity with its systematic research, and social reform with its cohorts swept over the country. Problem plays became the fashion. Every play had a moral and a message. Naturally to be understood and appreciated these plays had to deal with American problems and have American backgrounds. Despite an epidemic of imported actresses the American play came to stay. Even these foreign stars had to learn English to hold their audiences. Only Bernhardt could hold her own in an alien tongue.

A crop of musical comedies a few years later mark another interesting digression from the general order of titles. Exclamatory titles blazed the way for a series of successful pieces. "Very Good, Eddie," "Good Gracious, Annabelle," "Oh, Look," "Oh, Boy," and "Oh, Lady! Lady! !" evidence that American slang has dramatic possibilities.

But to illustrate this gradual Americanizing of titles it will be necessary to check up the plays popular on Broadway a decade or two ago. There was Fritzi Scheff in "Giroufle-Giroufla," Jesse Bonstelle in "Siberia," Marie Doro in a French farce "Friquet," Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry," and "Adrea," Adele Ritchie in "Fantana" and Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleshna." This handful of plays sorted at random would attempt to show the foreign sounding titles of the vehicles in which the stars of the day appeared.

A catalogue of the plays lined up five years later is very much like the preceding list. The fashion for foreign make had not abated. Marguerite Clark was announced in "The King of Cadonia," Christie MacDonald in "The Prince of Bohemia," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow," "The Girl in the Taxi," all invaded our shores. And whether the subject was "made in America" or not, the label bore a foreign mark.

But the wave of social reform alluded to before left its mark on the titles of the day. Social problems, political and economic reforms fascinated our dramatists. Elmer Reizenstein's "On Trial" saw the light of day, Elsie Ferguson appeared in "Outcast," Robert Edeson navigated "Sinners" into popularity, Richard Bennett steered both "Damaged Goods" and "Maternity" up Broadway, Julia Dean sponsored "The Law of the Land" and John Mason fathered "The Song of Songs," while "The Easiest Way" found an easy path to popularity.

This year's crop of plays are showing many interesting angles as far as the titles are concerned. Naturally the war and its especial problems for us, those of the alien, friendly or otherwise within our gates, is the hub around which many of our plays revolve. Their titles are mild illustrations. One musical comedy seems to herald a new idea. John Cort's "Fiddlers Three" is a romantic picturesque operetta, based on the medieval legend of the three violin makers of Cremona. It stands apart from the general run of musical comedies at present and may be the forerunner of a new period.

But the most striking titles of the season have outclassed the exclamatory headlines of last year. Whole sentences, descriptive and direct, announce these modern farces. 'Tis George Broadhurst who has put his titles in many words and has introduced "He Didn't Want to Do It" and "She Walked in Her Sleep" to the public. They—the titles—seem the beginning of a new era in titles, the peak of American humor and suggestiveness. Not even the French can arouse a visualization more vivid than do these titles. The entire plot is outlined—"He Didn't Want to Do It" and little strain is necessary to follow the plot. That "She Walked in Her Sleep" is assured, no other interpretation is permissable.

The new titles admit of no suspense, doubt or surprise; the public is relieved of any strain. What more can a title do? It is the offering to the tired business man, the war harassed and the weary. Utterly American in this new line, mapped to cheer and relieve of strain and tension in every way, the new titles, crisp with slang, take their places in the history of titles.

THE RENEGADE

By MARJORIE PATTERSON

IN my time I had a liking for the Devil,
Yes, a sort of sneaking fondness and regard,
For his sporty speculations,
His terse ejaculations.
I invoked him with the dice box and the card.

IN my time I had a liking for the Devil,
Now vague treason in my hero-worship lurks,
For since Germany turned martial
I find I'm not so partial
As I once was to the Devil and his works.

NO, of late, I'm not so keen about the Devil,
Though I still play golf through church time with a vim,
Yet since Wilhelm first paraded,
Since Belgium was invaded
I like "Onward Christian Soldiers" as a hymn.

I AM getting rather fed up with the Devil;
I'll go easy with the high-balls for a bit,
Even, conjuring up the dime
Can wait over for a time,
While I face about and pack my soldier kit.

I SHALL send this ultimatum to the Devil.
"Ah, Hell's honor—Ah, her chivalry—All boasts!
You, a good sport? On the level?
You lie, you crooked Devil;
Now I know you and I'll fight you and your hosts."

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

JULIA BRUNS

MISS BRUNS' dark beauty was her fortune—at least in the beginning. In good time, she supplemented it with cleverness and dramatic instinct. The St. Louis girl, coming to New York to seek her fortune, found it in the studios. James Montgomery Flagg drew many sketches of lovely women, with Miss Bruns as the model. Lee Shubert approved the illustrator's choice believing that her quality was not merely pictorial. He gave her an opportunity in "The Squab Farm." She distinguished herself as the chief of the motion-picture harem in the Hatton satire. Her next opportunity came as the unscrupulous woman of enchantment in "The Blue Pearl"

THE GENESIS OF A PROPAGANDA PLAY

Princess Troubetzkoy tells how she and her sculptor-husband came to write "Allegiance"

By HELEN TEN BROECK

THIS is the hour of the awakened woman, the woman with a new vision, a new grasp on the deeper verities of life and a new voice for the utterance of her new knowledge. It is the hour of woman's recognition as no longer the silent complement, but the articulate aid and ally of those men who have risen by the divine right of personal fitness and power, to leadership among nations.

Lloyd George, little noted as a psychologist, uttered a deep metaphysical truth when he acknowledged with a generosity not always looked for in prime ministers, that woman's aid in winning the present war, was a pronounced factor in the equation of victory. The stage has given more richly than any other profession of its feminine effort in war work—and in saying this I do not except the magnificent profession of which the American trained nurse is the fine flower—and it is quite fitting that an American war play should be contributed to the stage by a woman.

IN "Allegiance," Amelie Rives, uniquely prominent among literary women, has given to dramatic literature and to patriotic propaganda a living, breathing document. Interviewing Amelie Rives presents many of the difficulties one would encounter in seeking the views of some great free-flighted bird. Her thoughts have wings—eagle's wings—and her vision owns a sweep difficult to confine to a rigidly spaced and circumscribed magazine article. Nevertheless I scampered gaily down to Huntington, Long Island, to capture a few minutes with the princepessa—for of course you know that Amelie Rives is the wife of Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy — artist and collaborator in her new play.

"When the horror of the *'Lusitania'* stunned us," said Princess Troubetzkoy, when I asked her to tell me something of the genesis of "Allegiance," "my first thought was, this crime will awaken America to the fact that this awful thing that has arrayed itself against the world is not civilization of any order; it is reckless wrong and tyranny wearing the helmet of the Hohenzollern.

"It happened that Troubetzkoy, who was in a distant city painting a portrait, saw a newspaper article bearing on a new phase of allegiance, and sent it to me with a suggestion that here was an idea for a play."

In a near-by room, Prince Troubetzkoy was clicking away on a clattering typewriter, copying a just finished act of "Prince and Pauper," in the adaptation of which he is assisting his wife. A sudden pause in the pattering of the keys came at this moment and a very troubled Italian interrupted the interview with a plea to be enlightened as to the interpretation of certain hieroglyphics in Princess Troubetzkoy's manuscript.

"It wasn't a bare idea by any means that Troubetzkoy sent me," resumed the princess when the matter had been straightened out and her husband had returned to his labors; "as a matter of fact the scenario of 'Allegiance' was almost entirely embraced in the sketchy outlines he based upon the newspaper clipping. And it is quite wonderful how scene by scene, speech by speech, character by character, the play developed itself. Almost before I knew it, 'Allegiance' was finished, and through the medium of Miss Shaw—please notice the feminine factor in all the equations—was introduced to the notice of manager A. H. Woods."

"But Mr. Woods," I interrupted again, "didn't produce it."

"No," said the dramatist with that cryptic smile in which dramatists always mention producing managers, "Miss Shaw sketched the story to him and arranged an interview between us, which Mr. Woods was unable to keep, and again enters the feminine element.

"I told Mrs. Faversham (Julie Opp) the plot of the piece and she asked to read it. This, of course, was some months ago. She read it, approved it, and sent the script to Mr. Faversham who had just started on tour with 'Lord and Lady Algy,' asking him to let her buy the rights to the play.

"Mr. Faversham replied with a wire which is the only contract under which 'Allegiance' is produced.

"'It is a wonderful play,'" ran the telegram, "'and I bless you for writing it! I want to produce it myself.'

"And here again enter the feminine element. Miss Maxine Elliott as you know, was acting with Mr. Faversham in 'Algy,' and she too read 'Allegiance,' and insisted that her theatre should be chosen to house the piece for its New York presentation.

"Because my literary agent had communicated with Mr. Woods, I felt that he had a prior claim to the piece since he had seemed enthused with its plot; but after a number of unavailing efforts to see him, I concluded that in the uncertainty of his intention to produce it, I might be free to offer it elsewhere, and so it passed into the hands of Mr. Faversham and as you know was produced by Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliott.

"Oddly enough, the last time I tried to communicate with Mr. Woods, he was out of town producing a new play—the new play being 'Friendly Enemies' which, I am told, is built around a theme quite similar to the basic idea in 'Allegiance.'

SOMETIME," the princess' fine eyes fixed themselves upon a bit of sparkling water that stretched before her windows, "sometime I hope to meet the authors of 'Friendly Enemies' and compare notes upon what seems a clear case of synchronous cerebration. It would be odd—wouldn't it?—if one innocent little newspaper clipping had inspired two people who had never seen each other to think out two different plays upon the same lines?

"But to return to the writing of 'Allegiance'; the character of Von Geier was no newspaper inspiration. It was carefully built up from records of work by our Secret Service in tracing the activities of a subject of the Kaiser who stood as the foremost exponent of German music in America until his internment recently.

"The line in 'Allegiance' in which the young agent of the Secret Service says that it has been found necessary to 'get' many German spies of wealth and position on other charges in order that they may be prevented from jumping bail and escaping by a dread of being tried for a crime, is no dramatist's dream. It is an established fact; and over and over again, as in the case of the Doctor of Music, from whom the character Von Geier in 'Allegiance' was drawn, the United States authorities have been forced to take exactly those steps to prevent interned Germans from seeking to escape—the precautions being taken before the enemy alien charges are formally made."

White

Maxine Elliott and William Faversham (the producers) and the Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy (the authors) at a reading of "Allegiance"

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

MAKING UP

MAKE-UP, as a legitimate art to-day, exists only in the precincts of the theatre. It is a special art for a special purpose. and belongs particularly to stage work.

Externals and their effectiveness play a very prominent part in the success achieved by amateur actors.

But it is axiomatic to repeat that no mask, however perfect, will accomplish much if the gray matter is not working actively behind it. After all, the "make-up" is simply an adjunct to the portrayal of a conception, a very necessary and important one, but still only an element of success.

It was Carl Baudin who made face transformation an art. A member of the Leipziger Stadt Theatre he, like many others, felt the need of something that would hide that demarking line between the forehead and the wig band. His grease paint was first used for this purpose alone, but its possibilities were recognized and he and his associates quickly widened its sphere of usefulness. To-day grease paint can be secured in any shade from corpse-like pallor to the ruddy hue of wind-beaten sailor. The color of any nationality is on immediate tap, and a few dabs from these sticks of pigment and you have an Indian, a Mongolian, or an Ethiopian ready at hand.

A palette may contain all the colors in the rainbow, but it needs the brush of an artist to blend them into a picture. So it is with these sticks of grease paint. To utilize them to the full advantage, study and experience are needed. How to cast shadows, how to bring wrinkles into relief, how to lengthen or broaden the face and all the other phases of theatrical "make-up" are subject to rules as imperative as those employed in the composition of an oil painting or a water color.

The telling force and effect of Richard Mansfield's masks was largely due to the fact that with pencil and brush Mr. Mansfield was no inferior artist.

The Amercian stage is rich in actors capable of making marvelous facial changes, and many women are artists enough to sink their vanity and with the aid of paint and powder turn their pretty selves into veritable caricatures and hags.

PAINTS

GREASE-PAINT is the temporary eradicator of wrinkles, and also the means by which they are acquired—a paradoxical statement, but think for a moment and the meaning will be clear. By its aid the young may become old without waiting for the lapse of time, and the old may secure the appearance of the bloom of youth for the time being.

Grease-paint is made in sticks of various shades, from the alabaster white of the clown, to the weather tan of the mariner, and these sticks are numbered for the convenience of the consumer, certain numbers always representing certain shades. The following list of grease-paints, known as the flesh tints, represent the shades of the complexion required for stage work:

No. 1. Very pale flesh color.
2. Light flesh, deeper tint.
3. Natural flesh color, for Juveniles.
4. Rose tint color, for Juveniles.
5. Deeper shade color, for Juvenile Heroes.
6. Healthy sunburnt color, for Juveniles.
7. Healthy sunburnt color, deeper shade.
8. Healthy color, for Middle Ages.
9. Sallow color, for Young Men.
10. Sallow color, for Old Age.
11. Ruddy color, for Old Age.
12. Olive color, healthy.
13. Olive color, lighter shade.
14. Gypsy, flesh color.
15. Othello (Moor).
16. Chinese.
17. American Indian.
18. East Indian, Hindoos, Filipino, Malays, etc.
19. Japanese.
20. Negro.

Forthcoming Articles

On this page, from time to time, will appear articles on

Sceneries
Costumes
Properties
Plays

and in the November issue, the second and last instalment on "Making-Up."

CREAM PAINTS

THESE are of a softer consistency than the grease-paints. They are put up in jars, instead of sticks, are more generally used by women. The effect produced is practically the same as that resulting from grease-paint. The different shades are white, flesh, pink, brunette, deep brunette for dark complexions, also Creole, Gypsy, Indian and other shades, which may be made to order. It may be well to state here, to those who have never used these articles, that the application of good grease-paint is in no way disagreeable; in fact, it will be found more pleasant than otherwise, and will not injure the most delicate skin.

GREASE-PAINT LINERS

LINERS are used for other purposes than that which is implied by their name. They are handy, not only for making lines, but are also the paints used for coloring, blending and creating shadows, for sunken effects, and also to produce high lights.

They are made of grease in sticks, half the size of the flesh tints; the colors mostly used are: Gray (in three shades), light brown, dark brown, blue (in three shades), crimson, vermilion, carmine, white, black.

Black is used for lining the eyes, darkening the eyebrows and eyelashes.

White is for blending the wrinkles, for high lights and to secure prominence to certain features.

Blue is also used for lining the eyes, and is preferable to black, especially for blondes.

Red is put to many uses. It may be used for coloring in place of rouge; also for the lips.

Deeper tints of flesh-colored paint can be made by mixing a light shade of flesh tints with red.

For dark, ruddy, sunburnt characters, red rubbed on the face after the complexion paint has been put on will be found useful, if carefully blended.

Dark red is for the cheeks of old men.

Different shades of gray are for producing shadows to secure sunken effects in the cheeks; dark gray is sometimes desirable for wrinkles.

Brown is principally used for lining the face, and is the best color for producing wrinkles. It is used for the eyebrows instead of black, when required by the complexion of the character portrayed.

CREDIT is given for the foregoing material, to Mr. James Young, whose thorough-going book—"Making-Up"—should be in the hands of every amateur as well as every professional player.

THE PARTHENAEIA

Annual masques given by the women of the University of California

By MAUDE MARIEN

SPRING in California! I do not know what that may mean to you, you Easterners and you of the Middle West, but shall I try to tell you what Spring means to us, here on the University of California Campus?

First of all, it means long, scented evenings when, from the hills above the Greek Theatre, one may look out across San Francisco Bay to watch the sun flatten into a crimson disk at the water's edge and sink out of sight within the Golden Gate. It means sparkling pale-gold mornings on the Campus, where the Acacia trees hang heavy with powdery yellow clusters, and Hearst Hall is fragrant with lavender Wisteria. It means that little green babies are appearing on the gnarled gray branches of the Faculty Oaks. But most of all, it means the Spring festival of the women, the Parthenæia.

The Parthenæia is an annual masque presented by the women of the University of California. It takes place each April in Faculty Glade, on the Campus. It is one of the few truly folk performances of which the country may boast, since the masque is written, managed, and produced, and the costumes designed and made solely by the women students, of whom there are nearly three thousand. The masque serves no purpose other than the purely æsthetic one of self-expression. It has always been financially successful, each production being given before an audience of approximately five thousand people. The profit from each performance is devoted toward making the production of the following year more beautiful.

Scene from "The Dream of Dierdre," presented by the women of the University of California

Dorothy Epping as Ratri

Every year, as the Spring term commences, preparations also are begun for the one afternoon in April that is the women's own. Up in Architecture Hall girls in art classes are making designs for costumes, which will be later carried out in chiffon, cheese-cloth, and tarleton by girls at sewing machines and tables down in Hearst Hall. At the women's gymnasium regular classes are being formed in dancing to train the choruses of the masque. Tubs of dye are bubbling in the kitchen of the students' cafeteria at Hearst Hall and from the high balcony of that quaint edifice hang newly colored costumes of orange, crimson or rose among the lavendar Wisteria blossoms.

Marylie Krusi as Wildwood

The masque for the occasion is chosen from those submitted in annual competition by the students. It has always been a symbolic presentation of the central theme of the Parthenæia—the transition from girlhood to womanhood.

The conception of the Parthenæia came in 1912 to Miss Lucy Prague, then Dean of Women at the University. The masque for the occasion was written by Anna Reardon '12, a senior in Greek. It was Greek in setting, and the theme was developed by ritual and pantomime. No one who saw that first Pathenæia will ever forget it. It was given one April afternoon, beneath the gnarled gray branches of Faculty Oaks. A stretch of dappled greensward made a natural stage with a backdrop of gray-blue eucalyptus trees. An audience of thousands watched the tall figure in floating robes approach the stone altar that had been erected in the center of the glade. It was the Spirit of Maidenhood. Eucalyptus Dryads stole in from the grove behind and sang their "Song of Sorrow." Fog Spirits in chiffon veils floated in and were dispersed by the rush of Sea Breezes. It was all very lovely, and far removed from the busy commerce of San Francisco across the bay, into the Land of Ideals and Dreams.

The next masque, also, was Greek, in conception. "Everymaid," by Evelyn Steele, '13 was presented in 1913, with an original musical setting by Mr. Stricklen, of the College of Music. Again the theme was developed by pantomime and dancing with passages of spoken verse. The masque rises to its climax: Everymaid follows Desire of the World and her rich robed company. Suddenly across the glade flits Shadow of a Dream and in her track walks, clad in heavenly blue, the vision of The Madonna. A shaft of sunlight through the branches of a tree lights up the golden hair of the child in her arms, and Everymaid, leaving behind the gay company of Fame and Pleasure follows the vision, and the masque is done.

Dorothy Riedy as Girija

The third Parthenæia, in 1914, changed from Greek to Celtic antiquity. Who has not wept

with Dierdre of the Sorrows? Helen Cornelius, '14, who wrote "The Dream of Dierdre," brought the wistful airs of ancient Irish mysticism to the grassy slope on the Campus which became "The Enchanted Land of Ideals, where Druid Oaks tower loftily with outstretched arms. A holy silence pervades the place, making it like a temple. Near the center stands an old ruinous Celtic Cross. To the left one sees among the daisies which have sprung up in great profusion a curious ring which seems to have been trodden out in a late ritual by the little folk of mystery."

In this mystic spot the Shadow of Youth Eternal calls to Dierdre. Dierdre importunes the universe for love. But only through sorrow may she know the true depth of its meaning. Our Lady of Tears leads in the great tragic heroines, among them Iphigenia Iseult of Brittany, Heloise, Francesca. At the last, with the vision of her lover Naoise lying dead, Dierdre of the Sorrows learns the tragedy of love.

The Parthenæia was still more pageant than play. In 1915, however, the year of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, Mary Van Orden, '06, wrote a masque in which the pageant element was made to serve the dramatic side of the production. "The Queen's Masque" was Elizabethan in setting, though half the scenes are laid in fairyland. The play purported to be given in honor of Queen Elizabeth, and the Virgin Queen herself sat on a dais and watched as Margat, half fay, half mortal, appeared like a pink flower-petal on the green slope, for a romp with her playmates, the elves. But Margat, because her father was a mortal, and only her mother a fairy princess, needs must go to the world of men, and teach them the sound of fairy laughter. So she goes, and meets beggars and a prince, and the beggars rob her, and the prince would marry her, but it is in the helplessness of two small beggar children that she finally finds happiness. "The Queen's Masque" was given twice instead of once, in order to accommodate the exposition crowds.

In 1916 "Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine," by Maude Meagher, '17, was produced. This masque went to Hindoo mythology for its atmosphere, and the action takes place in the Ninth Dynasty of the Hindoo kings. Aranyani—which in Sanskrit means "beloved of the bees," lives alone in the forest with her father, an exiled king. She is very happy with only the nymphs of the wood and stream for company, and the love of Girija, a minstrel. But one day the prince of a neighboring kingdom, Wasuki, wanders that way while hunting. He falls in love with the fresh beauty of Aranyani, and, learning that she longs to see the wonders of the World-without-the-forest offers to show her.

She is gone a year. Spring dances in as a chorus of violets, daffodils, and fruit blossoms. Summer follows to drowsy music. The Spirits of Summer are in the dusty yellow of the Golden Rod, and the crimson of the Poppy. There is a swirl of music and the Autumn Leaves are dancing. Then comes the Storm Dance. The Gray Clouds gather in the glade, growing darker and thicker until suddenly there is a peal of thunder from the orchestra. Lightning dances across like a golden flash. Then the Spirits of Rain come through from behind clad in tinkling crystals.

When the storm is over, a great red and black spider slips down from a tree and weaves a web in a fantastic sort of dance. On the hill beyond appears a girl with great shimmering butterfly wings. In her dance she falls into the web, breaking her lovely wings. She drags the web behind her as she crawls away.

Then Aranyani comes stumbling back from the prince's court "weighed down with jewels, wearied sick of lies, longing for the peace of her glade and her little jasmine-covered Dream-shrine." The people of the court follow her mockingly—Gauri, the jester; Bhairawi, the prince's jailer; Hasimurti, the dancing-girl. But Girija, her minstrel lover, drives them away, and holds out his arms "hungrily to Aranyani, who moves into them with a weary gesture.

The music was entirely composed and orchestrated by Catherine Urner, a student in the College of Music. It was considered the finest work done along that line in the university. Dorothy Epping, '17, designed the costumes, which were exceptionally beautiful. Ruth Calden, '17, managed the production.

The following year the students produced "Youth's Adventure," by Mariquita de Laguna, '17. The music was written by Sara Unna, and Ruth Cornell, the latter of whom wrote incidental music for two preceding masques, those of 1914 and 1915. The scene is set in early English times, "on the road to Camelot." Alisande longs to be a knight, as was her father, so all in shining armor, she goes to wrest her father's sword from Malcoeur le Noir, the wicked dwarf who stole it. The masque had scenes of wonderful pageantry.

It is to Porter Garnett, of Berkeley, that we owe a debt of gratitude for his directing genius and sympathetic interest in the Parthenæia.

FETE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

ONE would not think of North Dakota as being a place of May flowers and May Day dances, yet annually on the campus of the University of North Dakota hundreds of people witness a charming celebration of the spring time. The May fête this year, under the direction of Miss Nell Martindale, director of physical education for women, included a wide variety of dances and some unusual features.

One of the most charming conceptions of the spring time spirit was the discovery of the May Queen. The Fairy Queen, with all her court, gather upon the green at the approach of twilight, awaiting the coming of the May Queen to preside over their festivities. Dancing from flower to flower, the Fairy Queen touches the petals with her magic wand, seeking everywhere for the May Queen whom she knows is concealed in a flower. At last she touches a large anemone. The petals unfold disclosing the dainty little Queen of the May, all white and gold in the heart of her favorite flower.

The patriotic note dominated the fête. The Allied colors were everywhere to be seen. One of the most attractive dances was that by the Red Cross girls and Sammies. There were French dances and old English dances and an impressive dance called the Spirit of America.

The patriotic note dominated this year's fête at the University of North Dakota. The dance by the Red Cross girls and Sammies made a distinct hit

"A PAIR OF SIXES" BY THE EVANSVILLE PLAYERS

A community organization that fills a small town theatrical deficiency

By REV. WILLIAM McDERMOTT
DIRECTOR AND SUPERVISOR

THE Evansville Players of Evansville, Wisconsin, is a community organization—or hopes to be when Uncle Sam whips the Kaiser—and some of our boys come back. The club was organized to supply the usual small town deficiency for the right kind of theatrical productions. The members are almost all university and college graduates and have made splendid progress in dramatic work. The club is purely amateur and no salaries are paid to anyone.

The ambition of the club is limited only by the enthusiasm of youth. "Anything from the Greeks and Shakespeare to Shaw and Dunsany," may appear on our programs. "A Pair of Sixes" is neither Greek, Shakespeare nor Shaw, but please remember that we are very youthful and need time and experience.

A local paper says of the Evansville Players' performance of the Broadway success "A Pair of Sixes":

"What constant, steady training of the right kind will do for a theatrical company was amply demonstrated in the splendid way the Evansville Players presented the comedy, 'A Pair of Sixes.' This little pair of 'spots' not only won the game in the play but they also won the applause and endorsement of all who witnessed its production.

"The play was the best this home company has yet produced, and the experience gained in their former plays gave the snap and a forgetfulness of the audience that tended to place them on semi-professional rating as a company.

After their experience in this play this company need not fear to put on their plays in larger towns than Evansville, for the reputation achieved here will go before them, and there is no question but what they can come up to advance notices.

"While each player individually has exceptional talent, the perfect results attained by this company are due to a great extent to the dramatic training given them."

ANOTHER critic speaks highly in praise of the players. He says of the individual performers:

"Roy Reckford and Harley Smith as the partners in the Digestive Pill Company were the shining lights about whom the play itself revolved. They were immense. Their office force, Krome the bookkeeper, in real life J. Spencer Pullen; Jimmie the office boy, Marion Jones, and the stenographer, Miss Sallie Parker, better known to Evansville people as Miss Thelma Clark, were there in full force and left nothing to be desired. They were typical workers in a large city office and kept the audience in a gale of merriment.

MISS JOSEPHINE ANTES, as Mrs. George Nettleton, and Miss Elizabeth Gault as Miss Florence Cole, as the wife and sweetheart of the two partners in the pill business, were also fine. They were both artists in their respective parts and displayed very clever acting. The very dignified and staid Miss Gault, one of the instructors in the local high school, was a revelation to everyone in the audience. Miss Ruth Kumlien, as Coddles, the maid, was another whirlwind who brought down the house. Her costume was odd and wonderful to behold and her acting was in keeping with her make-up.

"Earl Fellows as Toney Toler, the traveling salesman, Bert Holmes as Mr. Applegate, a wealthy, prospective buyer, and Paul Pullen as Thomas J. Vanderholt, the lawyer, were all especially good, and deserve special mention."

T. Boggs Johns, Harley A. Smith; Coddles, Miss Ruth Kumlien in "A Pair of Sixes"

(Standing) Krome, J. S. Pullen; Thomas J. Vanderholt, P. P. Pullen; Sally Parker, Miss Thelma Clark
(Sitting) T. Boggs Johns, Harley A. Smith; George B. Nettleton, Royal Reckord

THIS organization has been blest with many of the handicaps and obstacles that are native to amateur dramatic societies the world over. It has no endowment, and no promise of ever having one, which is all to its spiritual and artistic well-being. It has, however, what is of far greater necessity to its progress. It has youth, enthusiasm, a love for the good things of dramatic literature and art, a powerful will to work and a great ambition. What that great ambition is may be best expressed by saying that the Players hope some day to evolve into a community theatre.

FOR Evansville and communities of its size the present day theatre is almost an unknown quantity, save for those who can journey to the great centers. These communities never see the real plays, and real actors are as the gods of the mountain to the elect. A first-class amateur organization can help greatly in the relief of this sad condition, by bringing the good plays into the local scheme of things. It's a big problem—too big for one club or one community to solve. The Evansville Players are trying to help.

AT present every effort is bent towards the completion of a playhouse for the production of plays, but more particularly as a place for rehearsals. A large hall has been rented and is being furnished with stage scenery, and lighting equipment. All the labor is being done by amateurs. Amateur carpenters, electricians, scene builders and painters are earnestly trying to emulate the great masters of their respective crafts. There is no need to say that their efforts are crude, they know that. Both as actors and as mechanics they have much to learn, and they are very willing to learn. Some of them sat at the feet of Robert Edmund Jones and his skilled associates of the Janny Players during the Milwaukee engagement of that splendid organization. And for all that was beautiful and all that was stimulating and all that was inspiring they would here make grateful acknowledgement.

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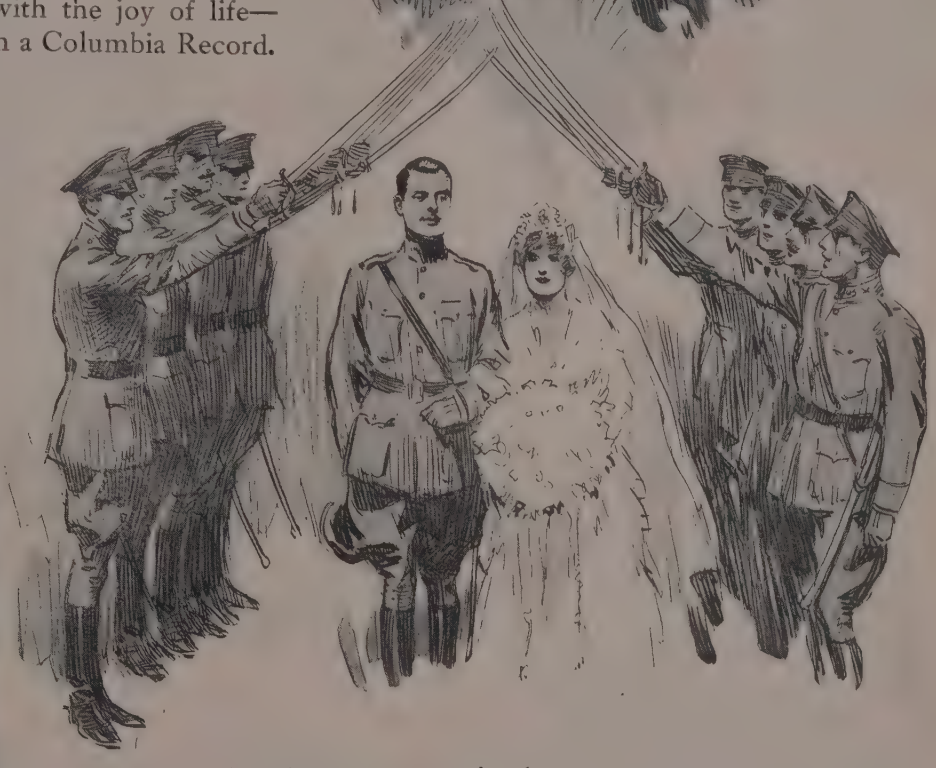

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To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Photos Ira L. Hill

An Anglo-Saxon in an angelic frock! Of white chiffon, hand-painted in nosegays of blue and lavender and orange tied with trailing bowknots of turquoise blue ribbon, of which you may get a glimpse on the flowing sleeves. The hand-painting runs symmetrically up the back of the bodice as well, and forms a border for the hem of the looped-up skirt. The frock had to be handpainted on that account, Miss Heming said. No mere printed pattern could have been brought into line at the right spots. There is an unusual girdle for the frock made of three strips of taffeta, two in different shades of turquoise blue and one in lavender, the edges picoted and sewn together

For mild October days Miss Heming is wearing this personal frock of navy blue and grey Roshanara crêpe, whose charm needs no further amplification. You would like to know, however, that the slippers that go with it and that you can't see, are grey suede with cut steel buckles, that the hat is blue and grey also, the bag French blue and silver, and that the medallion plaque on its platinum chain is an XVIII-Century-looking bauble of blue enamel set in brilliants. Miss Heming is another actress who votes for blue in all its shades, blue being the most popular member of the spectrum so far

TYPES—

VIOLET HEMING
TRUE ANGLO-SAXON

By
ANNE ARCHBALD

AND by right of no less an authority than the British Government, who have selected Miss Heming to represent Britannia in their forthcoming moving picture propaganda!

Were you taught, when you studied English history at school, the legend of the early Britons taken captive during one of the Roman conquests and brought back to Rome? Of how tremendously they were admired for the goldenness of their hair and the blueness of their eyes and the fairness of their skins? And of how on inquiry being made as to who and what the beautiful creatures were, and answer being given that they were "Angli" (Angles)—all hands, of course, speaking fluently in Latin—an ardently admiring high dignitary burst rapturously into the Latin pun: "Non Angli, sed *Angeli*" ("Not Angles, but Angels"!)

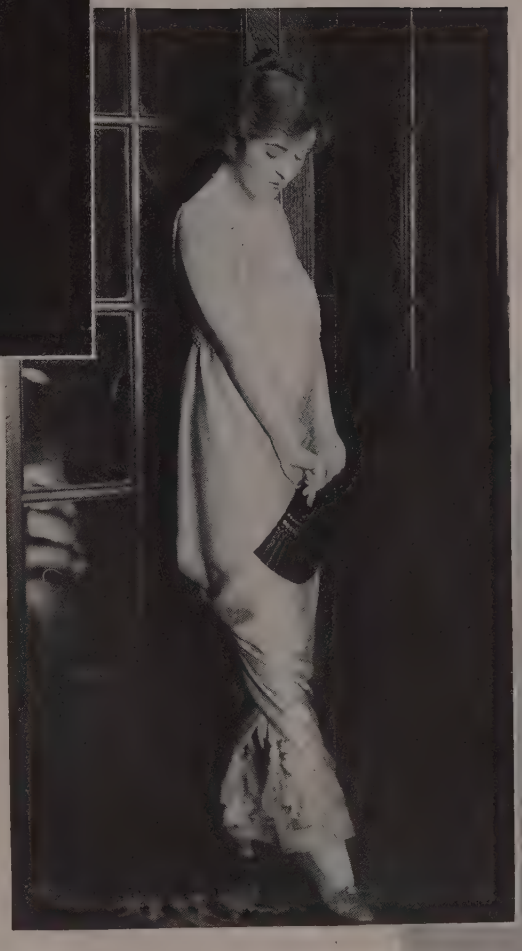
I'm sure the British Government had this traditional tale in mind when they selected Miss Heming as the perfect Anglo-Saxon type, as you have only to cast your eyes across these pages to realize. Paint in the angelic coloring of golden hair, and sky-blue eyes, and peaches-and-cream skin.

But even if you look like an angel you must be careful not to kill your type with unangelic frocks. No question that Miss Heming has entirely lived up to hers here—is there?—in these four frocks she wears in her exciting new spy play "Three Faces East," with the fifth frock that is for her own personal use.

TWO EVENING FROCKS AND—"MY U-BOAT COSTUME" WORN BY VIOLET HEMING, APPEARING IN "THREE FACES EAST"

Photos Ira L. Hill

As to describing this evening frock I'm almost as much at sea as a mere male might be. I think there was a flesh-colored slip to begin on and then over that were draped lengths of pale blue chiffon and pale lavender chiffon; and I know there was a spray of silk flowers at the waist in the same shades, and flesh pink satin slippers and stockings. If that description doesn't suffice you had better go to "Three Faces East" and look up the frock for yourself



Another "Three Faces East" evening frock, in which Miss Heming looks particularly angelic—of palest flesh-colored charmeuse with the bodice a mass of pearl passementerie and the skirt showing the length and slimness that are to be the new features of Fall skirts. One end of the silk is drawn snugly around the ankles and tucked under the other directly in back so that the petticoat with its metallic silver bowknots and lines of silver hemstitching may frill out below in its frillies and laciest manner

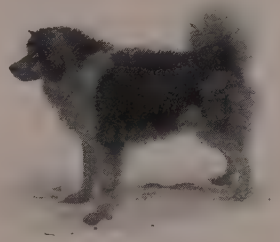
Below is what Miss Heming called with a smile "My U-boat costume," so all of you who are contemplating U-boat trips take notice! It is of old blue broadcloth, faced down the front with red velvet and trimmed elsewhere with black silk braid, silver bullet buttons, a silver buckle to the belt. The hat is of the same blue and red combination. A skeleton vest of white net frillies and a taupe mesh veil soften the severe military aspect

One of Revillon's main trading stations: Ungava. All buildings built and owned by Revillon Frères. Some are used as homes by agents, others as stores and warehouses for goods, (thus divided to reduce fire risks) and as workshops and mess houses in which Eskimos are cared for on their visits to the post.

REVILLON TRADING POSTS *in the* NORTH

ALL THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE REPRODUCED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MEMBERS OF THE FIRM OF REVILLON FRÈRES OR BY THEIR EMPLOYEES.

THE growing appreciation of beautiful furs and the increasing scarcity of fur bearing animals has aroused a keen interest in the fascinating business of fur trading. As accurate information about the taking of furs is difficult of access and our organization is the only one of its kind equipped to gather it, we have undertaken at the request of various friends to relate a few of the more interesting facts about the trapping and collecting of furs in different parts of the world. The present article is devoted to Revillon activities in Canada.



The husky dog—the trolley of the north.

As the trapper cannot bring his skins to the market the market must go to him. Small posts are established all through the wild regions where traders, one or more at each post, exchange the necessaries of life for the pelts which the trappers bring in. Many of these traders hear from the outside world only once a year when they get their supplies.

The trappers are a strange army of Indians, Eskimos and adventurers of many races who trap as much for sport as for necessity. They enjoy hunting, and follow with interest everything pertaining to wild animal life. Fur bearing animals even of the same species differ widely according to climatic conditions, abundance of food and other causes. Sometimes a short distance will show great variation in their development. To get perfectly matched furs it is essential to have skins from animals with a common ancestry. This is impossible when skins are bought in the open market after passing through many hands. It is in order to secure perfectly matched skins coming from the same district that Revillon Frères have established their trading posts in the fur producing regions of both hemispheres.

Tukalook and his wife.

© 1918 by Revillon Frères

From Canada they get large supplies of fox, marten, lynx, mink, beaver and muskrat, to mention only a few of the most important species. To obtain these furs at their best the immense country must be covered from the Canadian border to the perpetual snow and ice of Hudson's Bay.

The Canadian fur trading season must be started early in Summer in order to ship the trading goods to the North. The most remote Revillon posts in Canada are in the Hudson's Bay country, and in normal times are supplied by Revillon steamship going directly to a base post in James Bay. From that point the goods are distributed by a fleet of small schooners to the different posts along the shore. Transportation of freight in this region is a hard task as the straits are open only three months for navigation. A few years ago the Revillon steamship ELDORADO was wrecked on her return trip. Her successor, the ADVENTURE, was sold to the Russian government in 1916 for breaking ice in the harbor at Archangel. The tremendous demand for Trans-Atlantic tonnage for war purposes made new transportation arrangements necessary for the posts, and a fleet of schooners with auxiliary gasoline engines is now carrying merchandise to the posts and bringing back the furs. In the fleet are the DOROTHY C. SNOW, the ALBANY, the HILDA P., the KING GEORGE, the VIOLETTE, the ANNIE GEELE, the JAMES L., the ROMEO, and the steamer EMELIA. The schooner calls only once a year at each post, but there is communication between some of the posts by dog sledge, and it is remarkable the amount of freight which can be transported in this way in spite of the risky journey among the blizzards of this desolate country.

A typical post factor or trader.

Katalee, an Eskimo lady of quality.

The only inhabitants of the Hudson's Bay districts are the Eskimos, divided into two main tribes—the Coast Eskimos and the Inlanders. These tribes have a monopoly of the trading. They are hard working and honest, but their mode of living is very primitive and their language is crude and difficult for the white man to learn. These Eskimo

Trading schooner "Annie Geele" in winter quarters.

posts furnish the white furs, the only product from an eternally snow covered land. The Eskimos live largely on flesh and animal fats though there is a great demand now for tea, sugar, tobacco and other such luxuries of civilization. They also trade for pipes and matches, the snow knives with which they cut blocks of snow to build their huts, and for field glasses which enable them to trail the caribou which migrate in large herds and furnish them their yearly meat supply. For hunting they still favor old style muzzle-loading guns with powder and lead balls.

The enormous capital necessary to finance a chain of trading posts in the Hudson's Bay district has limited trading operations in this part of the world to two companies, the English Company, who dispose of their furs at auction in London, and Revillon Frères, who obtain a good share of each year's catch, which accounts for the beauty of the skins they are able to show at their numerous branches.

Further West in Canada transportation to the trading posts is by river, light draught steamers being used wherever possible. As most of the rivers are navigable for only about ten days in the Spring at the time of melting snows, the main reliance for freight are fleets of scows towed by power boats. These scows make but a single voyage as there is not time for them to make the return trip before Winter. They are usually given to the Indians who break them up and use the lumber for building huts. The scows travel in large groups, a score or more at a time each carrying about twenty tons of freight. The illustration below shows one of the regular Revillon river transports, consisting of about twenty-five scows which left this year on May 15 for the northern posts.

In the Peace River district civilization is rapidly changing conditions, and driving traders and trappers farther north. No later than 1905 this was still a wilderness, but now regular railroad service traverses the section. At the time the Police Road was built from Peace River to the Yukon, Revillon Frères had the contract to supply food to the Northwest Mounted Police engaged in the work. Then all transportation was by man power, ten Indians towing a seven ton scow at the rate of about twenty-five miles a day.

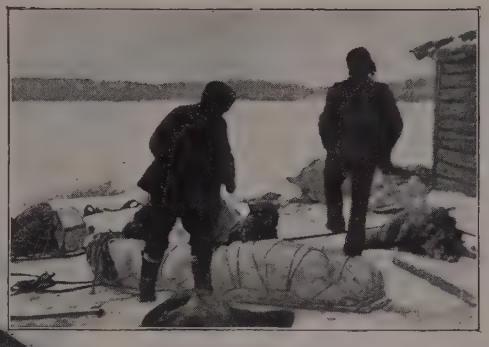
Dog sledge resting at a post.

A remote post showing winter snow entrance

The Indians in Western Canada are mainly of two tribes: the Crees in the South and the Beavers or Chippewyans further north. The Crees have a euphonious language very easy to learn. The Chippewyans are a rougher and less civilized tribe. Still further north we again find the Eskimo. Originally the Indians lived entirely on meat, killing moose, deer and other animals for their food and clothing. Under these conditions it was difficult for the trading companies to induce the Indians to trap fur-bearing animals. Gradually they developed the native's taste for such delicacies as bacon, beans, flour, jam, etc., and soon had no difficulty in getting him to work for this more appetizing food instead of devoting all his time to hunting moose and deer. The Indian trapper's business is precarious. Some years furs are very scarce, whole species of animals practically disappearing temporarily. During these times of scarcity the Indians have to be kept alive. For this reason the Canadian government gives their support to the two large companies operating in this district—Revillon Frères and their English competitor, knowing that if these companies did not take care of the Indians in years of famine the burden would fall on the government.

In some districts Indians have sold their claims to the land to the Canadian government and receive in exchange a yearly revenue called the "Treaty Payment". It consists of a certain sum in cash and a specified outfit of provisions. The Treaty Commission makes a yearly trip and is naturally warmly welcomed by the Indians. Revillon Frères Company is often the successful bidder for the delivery of these supplies and the transportation of the Commission which distributes them, and it is a very interesting sight to see the Indians gather around the posts at Treaty time enjoying real feasts of their favorite luxuries. The Canadian government takes exceptional care of the Indians, absolutely forbidding the dispensation of liquor to them. In most of the territories even the white agents must have a special permit to bring in a limited amount of liquor for their personal use. Revillon Frères having a Federal Charter under the Canadian government enjoy special privileges which enable them to take advantage of the many opportunities of the northern country. They introduced modern business methods in the fur trading country and treat the Indians exactly as white people. Transportation is organized and regular freight rates are established between the different districts and posts which enable them to help in the development of new fertile belts. In some places Revillon trading posts were the starting points of new towns; in other places railroads were built with the company's help. The Revillon Frères steamships "Ombabika" and "Minawa" on Lake Ombabika were used to transport men and material for the construction of the main road of the National Transcontinental Line. Dominion land surveyors opening up unsurveyed territory were transported with their supplies by Revillon Frères, and many American prospectors and lovers of wild life took advantage of Revillon facilities for traveling through the North. One of them, a well known magazine writer, has given as a reason of the success of Revillon Frères and their large following in the North the fact that the principal stations are visited at intervals by members of the Revillon family, who control the operations of their trading companies as directly as their establishments in large cities.

The "Eldorado" in the ice.



Mr. J. M. Revillon's guide and dog driver on one of his inspection trips to the North.

At the end of their journey the furs collected in the great chain of Canadian posts find their way to New York, where Revillon Frères have large warehouses for raw and dressed skins in addition to their retail establishment and their separate cold storage building. The finished garments made from these carefully selected and beautiful skins are for sale in the Revillon building at Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street, at Revillon Frères in London, 180 Regent Street, and at the original house in Paris, 81 Rue de Rivoli.

One of Revillon Frères fleets of scows leaving for the North, May, 1918.

Miss Pearson has the loveliest head of dark hair, thick, soft, curling, responsive. This is the way she dresses it when she wishes to present herself as a Spanish type, the hair massed around the face, drawn up high on the head into a knot, and held by a large tortoise-shell comb, as you may see in the smaller profile view of the same head-dressing at the bottom of the page

The VANITY BOX

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON, that lovely star of the Fox Films, is another of those ardent believers in the significance of hairdressing—in the changes of appearance that one can effect through it. She gave us a most interesting talk on the subject, which has unfortunately to be compressed into this small space.

Miss Pearson's motto for herself, in the first place, and which she suggests for every woman, is: "Take care of your comforts, and your luxuries will take care of themselves." And *hair comfort* is one of the first essentials. How can you be comfortable, for instance, if your hair is in a poor condition, dry, or overoily, or limp and stringy, so that "you can't do a thing with it"? How can you be comfortable if you are obliged to wear it everlastingly in one fashion because of its deficiencies?

"I should get so tired of looking just one way in my pictures," says Miss Pearson, "and I should get so tired of wearing my hair in just one way in real life. I know I get very weary of *seeing* certain women everlastingly wearing their hair in the same way year after year. You don't have to make violent or unbecoming changes but out of all the numerous manners, there are at least two or three suited to your type and temperament, and fashion is constantly disclosing new ones.

"But to be master of and not mastered by your hair means constant hygiene, employing the services of a scientific caretaker, daily brushings.

"Two admonitions! Have many brushes—I have no less than twelve—and keep them clean. Keep the hair only reasonably long, for comfort, and clip it, don't singe it. The hairs are hollow and the smoke is drawn up through them to their injury and that of the scalp."

And this is a hairdressing that you have never seen before, because it is absolutely original with Miss Pearson. She parts her hair straight in the middle from forehead to nape of neck, making two separate masses, which she then crosses and wraps around the neck, fastening the ends snugly on the left side. From this dark frame the skin stands out with alluring fairness. Sometimes Miss Pearson adds a jewelled plaque at the fastening

Photos © Lumiére

But Miss Pearson insists that the first requisite of all hairdressing is to have beautiful hair to dress. And you never will if you sleep with your hair done up in curlers or fall lazily into bed, leaving it ratted and hairpinned as you have been wearing it during the daytime. Brush it thoroughly for ten minutes, shake it out and leave it au naturel, like this

This shows how one transforms oneself into a beautiful blonde in the twinkling of an eye, not by peroxide, but with a w-i-g, wig. Only that is really unfair, a horrid misnomer for that lovely misty aureole, the modern article is so far removed in artistry from its predecessors. Better call it a transformation, which it is and a marvelous one, at that. Can't the hairdressers work wonders?

All the charms and moods of Autumn find perfect expression in the new designs and colorings of

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REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

This wonderful fabric has attained the distinction of the "National silk of International fame." PUSSY WILLOW is the silk inimitable.

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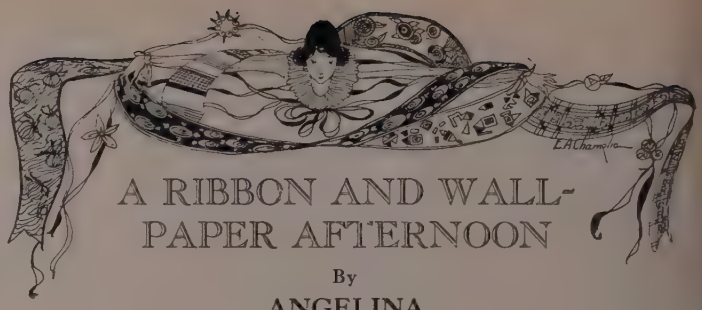

A RIBBON AND WALL-PAPER AFTERNOON

By
ANGELINA

IS that you, Angelina?" came across the 'phone the other morning from a nice man I know. "Do you like ribbons?"

"Did you ever know any woman that didn't?" I responded.

"All right, then," he replied. "Come to lunch with me and another handsome man and afterwards we'll take you where you can see a whole houseful of them, and the most stunning you ever laid eyes on, too."

You know how quickly I jumped at the chance, don't you?

* * *

We talked ribbons all through lunch. *When* they first started . . . I didn't know and was told that it was so far back that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." *How* they first started . . . I didn't know that either, and again was told that their first appearance was as strips of hand-made cloth or leather to lace the edges of garments together. And did I know also, the gentleman said, that when ribbons first came along they were worn exclusively by men and for many centuries used by them as adornments for their clothes. Again, no! How interesting! Doesn't that make us all nice and pally!

* * *

After being fortified with food we started on the real business of the afternoon, walking a block or two from the Holland House over to the big wholesale establishment of Johnson, Cowdin, where I was to see the promised "houseful" of ribbons.

Which I did. They let me loose on the first floor and I ranged around from one long table to the other savoring the ribbons as if I were in a flower garden. Johnson,

(*Concluded on page* 240)

A trio of the new wall-papers: a rough grey background on which a flower design of Madonna blue and mauve and red-brown looks as if it had been hand-painted: a Japanese grass cloth in silvery brown printed in dull blues and greens and darker browns: and an all-over pattern of soft brown and blue-grey leaves

Two of the numerous uses to which you can put ribbon, a boudoir cap and mules to match, woven of the famous Johnson, Cowdin "Lady Fair." The pink and blue combination of "Lady Fair" was used in these, a pink side alternating with a blue side to make a surface of small pink and blue squares

"Defies Time and the Elements"

CHASE

DREDNAUT

Motor Topping

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"More Chase material is used on vehicles today than any other brand."

THE above statement is only one of many reasons why you should choose *Drednaut* as *the* top material for a *real* top.

Elegant in Appearance

A *Drednaut* top will add to the beauty of any car—making an old car look like a new one.

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Often outlasting the car itself, a top of *Drednaut* will protect you from the severest storms or the hottest sun.

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We sold top material long before motor-cars were made—leaders in manufacturing since 1847. *Drednaut* is one of our several sterling products.

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Rejuvenate the old car—repaint—new upholstery and more important—a new top.

Write for samples and particulars

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THE most familiar face in the world—your own—greets you with new charms through the flattering meshes of Van Raalte Veils.

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To the woman approaching mature years, the bitterness of fading charm—to these women Madame Helena Rubinstein brings a message of hope, the aid of her wonderful science, reclaiming before too late the fresh youthful charm of complexion that is every woman's right.

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The most famous Beauties and the Aristocracy, as well as all leading stars of the Opera and Drama throughout the world, have endorsed with their appreciative patronage for over 25 years the wonderfully effective Valaze Beauty Treatments and preparations of Madame Rubinstein.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD expels all impurities of the skin, clears the pores, imparts beauty and softness; wards off wrinkles and crow's-feet. Valaze repairs the daily beauty wastage, removing freckles and sunburn. Valaze restores and preserves the natural beauty of the skin. Price $1.25, $2.25 and $6.50.

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION—Used with Valaze Skinfood will insure quicker and better results. A splendid anti-wrinkle lotion. Price $1.25, $2.50. For a dry skin the "Special" is used. $2.20 and $4.40.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—Quite mystifying in its action of overcoming oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and undue flushing of nose and face. Reduces enlarged pores and blackheads. Price $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE—Refines coarse skin texture, removes blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Is used in place of soap. Price $1.10, $2.20 and $5.50.

VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREME for a greasy skin. Conceals tan, freckles and other skin blemishes. Whitens and bleaches the skin instantly. Excellent foundation for powder. Price $1, $2, $3 and upwards.

VALAZE OUTDOOR BALM ROSE protects a dry skin from freckles, sunburn and tanning. Unequalled as an anti-wrinkle preparation and exquisite foundation for powder. Price $1.65, $3.30 and upwards.

FOR RELAXED BAGGY AND FLABBY SKIN—When the muscles of face, chin and throat become flabby, and loose, the use of Valaze Roman Jelly will be found wonderful for remedying this defect. Price $1.50 and $3.00.

VALAZE EXTRAIT, ANTI-WRINKLE LOTION. Unequalled for wrinkles, crow's-feet and puffiness under eyes. Suited for all skins. Price $2.50, $5 and upwards.

CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES, natural face coloring. Mention whether for blonde or brunette. Price $1.00, $3.50 and upwards.

VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER, for greasy or normal skin. $1.00, $1.50, $3.00 and $5.50.

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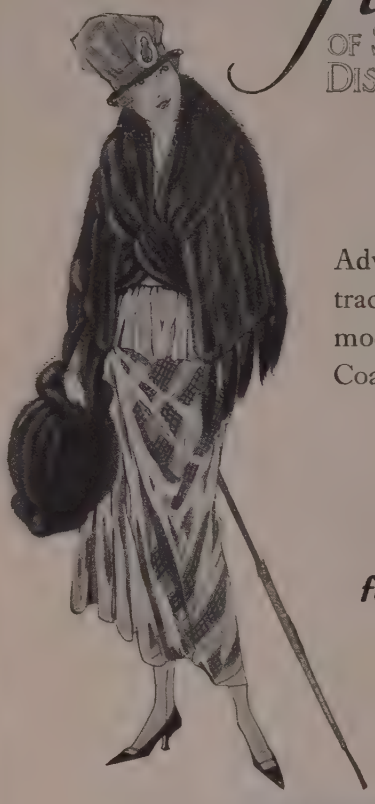

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All the fashionable furs

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There is a "J. C." Ribbon adaptable for your every need—on sale at the better stores.
SATIN DE LUXE—The recognized quality peer of all Satin and Taffeta Ribbons.
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LADY FAIR—The Ribbon Sensation of 1918.
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JOHNSON, COWDIN & COMPANY
38-44 EAST 30th STREET : : NEW YORK

RIBBON AND WALL-PAPER AFTERNOON

(Continued from page 238)

Cowdin, you know, stand at the top in the ribbon field and make the most artistic and individual and—sequentially—the highest priced ribbons in America. There were bolts of ribbons with colorings like Dulac's illustrations to the Arabian Nights, sapphire blue and gold, rose, and green, and blue . . . ten or twelve different combinations, answering to the alluring name of "Lalla Rookh"; ribbons in the vivid tones of tropical birds; ribbons in Indian patterns and colorings; in tinselled black and gold and black and silver, coming to the call of "Mogul"; ribbons Roman-striped and Bayadère-striped in the most stunning combinations; last but not least the well-known "Lady Fair," a lingérie ribbon de luxe, in all its nine different blue-pink-lavender-yellow-white combinations.

One corner of the floor was perfectly fascinating. It was devoted to glass cases showing everything that can be made of ribbon. And everything can, it seems—dresses and hats and waists and scarves and muffs and mules and dressing-sacks and pillows. I didn't see any ribbon stockings or ribbon gloves, but outside of those trifling omissions nothing was lacking. Don't worry about the lack of wool or cotton, as long as we have Johnson, Cowdin ribbons to dress ourselves in.

* * *

On my way up Madison Avenue I passed the Thibaut wall-paper place and having a half hour to spare dropped in to see what was new in wall-papers. Not that I happened to need any just then, but you never can tell at what moment such information isn't going to be a necessary, even vital matter, in your day. And then I had a special friend at court . . . I mean Thibaut's, who knows all about wall-papers.

"What's new," turned out, for one thing, to be the Japanese grass cloth, printed in soft colored patterns showing a little Willow Tree house here and there, a sacred pheasant, a lotus The paper is known as "Okame-San" paper, "Okame-San" (whose head is stamped on the paper) being the Japanese "girl of good luck." She will, of course, bring good luck to any room which she papers. Then there were some enchanting landscape and tree papers, one of white panels with an upper border of misty grey trees like a snow landscape. And a lovely all-over pattern (see the sketch) of soft brown and blue-grey leaves, a pattern probably suggested by arbutus plants. And a rough grey "made in U. S. A." paper, with a design of double poppies in vivid Madonna blues mauves, and red-browns, looking as if the design had been painted by hand. And many others . .

* * *

It's Maxon Fall opening time again, Maxon, the Model Gown Shop. I'm so glad! That's always one of the brightest spots in the new season. Don't you like the blue serge frock we sketched from there? It has so many of the new notes, the lengthened skirt, the machine pleats, the crenellated jacket blouse, the general straight up-and-down lines. The sketch is not only illustrative of this particular frock but symbolic of everything Maxonic, the new, the *chic* . . . The price? But a bargain as always, *ma chère!* Have I not said it was a Maxon!

A Maxon frock taken from the Fall showing, "now on," of the Model Gown Shop, blue serge with all the new notes, the straight lines, the machine pleating of the skirt, the blouse-jacket buttoning down the back. Simple but excellent tucked white cambric collar and cuffs are part of the good measure that you can always rely on Maxon to give

Here is one of the lovely new fur coat-wraps from A. Jaeckel & Co. we promised to show you and if you will look at page 238 you may see another on Miss Alma Tell

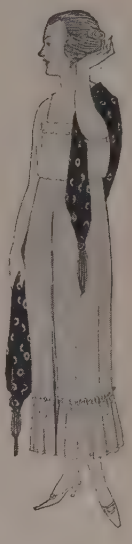
Vanity Fair

Pettibocker

SINCE we're not permitted even a tiny curve at the hip—not the slightest suspicion of a wrinkle nor ripple to mar the "six-o'clock" silhouette—the Pettibocker is a life-saver! It's so soft and slimpsy, you'd never know you had it on! The elastic just below the knee keeps it in place and you escape the annoyance of an "up-rising" silk petticoat. From its elastic waistband to its dainty hemstitched ruffle, the Pettibocker gives a clean-cut silken line!

You'll want Pettibockers to match your street suits—they come in all the season's best colors and for evening wear there's a shell pink and a pure white.

No matter what you seek in undersilks, Vanity Fair is the name to remember! There's the Plus-4-Inch Vest, the Step-In Envelope, the Double-Back Knicker and the Sure-Lap Union.



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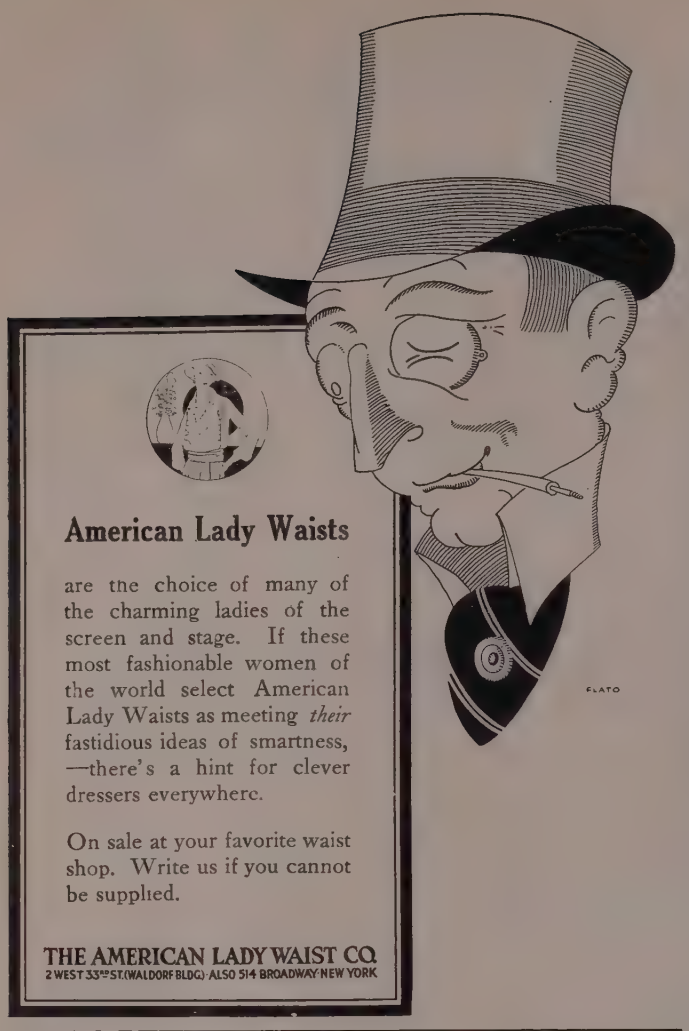
American Lady Waists
are the choice of many of the charming ladies of the screen and stage. If these most fashionable women of the world select American Lady Waists as meeting *their* fastidious ideas of smartness, —there's a hint for clever dressers everywhere.
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You'd do anything in the world For Your Boy and My Boy, wouldn't you?
Certainly!
Then learn and sing the new timely song "FOR YOUR BOY AND MY BOY" by Kahn and Van Alstyne. A song with the wonderful patriotic thrill that will fill your soul with the fire of Victory. It is so designed by these well known American song writers that it will mean to you what the "Marseillaise" means to the French—"The Star Spangled Banner" to the Americans — and "Rule Britannia" to the English. Before long the Allies will be singing it in their own tongue, because *your* boy is *their* boy and *their* boy is *your* boy. Remember when our boys at the front hear that *you* are singing this song, it will be like a ray of sunshine from home.
For Sale Wherever Music is Sold
Published by
JEROME H. REMICK & COMPANY
New York Detroit Chicago San Francisco

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY.

(*Continued from page 212*)

however, and had to imitate the domineering husband (John Westley), he was much less amusing. Janet Beecher, whom I cannot consider particularly adapted to farce, was the coveted wife. More successful was Francine Larrimore as the neglected spouse, another of the cute, though whining, rôles that have been accorded her so regularly in recent seasons.

BROADHURST. "He Didn't Want to Do It." Book and lyrics by George Broadhurst. Music by Silvio Hein (based on a farce by Walter Hackett and Mr. Broadhurst). Produced on August 20.

This revamped Broadhurst-Hackett piece never succeeds in being anything more than so-so. It has conventional and uninspired tunes by Silvio Hein, an unusually good-looking chorus, several hard-working comedians, and some still harder-working dancers. What it lacks is a foundation.

Helen Shipman knows something about grotesquerie but greatly overdoes it. Ernest Torrence did his best to eke out with grimaces the slender comedy assigned to him. Percy Ames gave a colorless impersonation of the Englishman, and Ned A. Sparkes contributed his sepulchral specialty as one of the detectives.

Much praise is due to Katherine Galloway. She owns both an attractive stage presence and a pleasing voice.

CORT. "Fiddlers Three." Operetta in two acts. Book and lyrics by William Cary Duncan; music by Alexander Johnstone, orchestral arrangement by Domenico Sodero. Produced on September 3.

The music of this "modern operetta" is so reminiscent that when the overture had got under way I thought I was listening to a medley of popular airs. As for the wit of the piece, the answer to the question, "How is the world treating you lately?" which is "Not very often," is its brightest line.

The operetta concerns a violin-maker's competition in Cremona, but it never gets nearly so exciting as an old fiddlers' contest at a county fair. The hand of the master violin-maker's fair daughter is to go to his apprentice if the lad's fiddle wins the prize. But alas! she loves another catgut expert, and this latter's opponents are unable to defeat him by fair means or foul.

The first act is in the Mid-Victorian tradition, with the merry villagers assembling on the green and singing the good old choruses in the good old way. Then the comedians trickle in. The first is a very sad stage Englishman, played by Echlin Gayer. The second is a far gayer stage American—an egg-beater peddler—done with much fantastic dance and vocalizing by Hal Skelley. Adding somewhat to the hilarity, is Josie Intropidi as the widow of an American—you've guessed it—pickle manufacturer. Of course, then, Mr. Skelley's number is up, and it is 57.

The second act audaciously approaches the twentieth century. It begins with jazz dancing specialties, contributes unintended gayety in the matter of a dozen or more bare knees, and meanders off into an ultimate happy ending.

By far the most delectable feature of "Fiddlers Three" is the singing of Tavie Belge as the shero. Miss Belge actually has a voice and knows how to use it! All she needed was some good songs. Louise Groody did her bit with much agile and acrobatic dancing.

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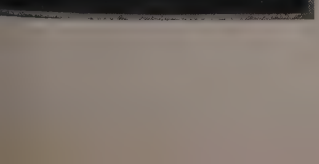

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A RARE exhibition of the sparkling genius of the young wizard of the violin is given in Jascha Heifetz's playing on a new Victrolia Record of *"La Ronde des Lutins (Dance of the Goblins)."*

In this selection Heifetz displays all the technicalities known to the violinist's art.

A remarkable blending of voices is heard in a duet by Caruso and De Luca presenting the highly dramatic passage, *"Is My Secret Then Betrayed?"* from Verdi's opera "The Force of Destiny," sung on a new Victrola Record just issued, The voices are well matched in volume and when heard together a singularly well-balanced effect is produced.

Reinald Werrenrath's voice rings out in two soldier songs *"A Khaki Lad"* and *"I Want to Go Back to Blighty."*—*Advt.*

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"FOR HUSKY THROATS"

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"Nobody ever changes from Rameses"

the aristocrat of cigarettes

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ANOTHER Columbia Star makes her bow to the phonograph public this month—in the slender, piquant person of Barbara Maurel, who comes from across the ocean. She is here, singing two well-beloved old ballads in the Columbia October group of new records. *"Ever of Thee,"* and *"Long, Long Ago,"* are indeed worthy vehicles for this gifted mezzo soprano. Hulda Lashanska, beloved American soprano gives us another of her marvelous records this month in her Columbia recording of *"Bonnie Sweet Bessie."*—Advt.

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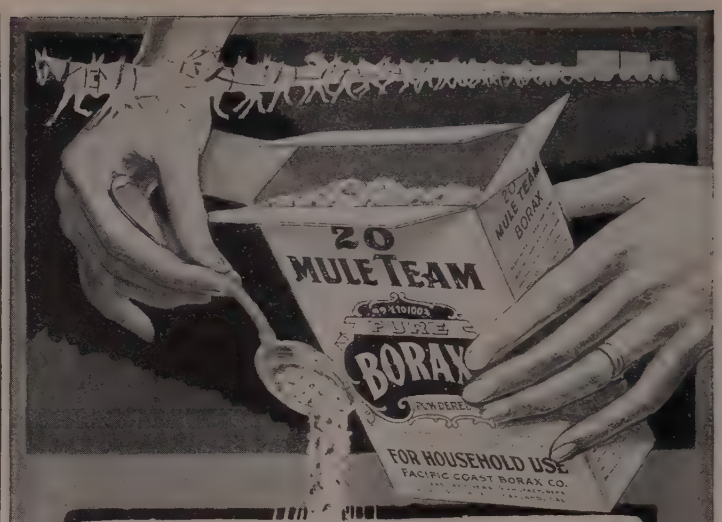

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SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

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FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular emergency use.

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MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

Sarony

ARLINE PRETTY

in a niche of her home with her two favorite companions—The Theatre Magazine and "Snoopy-Woops." Miss Pretty is now appearing in a series of her own productions

The MARKS OF BETTER MOTION PICTURES

YOU will never count that hour wasted or a disappointment when you see a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* Picture. Bringing to your city the greatest dramatic talent of screen and stage, Paramount and Artcraft pictures give you the photo-play at the apex of its development.

They are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in their stars, great in their stories, and perfect in their mounting and direction. And they are marked *Paramount* or *Artcraft* to identify them to *you*—as your kind of picture.

Paramount and Artcraft pictures are shown in thousands of the better-class theatres all over the country. Because these theatres know that your patronage is quickly won and permanently maintained by showing pictures of quality and character.

There is a theatre in your neighborhood showing Paramount and Artcraft pictures. See them.

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how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

There's One Born Every Minute

Dear Madam:

As my position is one which puts me in touch with various confidential matters pertaining to this theatre, I beg to notify you that many husbands are secretly planning to see "For Husbands Only" ~~on~~ stag.

Now, my personal opinion is that this is a shameful thing for them to do and so, being a married woman myself, I have arranged with the management of the Broadway Theatre to reserve a number of seats for those women who will insist that they chaperon their husbands at the Formal Opening of "For Husbands Only" on Sunday Evening Sept 1st.

Therefore I am enclosing a ticket which when presented at the box-office of The Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 41st Street, will be accepted as admission for one of the couple.

I assure you that my intentions are good and pisterly.

Sincerily,
Catherine Timmins
Treasurer.

August 29th.

Box office
THE BROADWAY THEATRE
Broadway at 41st Street

Not satisfied with their usual unclean propaganda, which has for some time past consisted of producing and advertising pictures with lewd salacious titles, the Universal have outdone themselves as the adjoining letter abundantly proves.

Advertising of this nature should be stopped by law, and in the meantime the public at large should boycott theatres that persist in showing pictures with suggestive titles as their lure.

"For Husbands Only" is not even a good picture. It is simply so many feet of film with a deceptive title to get the money from a poor deluded public who think they are going to see something off color.

The surest way to prevent the production of common pictures is to make their production unprofitable. That means buy War Savings Stamps, help the Red Cross, join the Y. M. C. A. and subscribe to the Fourth Liberty Loan, but don't spend a red cent in a theater that screens pictures that either in title or in story stilts instead of uplifts.

MIRILO.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

One of the most lovable—as well as the most beautiful of our screen stars. A woman's woman—Miss Young has always been an overwhelming favorite among her own sex. She has just returned to California, where she is busy filming "The Road Through the Dark," under the management of Harry Garson

THE BRET HARTE OF MOTION PICTURES

N the field of literature and art are to be found many instances of men whose names have ked themselves together in peo-'s minds, due to some similarity their outlook on life or in their ethod of expression. It may be me elusive quality that immediate- suggests a corresponding quality another man's work, or it may a particular knack of bringing out a desired result.

Rodin has been called the Victor ugo of sculpture, Joseffy is said be the Raphael of the keyboard, nd Chopin is to music what Shelley to poetry.

* * *

America has produced certain riters and men of creative genius ho could only have sprung from merican soil. Men who, free from e choking influence of the older vilizations, and with the new idea freedom and truth in their blood, w life face to face as it was lived the pioneers, and as it is still to seen in many parts of America, pecially in the West. These men w and revealed romance and thos, love and chivalry under the ough red shirts and top boots of e miners, they softened our hearts pointing out unexpected sentiment nd nobility in the gambler or the oman of the town, and they de-icted with tenderness and sincerity ne souls of the uneducated, the un-outh, and often the outcasts of ociety.

* * *

Chief amongst these was Bret larte. His tales of the lives of he early settlers in the West, in nining camps or on the trail, have ecome part of the literature of the orld. The red-blooded men and omen of that rugged Western life, hose strong passions brought uick climaxes, his groups of miners laying cards in rude settings, their y humor flashing back and forth s the walls resounded to the bang-g of their knuckles on the table hen they landed their points, are nown the world over.

* * *

He has shown these people to us their tragic hours, shown their owerlessness to express in flowing peech or polished phrase what their ouls were going through. Some-imes there is a pathos in their very umor that almost breaks our earts, though we find ourselves aughing through our tears, not at hem, but with them. And all this e managed to convey without creed r preaching, or without straining to demonstrate an ethical opinion. It was the same material that dime novelists had for their subjects, but touched by the master-hand of a genius it became literature.

* * *

In books, readers differentiate quickly between the dime novel and a work of genius. For a long time there seemed to be confusion in judging between good motion pictures and bad ones. At first the marvel of seeing photographs move at all was so great that people sat back and were impressed by any sort of antics, or any kind of a story however crudely told. That phase has passed, and people have come to discriminate. The miracle of motion pictures was never given to the world to be used only for pastime. Just as surely as they have evolved from crude antics to crude melodrama, have they evolved to good melodrama, and finally settled down to reveal life through an art as fine as that medium can deliver. In the last analysis, the thing which will keep its hold on the public will be the portrayal of life stories of men and women in as great a way as it has been done in many other lines of art.

* * *

The art of the painter is to catch some glimpse of life and confine it to a few feet of canvas, the writer expresses what he sees between the pages of a bound volume, the drama gives us real people moving about in an artificial setting of make believe things, but the motion picture photographs life as it actually is, with its background of real lakes and rivers, its real mountains and its real trees swaying on the screen. To see all this as a whole and to bring it out in nicely balanced values, is where the genius of the motion picture director may express itself. He is the interpreter without whose skill the meaning of the author can never be expressed, and who sometimes brings to the picture much more beauty and imagination than the author has created.

EDGAR LEWIS

Foremost among the men who have put into their pictures that master touch,—that something that stirs the imagination and touches the heart,—is Edgar Lewis. He is to the motion pictures of this country what Bret Harte is to its literature. He has that same quality of making a vivid impression without labored effort; he loves to portray the same powerful, lovable characters and great stories. In his pictures we see the great elemental forces at work as we see them in the Harte stories, and usually we find them in the same wild surroundings, or in the great stretches of the West. He handles his Nature effects in some wonderful way just as the great author "flashes" it to us in a bit of description. It is with such consummate art as this that Edgar Lewis "flashes" us a bit of scenery surrounding the spots in which his stories have their action, and like Bret Harte, never does he give us scenery out of proportion to the human interest of the story. But when he does take us to the open, what magnificent distances, what glorious spots he searches out!

* * *

It is not alone in choice of subjects and method of handling that Edgar Lewis brings Bret Harte to mind. He has also that sly humor which is purely an American trait. Was there ever anything in motion pictures or in literature more naively humorous, more grimly laughable than the spectable of Bauerle's funeral, in his latest production "The Troop Train"? Slowly it wends its way down over the hill, the horses solemnly switching their tails, the mules shooting an occasional ear forward, neighbors shedding crocodile tears, the indifferent hearse driver....all taking Bauerle, the snivelling traitor, just where everybody in the audience wants to see him taken....to the burying ground to be planted.

* * *

Bret Harte was the despair of editors, for never would he contribute "regularly" to any magazine, or write a book to order. He wrote when the inspiration came. Edgar Lewis produces a picture when he knows he can produce a good one. He has the same instinct to depict life truthfully, the same power to understand and set forth what is most powerful and picturesque in life or Nature, the same unerring discrimination between sentimentality and true sentiment, and above all, the same masterful way of presenting life without preaching or affectation.

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

RIVOLI THEATRE. "He Comes Up Smiling," with Douglas Fairbanks. I should hardly have picked "He Comes Up Smiling" as a Fairbanks' story, irrespective of the fact that our popular friend appeared in the stage version, that is to say unless I desired to bring out friend "Doug." in less gymnastic, but more subtle comedy which is what Artcraft may have in mind, for it is in only the very latter part of "He Comes Up Smiling," that Fairbanks gets any chance for physical exercise. As Jerry Martin, a hobo, and later as the market king Batchelor, all sorts of adventures befall our hero, which wind up with plenty of thrills, but do not particularly convince.

* * *

STRAND THEATRE. "The Source." with Wallace Reid. "The Source," is an adaptation of Clarence Buddington Kellands *Saturday Evening Post* story, and is a good tale of lumber camp life with an undertone of Hun intrigue. The picture has been well cast, with the exception of Reid, who makes too fancy a personage of Van Twiller Yard. However, he does manage to save our spruce forests in spite of the Huns, and accomplishes the same in true movie style.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "The Law of the North," with Charles Ray. It is quite a relief to see Ray in a picture that takes him away from the country and the country store. "The Law of the North," as its name implies is a story of the frozen North, and is replete with wonderful photography and gorgeous backgrounds. Melodrama of the thrill order and the excellent work of Ray make "The Law of the North" decidedly worth while.

* * *

CASINO THEATRE. "Wives of Men," with Florence Reid. The Pioneer Film Corporation present Florence Reid in "Wives of Men," written and directed by John M. Stahl, and in doing so gave Broadway something new in the way of pictures. Florence Reid as a tried but true wife has never appeared to better advantage. Frank Mills as the husband forced into an unwilling marriage, played with remarkable repression. Charles Jackson, the boy, won his audience completely, and beautiful Grace Davison proved a revelation. The story has several twists which work out quite logically. Aided and abetted by good photography and excellent direction, "Wives of Men" is a picture that will appeal to all that like unusual emotional and powerf photodrama.

* * *

NEW YORK ROOF. "Ashes Love," with James K. Hackett. all the bunk, junk, and trash th Ivan Abramson has produce "Ashes of Love," wins in a wal In common with a thousand othe I sat for one hour and a half tr ing to figure out what it was about. As yet I am in the dar Dimly I recall something that ha to do with husbands, wives, infide ity, murder, shattered ideals, and t rest I give up. I do know, howeve that Hackett, Effie Shannon, Mab Juliene Scott and a host of othe were wasted in a picture that ha neither rhyme or reason. Poor ph tography, worse direction, and impossible story all go to make th film the year's worst effort.

WILLIAM M. RITCHEY DISCUSSES THE REQUIREMENTS OF A SCENARIO WRITER

WHEN you see an advertisement that says no skill or ability is required to write photoplays, BEWARE! Of course anyone can write scenarios, but if they ever expect to sell them, they must possess ability. If one doesn't possess the ability, all the instructions in the world will be of no use whatsoever. A person either can or cannot write film plays that will sell, and it's up to the person to find out if they are qualified for the work.

* * *

Wonderful descriptive powers and the ability to use eloquent English, are not required in the photoplay author. He, or she, must, however, have a vivid imagination, yet a plausible one; be able to weigh a situation to determine its worth to the story; to make their characters human so as to keep the audience interested in them, and learn how to keep up a good suspense to their story working up to the climax. Combined with this, the author must be willing to buckle down to real hard work and study of photoplay construction.

* * *

The best way to study the photoplay is on the screen itself. There is no better way to learn than this, for one can see how situations are led up to, the incidental business worked in, and see how the suspense is carried out, and the way the characters are played to make the audience interested in them. The fiction writer builds his story up with words, but the scenario writer must get the same thing over with action. A film play shown on a screen is by far the best scenario form for the aspiring author, because it works it all out for him right before his very eyes.

* * *

The scenario writer to-day must possess originality above everything. The fiction writer can disguise an old plot, and make it seem different to the reader, but the screen sees through everything, and a relic from the past, although the situations may be worked out differently, is easily detcted when flashed on the screen. That is what the film companies employ scenario editors for; to look for new plots and stories, in the vast number of manuscripts they receive, that have good photoplay possibilities, and assort them from the rehashed stories worked over.

* * *

Photoplay writing must be taken seriously. A person can't simply sit down when he feels in the mood and dash off a money getting story. In the old days when stories were scarce most anything that resembled a story was acceptable, but those days are past. The story is considered THE THING to-day, and the author must deliver the goods. Producers have no limit to the prices they pay for acceptable stories, paying according to their value. Don't be satisfied with your story until you have worked it over again and again and you think it perfect; then sit down and work it out once more. I can remember a story of my own that I worked over sixteen times before I handed it in for production, and the completed script was entirely different from my first conception of the story.

* * *

Things will keep suggesting themselves to you whereby you can build your story up, and you will no doubt see how you can improve it by working it out differently, as you continue to go over it. Even on the second reading of it you will more than likely see many ways in which your manuscript can be improved upon. If you don't, put the story away until you do.

* * *

If you haven't any talent for using your imagination in the writing of original stories, don't decide that you will become a photoplay author simply because you have read an advertisement saying that big money is being paid for scenarios and th no experience or skill is needed write them. Both of these are quired to make a successful scenar writer. The former quality may acquired through study and ha work, but the latter must be yours start with.

* * *

RIVOLI THEATRE. "Sporti Life," directed by Maurice Tou neur. Maurice Tourneur's scre version of "Sporting Life," the mous Drury Lane melodrama s nario by Winthrop Kelley posses many entertaining qualities that w endear it to movie fans through the country, yet it is in many wa a disappointment, for one expe greater things from Maurice Tou neur than "Sporting Life." T fault, however, may be laid to story more than to the actual rection. An excellent cast compr ing Ralph Graves as John, Earl Woodstock; Warner Richmond Joe Lee, Constance and Fair Binn as the Cavanagh Sisters, and W ette Kershaw as Olive de Carter leave nothing to be desired in way of histrionic ability. The ture drags in spots and continu at times seems almost forgott Careful attention has been paid detail and as a whole "Sporti Life" may be said to have got over.

© *Strauss-Peyton*

Mabel Withee, in "Once To Every Man," produced by the Frohman Amusement Corp.

Campbell

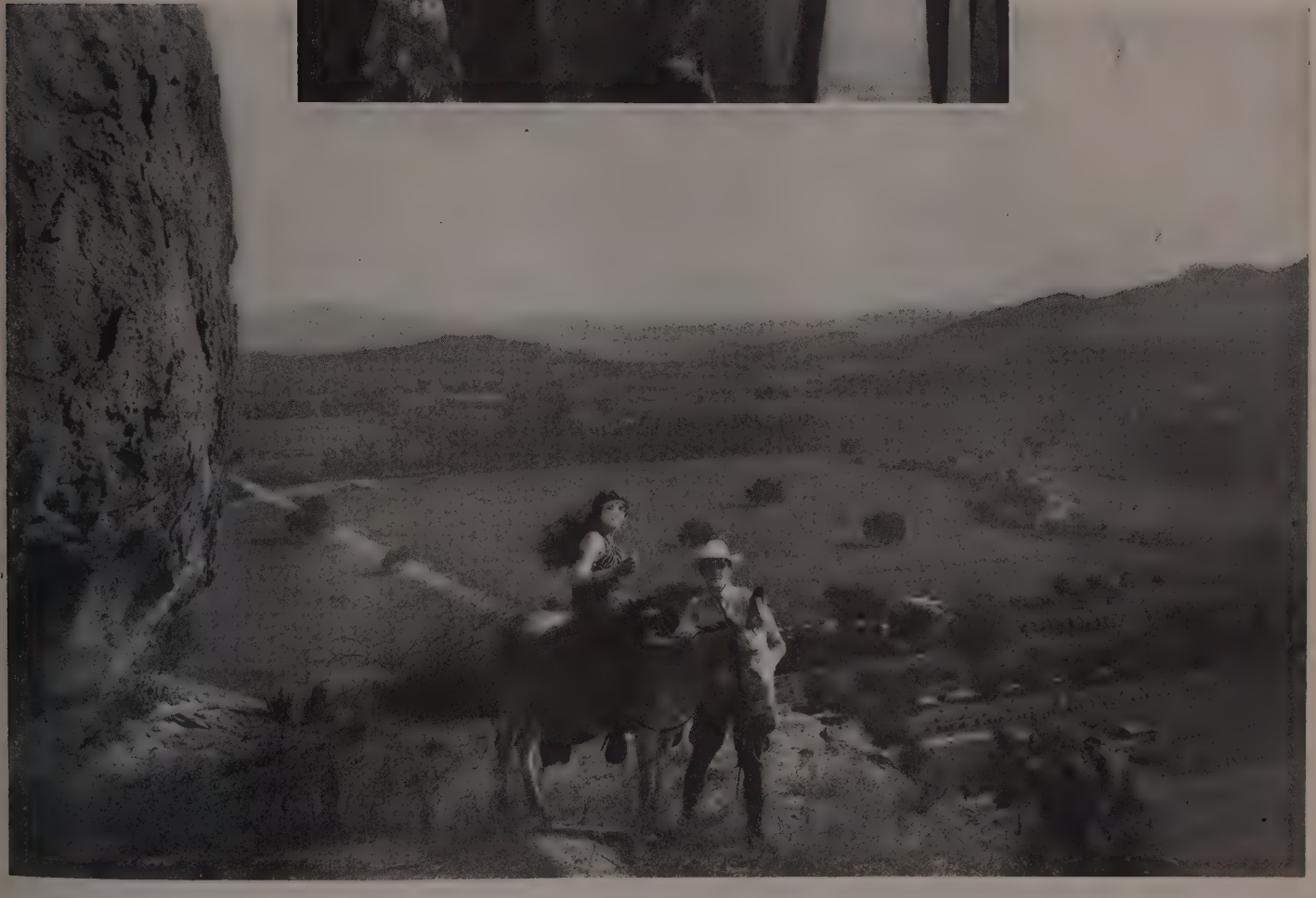
Mabel Juliene Scott in "Ashes of Love," Ivan Abramson's latest production for the Graphic Film Corporation

A late picture of Dorothy Dalton, a popular Paramount-Ince favorite

Lillian Walker in "The Embarrassment of Riches," the first of a series of eight happy pictures, in which she is being starred at the head of her own company

An Outstanding Picture
"THE EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES"
Adapted from the Broadway Success
by Louis K. Anspacher
Directed by Edward Dillon Picturized by Ray Somerville
First of a Series of Eight Happy Pictures Starring
LILLIAN WALKER
DISTINCTIVE in the charm of its star and exceptional in the human appeal of its story, this delightful heart drama stands apart from the offerings of the day as an orchid differs from other flowers.
NOW SHOWING AT ALL THE BETTER MOVING PICTURE THEATRES.
Released thru the W. W. Hodkinson Corp.
Lillian Walker Pictures Corp.
LESTER PARK PRESIDENT
501 Fifth Avenue New York City

Blanche Sweet and Harry Northrup in a scene from "The Hushed Hour," which has just been completed under the management of Harry Garson, and which is said to be one of the most unusual stories ever screened



A scene from "The Changing Woman," Vitagraph's Blue Ribbon Feature, adapted from O. Henry's "A Matter of Mean Elevation," starring Hedda Nova and J. Frank Glendon

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

THE great march of the movie mummers is about to begin, the picture pilgrimage is due, the stars of the screen are about to stir their stumps and saunter with the setting sun, for their direction is West and their haven is their heaven—the place where all good stars go—California.

It always happens thus when the leaves begin to fall. This year it will happen a little earlier, that's all. One reason is Mr. Garfield and the fuel-less Mondays. When a great Eastern star like Elsie Ferguson or Marguerite Clark has to stop her picture work for a single day, it takes six adding machines to figure out the monetary loss to the Famous Players-Lasky Company. So the possibility of a lack of coal is one incentive that sends the stars and producers of moving pictures West, when the leaves begin to fall.

* * *

But there are other advantages of the West. Many of them were recently cited by the Vice-President of the Paramount and Artcraft Pictures. Here are a few:

"The clear atmosphere conducive to the best photography. The photographic results obtained in Southern California are not surpassed by the best results obtained anywhere else in the world.

"The absence of rain for at least eight months of the year. While bad weather in the East is partially overcome by indoor work the results obtained are not generally as satisfactory as those obtained in the West where most of the photographing of even interior sets is done on an open air stage.

* * *

The abundance and variety of natural scenery. Within a radius of a hundred miles the director can secure a picturesque, appropriate and correct setting for a photoplay requiring the topography of almost any country in the world: A beautiful sea-coast with high, picturesque cliffs; every type of mountains—barren and rocky or covered with foliage. In fact, the variety of mountains allows the director to represent every mountainous country in Europe, including the Balkans and the Alps. The California deserts; the Southern California cotton fields; the variety of the fruit country; the small Western towns, still retaining their frontier characteristics; the missions; the homes and gardens of the California millionaires; the public parks; the tropical foliage representing African jungles. All these are near at hand. Less than a score of miles from Hollywood is an exact reproduction of the Bay of Monaco and the high cliffs of England are even nearer."

Places, like people, lend themselves to romance and adventure or forbid entirely these warm accompaniments of life. "On location" is the magic phrase of the Twentieth Century. It is realization in terms of sea or sky, forest or hall, of the enchanted Land of Imagination.

For instance, out in Hollywood, Cal., there is a prosaic old shack on Hollywood Boulevard midway between Los Angeles and the shore. It never had a thrill until the black art of the lens made it a resort of hermits and counterfeiters, a den of cut throats, the hatchery of more crime than all the dives of Manhattan.

* * *

So with many localities near Los Angeles from the old mill in Busch's Gardens to the tunnel gate of the Los Angeles County Court House. It is possible in the same day to obtain for pictures a Japanese tea house and an Italian villa, each perfect of its kind.

Time was—and for that matter, time still is—when your sense of values has been rudely outraged by the atrocities of interior sets you have seen on the screen. The scene may be supposed to represent a man's club. You get the impression of a den of bric-a-brac, a lot of uncomfortable chairs, hundreds of brass buttons always in the way and rugs that are eye-sores enough to drive any regular clubman to his home, empty and cheerless though it may be.

Or you may be called to view the library of the wealthiest woman in the plot, a social dictator whose culture and good taste are supposed to be *ne plus ultra*. The first thing that hits your sense of the verities is a large white statue of the Venus de Milo reposing on a fluted balustrade of near real oak. There is always a table cluttered with all the doodads that betoken culture to the unskilled director. The more figures on the gaudy wall paper, the better.

* * *

The chairs are gilt and here and there may be seen a rocker. Palms are to be seen stuck in odd corners and the mantel piece is a resting place for all the objects of vertu the property room has been able to dig up. Into this palatial library the social queen enters at 4 P. M. in a beautiful evening gown with an ostrich plume fan. You remember that sort of thing? Its day is rapidly passing.

Times change. The public used to be satisfied with any old set so long as there was plenty of action. The director who got from his imagination his ideas of what a home of wealth and refinement should look like thought the public didn't know any better. To-day he is mistaken. The public does know, not only that goodly portion of the public that comes to the pictures from real homes of wealth, culture and refinement, but that big portion of the public from homes where the wealth has been left out, know what's what. The bric-a-brac school of direction is losing members every day. The change has been gradual, and, as will be explained, rightly so, but it has been steady and sure until now there is creeping into the photodramatic business more and more of Art spelled with a capital A.

* * *

Among the producing firms who belong to the class where imagination is based on culture is Famous Players-Lasky. For a long time, now, picture play reviewers have been fond of saying "up to the usual Paramount standard."

There has been a real plan in the development of motion picture photography. It has not been all haphazard. Nowadays men of the highest cultural training are in the fold and, with the better class of producers, their fine results are to be seen on the screen. One of these men is Wilfred Buckland, the art director of Paramount and Artcraft pictures.

In the course of a discussion on the staging of motion picture advancement, Mr. Buckland said:

"Painters who produce real pictures with canvas and brush do not yet recognize the motion picture branch as an allied art and they tell us why. Their reasons are these: In all art the academic or photographically faithful reproduction of Nature is only the student's preparatory training. It gives him the technique which will later enable him to express feeling, mood and sentiment. For art is not the reproduction of the object itself. It is an expression of the sentiment that an object inspires.

* * *

"For example, Corot, when a student, painted a tree as faithfully as he could reproduce it. Corot, when a master, painted the same tree so that it expressed the mood and sentiment of Nature. But his tree was then no longer photographic. So in art, "photographic" is a term of reproach and painters consider that moving pictures at present are only in an uninteresting academic or preparatory stage. The hope for the pictures, however, is in the belief of artists that it is possible to paint with the camera as these artists painted on canvas, as backgrounds, figures, grouping and action, treated according to the laws which govern a painter's composition and chiroschuro. Photographs actually taken by Whistler and Chase prove this.

"Motion pictures are, as should be, pictorial art! As the technique of the photodramatic art is developing from the writing and directing sides, so it is developing from the scenic. The development of the artistic side is not so noticeable as the development from the other two sides and this is as it should be.

* * *

"Gradually but surely the settings are becoming more imaginative and suggestive rather than realistic and filled with detail. This change has to be made gradually for I believe the public would not accept a photodrama with only suggestive settings.

"The old picture methods were to build little stage scenes and in broad daylight photograph actors moving in them. The method which we are gradually introducing substitutes imaginative for realistic scenery and depends for its effects on art lighting which is probably the method Reinhardt so successfully applied to stage productions.

"In this method natural scenery does not help except as it is combined with painted drops. One does not need plains and mountains or the glare of a sun from which nothing escapes, for in any suggestive art more depends on what is left out than on what is put in.

"Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and several of us are working along these lines as to suggesting backgrounds and scenes rather than showing them in photographic detail. We are gradually using this method more and more frequently and I think that eventually organizations which are really proud of the photodrama will use them entirely. The change, however, has to come gradually and must be so done with such subtlety that it will not confront the audience as a radical change."

But this "suggestive art" has not yet arrived. And so far nothing can take its place so effectively on the screen as the outdoor scenery that beautifies such pictures as "Stella Maris," "Johanna Enlists," "Heart of the Wilds," "Out of a Clear Sky" and many others.

* * *

When the leaves begin to fall the great march Westward begins. No longer will the East serve the purpose. Even for winter scenes there is a peculiar lighting and a lack of beauty in the Eastern winter landscape that makes the West superior. So it is only the Carusos, the John Barrymores and the Billie Burkes whose operatic and stage demands keep them close to Broadway that do not take flight with the other great film stars to the land of the setting sun, the sun that keeps green the leaves that never fall.

(Right)

Lil Roscoe, otherwise caressingly known as Fatty Arbuckle in a scene from his latest picture "The Sheriff"

(Below)

"My Cousin" is the title of Enrico Caruso's first Artcraft picture. He sure looks funny, doesn't he!

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An original scenario by Pere Dupree.

A Twentieth Century outlook on life.

Photography by Edward C. Earle.

142 West 49th Street Edgar Lewis New York City

Maurice Tourneur's newest production, "Woman," now being filmed at the Tourneur Fort Lee, N. J., studios, traces the influence of woman through the ages. Quite naturally M. Tourneur starts with Eve, who is played by Ethel Hallor, of the Century Roof show, while the gentleman-recovering-from-the-loss-of-a-rib is depicted by George West

"Please look pleasant Binkey dear," urges Olive Tell of her pet pomeranian. But Binkey has a grudge against the man behind the camera and Olive's pleadings are of no avail

A pretty study of May Allison, enjoying a tête-a-tête with the studio parrot. Polly was so voluble she wouldn't keep quite still enough for the camera and this is the result of her fifth pose

WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE UNDER THE SAME ROOF WITH THE SO-CALLED VAMPIRE

NOTHING constant but change!

What will the mood be for to-day? "Mr. Peets" and I, with a little knock and a scratch on the door, wait for the voice which will tell us. Some mornings the voice makes us both "perk up." And we rush in, with "Mr. Peets" making one big leap from the door to the bed, letting out little dog laughs kissing her and snuffling his little cold, wet nose into the pillows, then making wild circles on the bed to show his joy. A "good-morning" kiss for me, and then amidst much barking, "little girl" squeals and laughter, in comes the breakfast. A simple one, but eaten with such a dainty relish, that to the one watching her, it makes hungry all over again. "Mr. Peets," the little beggar, sits up, balanced perilously on the edge of the bed and talks until bits of crispy brown toast are dropped into his ever-receptive mouth.

Always during breakfast there comes a far-away look into those eyes, planning—not some deep, dark wile—but a new idea for a picture, or something to do to make some known, or unknown one, happy.

There are other mornings when the voice is without the dancing rays of sunshine and we go in to sit quietly on the bed, "Mr. Peets" with his long ears close to his brown head heaving great sighs for such a little dog, his eyes on her face, which looks so small and pale on the pillows, the eyes hot and tired and the warm smile gone from lips which now are puckered with pain, like a hurt child's. Those are the mornings when there is a change in the weather coming. Either rain, snow or a cloudy day. The faraway look is there too—the eyes just dreaming, dreaming.

The breakfast hour is the time we love best. After that comes the business of the day, the constant ringing of the telephone, the bath and dressing, then the studio which claims the star, when she returns tired and sometimes so bruised from a big hand laid too forcefully on shoulders or arms or as once, from a mob which really believed she had stolen "the jewels" and pinned her against a stone wall, until it took police reserves to beat them back.

After a careful massage, with queer, smelly oils, and in bed again, her one recreation is her mail—letters from all the world, some baring secrets, or so pathetic that tears and sobs come, some so funny that the laughter brings tears, others complimentary—with some, not so very! Others begging, from a lock of her hair, all the way up to thousands of dollars. And now, letters from "her boys," the godsons of the 158th Arizona Infantry, and other "boys," too, here and "over there"; which brings a mist over those soft eyes, but a proud, happy smile that makes one wonder that those same lips can look so cruel on the screen. Those letters are answered first, not long messages, there are so many to be written, but just a few lines and a specially written-on photograph accompanies each one.

Vacation days! Each one is painted on the memory. When in New York, if it is autumn, a trip up in the mountains, to a love of a little place, "Squirrel Inn," all hung with pine cones, goldy brown and red leaves, and a crackling fire, in each room. Long climbs to the top of a mountain, reached after much puffing and panting and slipping; and the nights, sitting on a window ledge, with feet on a slanting roof, which seems to end in a deep, black, cup-like chasm, many hundreds of feet below.

Always full of imagery, her weaving of fairy tales, more fascinating than any of Grimm's, makes me forget the hard, unyielding seat and the slanting roof. One of her fancies which is most near and dear to my heart, is this:—

"With the touch of her magic wand, she turned the night into a fairyland, the wind seeming like the breath of gossamer wings on our cheeks, changing us into 'moon children,' sent to explore this sordid old earth, and out of pure imagination giving us names that sounded like tinkling bells."

Out in lovely California, vacation time is spent in the garden, a different kind of fairyland, and minus the wiggly "Mr. Peets," but there are two ducks who, contrary to their kind, quack protestingly when placed gently but firmly in the small lake. In the garden, too, the "little girlness" of her shows; here she makes little boats out of bamboo leaves and sails them in a little brook. And she lies on the grass and lets the waterfall's murmur put her to sleep, to be wakened by a family of very inquisitive birds, pecking and chirping, and to find her face very dirty from the moist earth and tatooed with the imprints of twigs.

Until I went out to California, I had never seen her at work or been inside a studio. How I did watch her "making up." Not a heavy make-up as I had believed from some of her pictures. I have since learned and seen the cause of her make-up looking so much heavier than it really is. Lights, no matter how carefully arranged, play tricks sometimes, distorting the face and making the eyes look heavy-circled and the lips black.

The strangeness and interest of watching her at work has never worn off and never will. When in a scene, she is a new being to me, different as the two oceans, sometimes making me laugh, cry, or both, sympathetic or not. And it is with a jolt that I come back to realities when the scene is over.

Only a few have been able to see behind the so-called vampire on the silver sheet, and not till the low musical voice, face and grace of her, have been seen and heard, will the people understand the sweetness, loveableness and humanness, but most of all the Woman of her—Theda Bara.

THEDA BARA'S HOME IN WEST ADAMS, THE FASHIONABLE DISTRICT OF LOS ANGELES

Mae Murray in a scene from her latest picture "To The Highest Bidder," which promises to be a most beautiful film scenically

Jack Sherrill, co-star in "Once To Every Man," which is being produced by The Frohman Amusement Corporation

Norma Talmadge as San San in her Chinese feature, "A Tale of the Forbidden City"

UNWINDING THE REEL

Frank Powell, well-known picture producer and now vice-president and director-general of Sunset Pictures, Inc., is in New York putting the finishing editing touches to "The Forfeit," his initial production with the Sunset organization.

* * *

With James K. Hackett, Effie Shannon and Mabel Juliene Scott in the leading rôles, and Ruby de Remer, Paula Shay, Hugh Thompson, William Davidson, Dora Mills Adams, Theas Talbot and William Bechtel as associate players, "Ashes of Love," the new Ivan Abramson production, made for the Graphic Film Corporation, is scheduled for early release.

* * *

Leading rôles in the first Screencraft Pictures, Inc., production will be in the hands of Mary Boland and Lucy Cotton, both of whom have enjoyed a wide stage experience and some filming also. The story is by Edith Barnard Delano, with Frank Reicher as director. Miss Eva Unsell wrote the screen version, which is taken from "Flaming Ramparts," published in *Harper's Magazine*.

* * *

The World Film Corporation will not move its studios to California, as they cannot see the advantage in dismantling their production plant at Fort Lee and moving three thousand or more miles away.

* * *

An investigation is being made by the Department of Justice to discover whether military information is carried to German agents through captions in Spanish accompanying motion pictures exported to Mexico and South America.

* * *

The Frohman Amusement Corporation announce their next production "Once to Every Man," starring Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee. This production is being directed by T. Hayes Hunter and promises to be an unusual picture.

* * *

Marshall Neilan has been engaged by Harry Garson as supervising director for Clara Kimball Young, and Blanche Sweet pictures. Neilan is one of the best directors in the business, and his entering into an agreement with Harry Garson should prove mutually profitable. Blanche Sweet's next production will be "The Unpardonable Sin," and Clara Kimball Young will be seen in "The Road Through the Dark." Both companies are now out on the coast.

* * *

Dorothy Gish's first Paramount feature made under the direction of Elmer Clifton, and entitled "Battling Jane," was given its first presentation at a private showing to a large invited audience at Venice, California. Dorothy has a delightful comedy rôle in the production, which has been ably handled by Clifton. The audience was exceptionally enthusiastic over the picture, which is said will add new laurels for the new Paramount star.

* * *

John Gilbert has completed his picture, "Sons of Men," with J. Warren Kerrigan, and has been engaged by the Vitagraph Company to play opposite Bessie Love in her first production for this company. Young Gilbert has been coming along rapidly during the past year and has done some excellent work. He should make a very good opposite for the popular Bessie.

* * *

What a superb actress Bessie Barriscale is. Her fine emotional work in "Patriotism" is gripping in its intensity and recalls other equally good parts taken by Miss Barriscale. Howard Hickman, who now directs her, is selecting his stories with great care and the last two features starring Miss Barriscale provide splendid entertainment. She is enjoying her work more and more these days because she is not called on to play morbid rôles any more.

* * *

The smile stuff's being worked to death and every actor, thin or fat,
Is boosted in the press as Smiling-This or Smiling-That.
The players now must show their teeth if audiences they want to win,
But most of 'em don't smile at all, they wear a fixed and ghastly grin.
Now, two or three like Charlie Ray and "Doug" and Chaplin have the smile
Which IS a natural, joyous thing and makes their actions worth the while.
Avaunt ye grinners with the "smile" which conjures up a dentist's ad;
A bucketful or two of tears would really not be half so bad.
We like a smile that IS a smile, but we have had too much of that
Pale, sickly grin which but recalls our ancient friend the Cheshire cat.

* * *

Adda Gleason will shortly be seen in Thomas Dixon's, "The One Woman," playing the name part in this feature. Her work in this is said to even surpass her Ramona in the Clune special production of this name, which is certainly saying a great deal, because the critics lauded her conception of Ramona to the skies when the film was given its review. She has a strong acting part in "The One Woman" and handles it in her capable way.

* * *

Little Gloria Hope's versatility can be judged from her last two pictures, D. W. Griffiths, "The Great Love," and Bessie Barriscale's "Heart of Rachael." In the former Gloria is seen in a terribly sad and appealing part, while in the latter she is shown as a cheerful and fresh girl, and is excellent in both these characterizations.

"Billy" Garwood has deserted his raisin ranch in northern California once more in order to go to Santa Barbara to play opposite Mary Miles Minter in her latest production for the American Film Company. They just won't let "Billy" carry out his threat to retire from the films. This is the second time in the last two months that he has been lured away from his raisins back to the screen.

* * *

Arrangements have been completed for the holding of the National Motion Picture Exposition at Madison Square Garden, October 5 to 13, inclusive.

The change from the Grand Central Palace to Madison Square Garden was made necessary by the fact that the Government has taken over the Palace for use as a hospital. As the Government takes actual possession on October 1, it was necessary to make other arrangements for the exposition.

As soon as it was definitely decided that the Palace was not available, Frederick H. Elliott, general manager of the exposition, obtained an option for the use of Madison Square Garden for the same dates. This option was taken up last week and the lease signed.

From present indications this will be the most successful exposition ever held by the motion picture industry. Nearly $30,000 worth of space has already been disposed of to a majority of the largest companies in the business and additional inquiries are coming in every day.

When William A. Brady, president of the National Association, was informed that the lease for Madison Square Garden had been signed he became enthusiastic and stated that he would actively supervise all arrangements and make this the biggest show in the history of the industry. Anyone who is familiar with Mr. Brady's ability as a showman will immediately recognize the value of this offer.

In addition to the film companies, who naturally would subscribe for space, a large part of the main auditorium will be taken up by exhibits of the various administrative departments of the Government. For this reason this exposition will be in reality a war service exposition of the motion picture industry, as every attempt will be made to show every detail of the work of the motion picture in the war and the importance it has in the winning of the war.

One of the largest exhibits will be that of the Division of Films of the Committee on Public Information. The material for this exhibit consists of three carloads of war relics captured from the Germans on the battlefields of France. There are two or three battle-scarred aeroplanes and a wealth of other relics.

In addition to the exhibit of the Committee on Public Information there will be exhibits by the Army, the Navy, the Aircraft Board, the Fuel Administration and the Food Administration. All of these departments of the Government have requested that space be reserved for their use. The War Savings Stamps Committee has likewise requested space, and it is very probable that there will be exhibits from the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations closely allied with the war work of the Government.

One of the most interesting exhibits will be that covering the "Projection and Publicity of Ye Olden Times." This will consist of a collection of all the old projection machines that can be obtained and the exhibit will be arranged in such a manner as to show the evolution of motion picture projection. It is also expected that there will be an exhibit of a complete collection of the old billboard paper used in the early days of the industry and an opportunity will be afforded to compare it with the paper that is being used to-day.

The arrangements and details for this exhibit have been placed in the hands of a committee of which Sam Spedon is the chairman. The other members of the committee are William Wright of the Kalem Company, Will C. Smith of the Nicholas Power Company, Paul Gulick of Universal and A. E. Smith of Vitagraph.

Sam Spedon has been working valiantly to make this exhibit as complete as it is possible to make it. He has been on the trail of old projection machines for the past two weeks and reports that he has been able to locate a large number of them. He plans to arrange for a replica of the front of a motion picture theatre such as was common ten years ago, with every available bit of space covered with the lurid sensational paper used in those days. He requests that anyone within the industry who knows where there are any old projection machines or anyone having in their possession any of the paper such as was used ten years ago, communicate with him at the Exposition Company's offices in the Times building.

This is the first time in the history of the industry that a National Exposition has been held by the whole industry. In former years expositions were held by the exhibitors, but this National Exposition is being held under the joint auspices of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry and the Motion Picture Exhibitors League of America. Any profits that may accrue as a result of the exposition will be equally divided between those two organizations.

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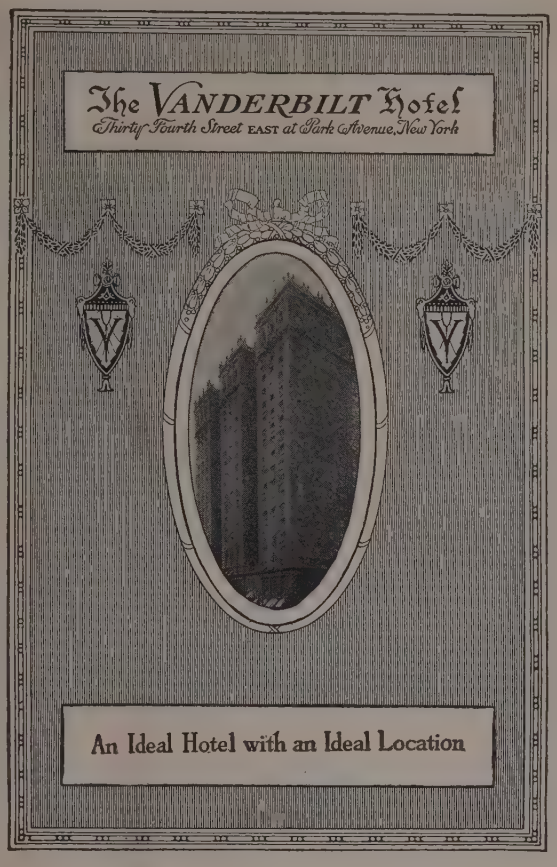

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Theatre, a Monthly Review and Magazine 1918-11: Vol 28 Iss 213

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E MAGAZINE

EMBER, 1918

atrimonial bureau for British, and Pittsburgh aristocracy.

son the Little Theatre was of Broadway.

It made managers sit up and take notice. Organizations with ideas, ideals and youthful daring produced playlets that were really worth while.

Dunsany was first introduced to us through the little theatres.

But now, alas, the Little Theatre has gone to war. Pierrot has laid aside his frills for the olive drab of Uncle Sam.

If you want to learn what has become of the brave Washington Square Players and the artistic Greenwich Villagers, the Christmas THEATRE MAGAZINE will help you out.

DO you know that Nazimova once pushed a wheel cart holding her costumes and baggage through the streets of London—when she was too poor to pay the cartage from the railway station to the theatre at which she was to appear?

If you don't—it's one of the reasons why you sit quietly in the background while the company is being entertained with intimate details regarding players.

Do you know that Tully Marshall, the well-known player, at one time worked for an undertaker, before he became an actor and actually wore the fringe from a hearse on his costume (as a prince) when he made his first stage appearance?

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor

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STAGE women have surely done their bit in the war.

They have worked and are working in France with the Y. M. C. A. and the "Over There Theatre League," they expended their efforts on the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamp Drives, they have appeared at all patriotic rallies lending their talents to entertain audiences, and their popularity to attract the throngs.

The December issue will contain full-page portraits of a number of our favorite players in strikingly beautiful poses representing America and her Allies.

Each picture will be worth framing—as a glimpse of our next number will prove.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion, pro and con, regarding the theatrical marriage.

In the Christmas issue Zoe Beckley will tell you about famous couples in stardom—how they fare in matrimony, why there are so many failures and some notable successes.

Children, too, influence the player. Jane Grey would never have gone on the stage but for her two youngsters.

Then there is the question of marrying out of the profession. This interesting article will tell you about the

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THE PUBLISHERS.

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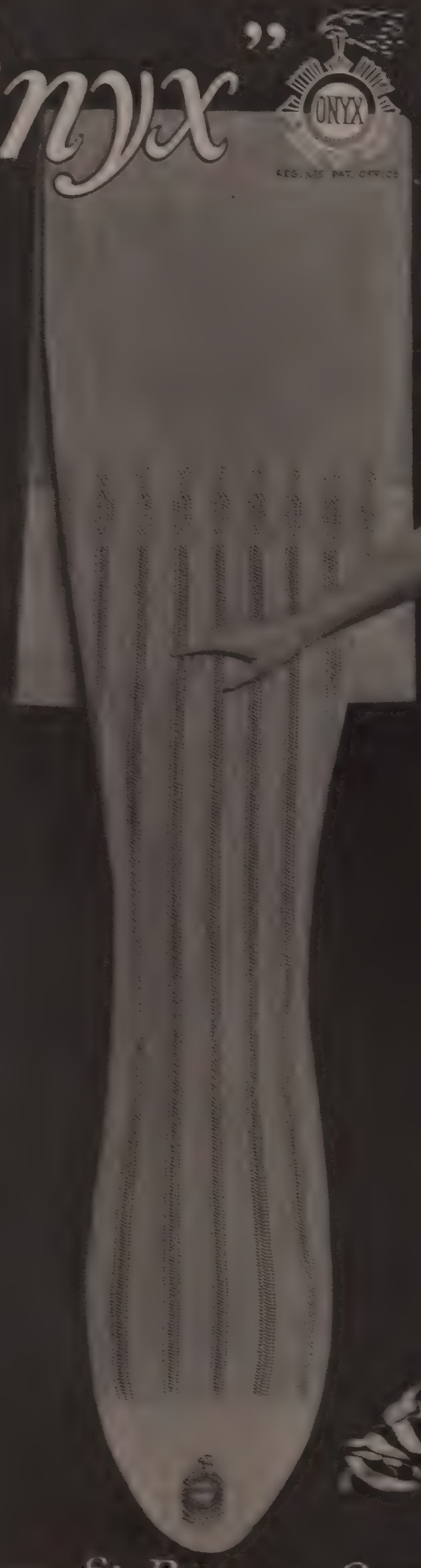

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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From a photograph by Sarony

MLLE. GINA RAVINE AS THE SPIRIT OF HEROIC BELGIUM

At the recent Liberty Loan Rally at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mlle. Ravine, assisted by George Renavent, recited the stirring patriotic poem *"La Bataille de L'Yser"* by the well-known Belgian poet Armand Varlez

THE WAR AND THE DRAMA

A SEASON or two back, one of the favorite foolish questions among the *nuts theatricalis* was, How will the war affect the drama?

The answer to the question has long since become apparent. It is:—

Barring propaganda, not at all.

BUT, you persist, the majority of our plays nowadays are about the war.

Very true. In spite of our astute producers, nearly all of whom a few years ago were sagely announcing that in war times theatregoers wanted their attention distracted in the playhouse from the horrors of the conflict, and who accordingly prophesied that few war plays would reach the stage—in spite of the relentless logic of these male Cassandras the majority of our plays nowadays concern the crushing of the Hun.

Nevertheless the war has as yet not actually affected the drama. Rather, we may say, the drama has affected the war, in that these martial plays almost without exception have extracted from their subject-matter—as subject-matter involving all that is noblest and most colossal in the supreme effort to make the world a decent place to live in—the merest triviality.

The best that the stage has been able to realize from this subject-matter is its propaganda. And propaganda is really not the true material of art. Plays like "Out There" and "Getting Together" have served a patriotic purpose by encouraging recruiting. Other pieces such as "Friendly Enemies" and "Allegiance" have done their bit toward converting the citizenry of Germanic origin to a purer Americanism.

But however successful in that field, the drama is never at its best when it devotes itself chiefly to the didactic.

YOU will perhaps recall that in the beginning our war plays were mostly pacifist tracts. We had such effusions as "Beyond the Border," and "Moloch," wherein the author assuming that no evil-doing could justify the least act of violence in self-defense, lambasted Mars without mercy.

That such a thesis should have been sustained by playwrights and producers was in itself pathetic enough. The American playgoing public resented the insult to their intelligence. Most of them knew perfectly well that war itself—so far from being intrinsically evil—may be the holiest of human activities, and that only the motive behind war may be questioned as to its righteousness.

We knew that German war, ruthlessly fought for self-aggrandizement, was the most horrendous thing in modern history. But we knew, too, that Belgian war and French war and British war, waged as much in a spirit of self-sacrifice for human liberty as for self-preservation, was only the supreme expression of that love than which no man hath a greater.

But America was "neutral." For a long, weary time we were "neutral." And there were managers in those days who were stupid enough to think that the public would be pleased to see on the stage Belgium, because she dared to resist, by implication branded with the same mark of Cain that sets apart the Germans from the rest of mankind!

That was the first step in the theatre toward the reduction of the war to piffle.

And the second was like unto it.

The second was the inevitable war melodrama.

Obviously it was no new form. It was just the same old melodrama that countless Howards and Gillettes had written about the Civil War, and that innumerable other playwrights had written about all the wars that have ever afflicted humanity.

EVEN in Revolutionary days there was a big demand for war plays. Long after the surrender at Yorktown, the victorious Americans liked to see in mimic action on the stage some of the vivid scenes of the real battlefield. One of the most popular of the early American plays—in fact the first piece in this country to have a run, was Burk's "Bunker Hill," a rank melodrama full of what Dunlap probably correctly calls: "smoke, noise and nonsense," but the presentment, crude as it was, pleased the patrons of the Boston and New York theatres, and for a time the play held the stage against all comers.

The plot, incidents and characters, of most of our war plays are about the same. It is necessary to change only the location, the uniforms, and the ordnance. A flash or two of wireless, the whir of an airplane motor, a reference to "Big Berthas" and forty-two centimeter guns, and your "Shenandoah" became your "Under Fire."

To call them war melodramas is to dignify them unduly. Invariably they were nothing more than common spy plays. The war was only the background. And you could safely wager your Panama that either the taciturn butler or the buxom vampire was acting under orders from Wilhelmstrasse, and that there was a secret wireless concealed somewhere in every second act.

Eventually the war melodrama degenerated into a noise contest, with each manager seeking to outdo his predecessors in gunfire, dust, smoke, and falling scenery.

It is unnecessary to mention the titles. We have been more than drenched with this sort of fatuous puerility, which must have grieved the great god Mars far more poignantly than did all the yammerings of the hen-headed pacifists.

ANOTHER favorite way of reducing war to banal nonsense has been exhibited in what might be called the mush plays. In most of them a *poilu* or a Tommy marched away to battle, leaving behind him a tear-spattered bride or bride-elect, only to march back again with a chestful of medals in the last act.

Isn't stage novelty wonderful?

It even extended to that fresh and highly probable situation wherein the shero—separated usually by an impossible misunderstanding from her heroic swain—became a Red Cross (or a cross red) nurse invariably to find her wounded lover dying in the same hospital to which she was assigned.

Naturally it took only a touch of her warm hand to snatch him back from the jaws of death after all the surgeons had failed. We came up against this wonderful situation even in "Out There."

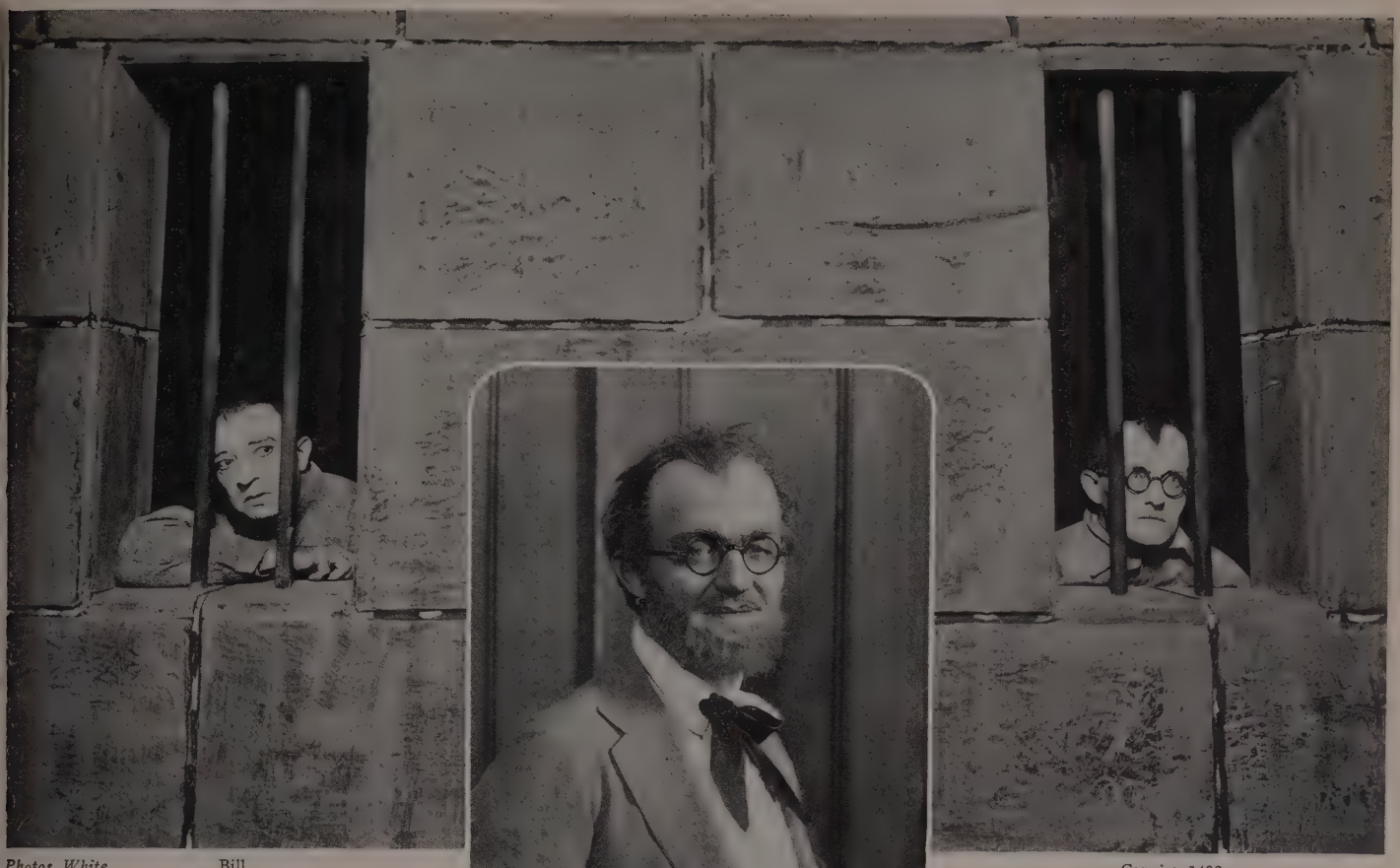
There wouldn't be so much to object to in the mush type of war drammer if more of the sentiments expressed therein would ring true, and if each opus were not so obviously a Hindenburg drive against the tear-ducts of those easy weepers who seem to confine their facial ablutions to the playhouse.

Somehow or other, mush and sincerity get out of step with each other.

When it comes to *comedies* of the war—Lord how we have suffered! Most of them died young—glory be!—but a few of them were mistaken by a misguided public for actual humor. There was, for instance, "Arms and the Girl," which was founded on the intolerable thesis that the Germans in Belgium were a kind-hearted, if brusk, set of *human* beings!

MORE recently the topic under discussion is loyalty. The authors are worrying considerably about the poor hyphens over here who have to reconcile their German blood with their American allegiance. But the loyalty play, for the most part, gives us a purely machine-made German-American at a time when even real German-Americans have lost most of their interest for us.

Barrie is credited with worth-while war playlets in the case of "The New Word" and "Th



Photos White

Bill
Herbert Ashton

Convict 1408
Richard Bennett

Richard Bennett as Peter Marchmont

THE UNKNOWN PURPLE" is the ory of a wife who rongfully sends her sband to jail, marries r lover, and profits by e invention of her cked up mate. When e latter is discharged, e the Dantes of the storic "Monte Cris-

Jewel
Helen MacKellar

Allison
Frank McCormick

Bonnie
Marion Kerby

V. Cromfort
Richard Bennett

to," he sets out in his career of diabolically conceived revenge. Possessed of the power that makes him invisible, this "unknown purple" is the medium through which a series of scenes is evolved that keeps tension to the highest point till the final curtain

"THE UNKNOWN PURPLE" A GRIPPING MYSTERY PLAY

Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Yet they are merely thumbnail sketches of character with the war as a background. Their sum total by no means equals what we should expect of the author of "Peter Pan" with the world conflict for his inspiration.

One of the most laudable efforts of recent days at real war drama was "Her Country" by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode. It was an attempt to portray the actual conflict of ideals and opinions which underlies the great struggle. Teuton barbarism was shown at death grips with civilization; kultur was matched against culture.

Here surely was the right plan of attack in dealing dramatically with the tremendous problem. But the playwrights neglected their technique, and their labor was largely in vain.

Commencing with a shrewd satire upon the trivialities of German crudity, they switched abruptly to a deadly serious, a savage but realistic picture of Hun brutishness in the home. Inevitably critic and spectator were baffled. In keeping with the earlier portion of the play, the latter part was taken for merciless exaggeration. Those who knew realized that the portrait was just, but they were in the impotent minority.

And so runs the history of our drama thus far during the Great War.

Perhaps it would be unnatural for such a period of storm and stress to bring forth first-rate art in any form. Nevertheless, it seems characteristic of the theatre in our day that under its influence such vast dramatic material as the war affords should be for the most part minified and reduced to insignificance.

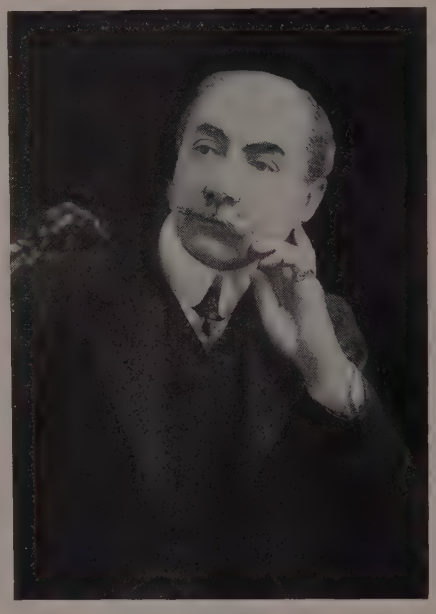
FAMOUS FRENCH ORCHESTRA COMES TO AMERICA

Celebrated musical organization of the Paris Conservatoire heard at the Metropolitan

BY the time this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is in its readers' hands, that fraternity between the sister-republics of France and the United States,—long-celebrated, its foundation cemented by the patriots of both countries, which has been strengthened every day since the United States entered the present war, —will have been accorded a new and most interesting proof. For by that time, a French battleship will have entered one of our harbors, bringing one of the most famous of French musical bodies, the celebrated orchestra of the Paris Conservatory (or as it is known there, "La Société des Concerts du Conservatoire") led by a man of international renown, the subject of this article. Sixty of our largest cities are to enjoy the delight of hearing this, an association not only of musicians but of artists; and so enthusiastic have been the responses and guarantees received by the French-American Association for Musical Art, which, at the request of the French High Commission, has taken the matter in charge, that the fifty concerts which began at the Metropolitan on October 15th will probably be added to by a score of additional hearings.

It is good that it should be so. The love and enthusiasm for all things French which is sweeping our entire country to-day, can most profitably be extended to French music. We have, it is true, shown for a long time great interest in the works of the French composers,—an interest fostered in things operatic by the Metropolitan, Manhattan and Chicago Operas, in things orchestral by our symphonic and chamber music societies, and recently again demonstrated through Otto Kahn's agency, in the delight with which the critics and public of New York and elsewhere received the performance of the Société des Instruments Anciens. But we have only begun as a public, to delve in this mine of beauty, and no better opportunity could be offered us for its further exploration than the visit of an organization which is also a French institution; a tradition in its history of exquisite artistic achievement. The Orchestra of the Conservatoire is unique; as an organization, in origin, in history, in training, and in the character of its work. Its personnel, made up as it is almost entirely of men who are instructors at the Conservatoire, includes many players who are classed among the foremost French performers of to-day of their several instruments,—such violinists as Alfred Brun, such a bassoon as Letellier, such flautists as Gaubert, and such a piano soloist, it may be added, as Alfred Cortot,—all Conservatory "first prize" winners of their time. Many of them have seen service in the present war.

Perhaps an especial interest attaches both to the career and the personality of the conductor, André Messager, a musician of an unusual artistic type, which has manifested itself in the threefold aspects of theatre director, orchestral conductor and composer of music. He is not



ANDRE MESSAGER
Distinguished French composer and conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra

young, this man who has achieved distinction on three stages,—M. Messager was born at Montluçon in 1853. But the sixty-five years of his life have held incident and accomplishment enough for twice that time. Personally, he is all that there is of the most charming and elegant. Polish and delicacy of manner are his in all the trying situations that arise in a career concerned no less with men than with ideas, and no less with ideas than with men. It was said of him by a man who knew his Paris and his Parisians well,— "Messager is the man of the world *par excellence;* the man who has learned to adapt himself to any and every contingency." He is much more than that, as a review of his career will show.

Although M. Messager studied harmony and composition with Saint-Saëns, "the grand old man of French music," his original training in music-technique was given him, like Gabriel Faure's, at the Niedermeyer school of classic and religious music. Like Gounod, again, he began his career as organist and as *maitre de chapelle;* but his subsequent career was totally different from that of either. It has been for him, while receiving less marked distinction personally perhaps as composer,— although success has unqualifiedly been his,—to play a part which marks him uniquely in the history of French music as a man who grew with his epoch; one who used his position as dictator of operas at the Comique and Grand Operas respectively and as conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra, not only to follow the great leaders of French music-thought, but to aid these leaders to develop the French operatic and concert stages in a manner worthy of the traditions of Rameau and Grétry in classic elegance; of Halèvy, Gounod and Bizet in romance and exoticism.

As musical conductor of the Opéra Comique, in conjunction with Albert Carré, from 1898 to 1903 Messager gave Paris five of the most brilliant years known to the Comique's clientèle. His first production, for example, was d'Indy's "Fervaal," a work not known, unfortunately, in the United States, but considered by many judges one of the most remarkable of modern French operas. Next, came Charpentier's "Louise," a daring innovation that justified its daring; then his beautiful and notable interpretation of "Pelléas et Melisande." To illustrate the remarkable energy of the man, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that in addition, from 1901 to 1907, he directed during the grand opera season at Covent Garden, and that these were among his fruitful years in the composition of his own works.

The year 1907 saw M. Messager associated with Brousseau, as chief director of the Paris Opera, that time-honored institution which belongs not only to the Paris which its wonderful building adorns, but to the whole of France in a musical kinship. On the death of Marty, in 1908, he had been appointed conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra, which position he has retained ever since.

If André Messager's conducting shows him a musician of rare natural gifts, his own compositions also are worthy of serious notice. These count about twenty, ranging from ballet, like his "Deux Pigeons," fairy play, such as "Isoline," though the field of *opéra bouffe,*—in which some of his best successes were made with "La Béarnaise" (1885) and "Les Petites Michus," (1897) to that of the lyric opera. His "La Basoche" (1890) perhaps marked the transition from *opéra bouffe* in his work; the parting of the ways.

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KHYVA ST. ALBANS
Playing a leading rôle in the new piece at the Criterion entitled "The Awakening"

Geisler & Andrews

LOUISE GROODY
Whose graceful and agile dancing is one of the brightest spots in "Fiddlers Three"

Carpenter

THEODORE KOSLOFF
The well-known dancer who is appearing in Ruth Sawyer's play "The Awakening"

Mary Dale Clarke Beatrice Maude Gregory Kelly

The hunchback, Jonathan, sings "'Twas on a summer's day," the song they both know, for Susan

STUART WALKER'S PRODUCTION OF "JONATHAN MAKES A WISH" RECENTLY AT THE PRINCESS

ARTISTIC TOUCHES IN NEW PLAYS

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences

A TRIUMPH OF THE THEATRE

By Blanche Bates

BLANCHE BATES

OF all the real and vital experiences in my long years on the stage, the realest and most vital—in a purely professional way—happened only a few days ago. I was asked to speak on "The Work of Women in War" to some five thousand women workers in a munition factory. The scope and immensity of the subject frightened me—the fact that I was to stand before *real* women war workers didn't add to my courage—and that there were five thousand of them—and outdoors—appalled me!

And yet, after the first seconds of terror in facing them came such an uplift, such a soul inspiration, as could only be borne by perfect understanding, launched by absolute knowledge of the immensity of their part in this World's War. There stood representatives by blood ties of Poland, Austria, Russia, Italy and that myriad of mid-Europe states that are only names to us—and *all* of them in their upturned eager young faces bearing America's message of help to those blood-soaked peoples over there—the calm determination, unalterable belief in, all unswerving loyalty, to the Right that is the American Woman's answer to the toll of blood and sweat and sacrilege demanded by Germany's challenge to the civilized world.

And that a mere Stage-Worker, with only sheer belief, guided by the craft of her trade, could carry any message to that group, was a triumph for the Theatre, second to none that I know of. That the Theatre can be of use in influencing one of the tremendous forces of the day—that it can bear a directing relation to Labor—be of benefit in releasing an emotional current to illuminate any phase of true war work—is surely encouraging, gratifying, prideful, to us workers—and lovers of—the Theatre.

A TRUE FISH STORY

By Leon Errol

LEON ERROL

ABOUT twenty-six years ago, with three or four boy friends, I was swimming in Sydney Harbor, Australia. The water was infested with sharks. We boys were quite accustomed to these wolves of the sea, and their presence did not terrify us. On this occasion, we swam out to a rock about a hundred yards distance from the shore, laid on the rock, basked in the sunshine and swam back to shore—all but Jimmy Carter, who remained on the rock alone. The boys were going home to dinner, and we shouted to Jimmy to swim ashore and come with us, but he kept on diving in the water and climbing back on the rock. Finally, I shouted "Goodbye, Jimmy. we're going home."

"All right, fellows, I'm coming, this is my last dive," said Jimmy. It was. He had hardly struck the water when a shark got him. We never saw Jimmy again.

After that, we boys never went into the ocean, but did our swimming inside the walls of a ruined calcium plant whose foundation was built in the water. There were several small openings that let in the water in which we did our swimming. On one occasion I dove in, and felt something grab my left leg. I caught hold of the wall, and screamed at the top of my voice. A workman who had been using an axe came to help me. He found that an octopus had wound its tentacles around my leg, and that I was being held there in a death grip. The workman cut the tentacles with his axe, and I had a terrible time tearing them away from my leg. They took some of the flesh with them. I still have the scars.

A SHATTERED ILLUSION

By Alla Nazimova

ALLA NAZIMOVA

THAT it should have become comedy to me with the passing of years, a veiled nothing at the moment of tragedy when it occurred,—and shattered forever a cherished illusion.

We all cherished it—we young girls of the dramatic school of Moscow,—the illusion that a great actor must play his part with every fibre of his soul and body thrilled by inspiration. Ah, yes, to be a real actor one must actually LIVE one's rôle always!

There was one great actor, the greatest at the Imperial Theatre, whom we decided to honor on the day of his Jubilee. Our class chose four of us to go to the theatre where he was appearing in his best part "King Richard III," and to present him with a bouquet from his admirers in the school. There was a speech, too—praising him for upholding the traditions of the stage, etc., etc., etc., and I was to be spokesman.

I stood in the wings of the theatre, awestruck by the solemnity of our mission and by the tense interest of the "big scene." I realized that our hero would in a moment stand before us, exhausted by the demands made upon him by his great rôle, but perhaps graciously rising above his exhaustion to listen to my humble praise.

Thrilled, I heard his tragic despair:

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field:

'Five have I slain to-day, instead of him—

"A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for a horse!"

..... and then he strode off-stage, toward us, panting and still trembling with intense emotion.

He stopped abruptly, looked about an empty table crowded with props and said in the most casual tone: "Who in hell took my cigar? I left it right here!"

I dropped my bouquet.

AN UNFORGETABLE PREMIERE

By Hazel Dawn

HAZEL DAWN

MY appearance in "The Pink Lady" at the new Amsterdam Theatre in New York in 1911 was the turning point of my career on the stage. But the incident I regard as the most striking of my life took place later in London.

After a most successful run in this country, "The Pink Lady" was taken to London in 1912. On the night of April 8th, of that year, we opened at the Globe Theatre on Shaftsbury Avenue.

I will never forget the pleasure of that night. I had left London practically unknown. When I returned in "The Pink Lady" I was given an ovation.

After the performance I had to hire a moving van to take my flowers from the theatre to the hotel. And what pleased me the most was that Lily Elsie and other English girls I had known in more obscure days were among those who had remembered me most kindly.

ELEPHANTS AND THRILLS

By DeWolf Hopper

DEWOLF HOPPER

THE most thrilling moment of my life was not the day I saw my first World Series. Neither was it the day when I recited "Casey at the Bat" for the first time on any stage, nor yet when I contracted matrimony for the first, second, third, fourth, or last time.

It remained for Jennie, the five-ton Hippodrome elephant who is now playing ingenue rôles with me in "Everything," to give me the real thrill, when she first towered above me, sitting on the little red tub on which she maintains a precarious balance.

I had all the sensations of a drowning man going down for the last time. How long could the giant pachyderm defy all the laws of gravitation and remain seated on an object which looked to my excited eyes about the size of a silver dollar, without falling and smashing me.

Only after a dreadful moment in which I vainly tried to recall the greatest sins of my life did I realize that Jennie was onto her job. Firmly as the Rock of Gibraltar she remained poised on her little tub, her paws gracefully in air, while I remained silhouetted against her glowing north eastern facade.

In an excess of gratitude I reached out a shaking hand and gave Jennie two tremendous pats on her exotic tummy—and now the darned old elephant won't get down without those two pats. If I forget them she sits like a graven image on her tub and holds up the show.

William Courtenay as Baldasarre, the bandit chief, disguised as the new Governor of Santo, and Sidonie Espero as Teresa, whom he has come to rescue from captivity

Act II in "The Maid of the Mountains" recently at the Casino

Jennie (Alice Brady) and Ted (Conrad Nagel), the youthful lovers in Owen Davis' play, which opened the new Central Theatre

Photos White

Donald Brian and some of the girls in the musical hit "The Girl Behind the Gun" at the New Amsterdam

MUSIC AND DRAMA IN PASSING SHOWS

NEW YORK WELCOMES OPERA IN ENGLISH

The Society of American Singers opens successful season at the Park

THE Society of American Singers, in the first weeks of this season, came, saw and conquered. In a season distinguished for an already great strain financially on the majority of persons, audiences of good size attended performances in English, most of them, and given by Americans or Americanized singers. Also, these audiences manifested enthusiasm, at times a noisy delight, at the work of such well-known and well-loved artists as Maggie Teyte, Henri Scott, Riccardo Martin, David Bispham, Marguerite Sylva; such promising and clever débutantes as Blanche Da Costa, Ruth Miller, Bianca Saroya, and Craig Campbell. The singing of John Hand, the new tenor, evoked perhaps less enthusiasm than his somewhat glowingly worded advance notices led the hearers to expect.

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MAGGIE TEYTE
as Mignon

©Mishkin

MARGUERITE SYLVA
as Carmen

JOHN HAND
(Tenor)

Maggie Teyte's delightful Mignon, like her charming Antonio, is well known to a public which took her to its heart some years ago. "Mignon," by the way, was chosen as the opening opera of the first week, and an excellent choice it was. The proper "opera comique" note was struck and sustained throughout by a cast in the main excellent. Miss Teyte's Mignon, in singing appearance, dramatic skill and diction, added to the admiration which has always been hers for her interpretation of this rôle. Ruth Miller's Filina was charmingly sung and acted; Henri Scott, as Lothario, scored a success, and Carl Formes' Jarno indicated his steady advance as an artist.

Perhaps "Carmen" touched the high-water mark in the excellence of the Society's performances; without doubt "The Daughter of the Regiment" reached the lowest. In the former, the now famous Carmen of Marguerite Sylva, who sang the rôle for the three hundred and fiftieth time, was almost disputed, in its interest for the audience, by Riccardo Martin's Don José. The efficient, yet always artistically subtle interpretations, which have distinguished Henri Scott's work ever since his introduction to the public, marked his Escamilla and received tumultuous applause. Minor rôles, sung by Florence Mulford, Franklin Riker, Walter Green and Howard White, were capably filled in the "Carmen" performances, and the Micaela of Ruth Miller, in its sweetness and purity of tone, no less than in the attractiveness with which she invested her rôle, deserves especial attention. Richard Hageman's conducting of the performance, marked with spirit as it was, yet regarded always the lovely coloring and the subtlety of the Bizet score. Miss Sylva's Carmen, before referred to, is always one of the finest impersonations of this character before the public.

In the old days of the "star system," it would have carried the performance on its merits alone. The singers departed from the rule of 'opera in the vernacular" so far as to give this work in French.

"The Daughter of the Regiment" suffered rather at the hands of the librettist than in those of the interpreters, but the general effect of the performance was in some ways less pleasing than any of the other offerings of the company. Bringing this opera's lines "up-to-date" is a risky process, one attended with a certain amount of difficulty as regards the subsequent interpretation, even by artists not experienced in the rôles; even more, usually in the case of those long experienced in the older version. Not so with David Bispham. That war horse among baritones and operatic actors quite carried the house by storm. In fact, the whole production drew stability and success from his presence, with its splendid authority of song and the perfect ease of his acting. His interpolation of "The Marseillaise" brought down the house. Bianca Saroya, as Maria, somewhat lacking in the visualization of the rôle, sang with good control though without any extraordinary richness of tone. Craig Campbell's Tony was marked by more dramatic activity than by unusual vocal beauty; but as regards both his and Miss Saroya's interpretation, due allowance must be made for inexperience. Mr. Hadley's conducting showed, as always, his fine musicianly appreciation and an excellent command of his forces.

Comparatively few general criticisms need be made of the Society's work this year. Such defects as marred their performances were more or less inseparable from easily-understood conditions; a few cried for remedy. Long intermissions, for example, were marked as a defect of the Society's productions. That this particular defect has long been the operagoer's bugbear, having disfigured performances of other

White

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN SINGERS IN "MIGNON" AS PRESENTED AT THE PARK

THE MINUET

(Right)

Kitty Gladney and Charles Derickson

(Below)

Edythe Whitney as June Elvidge

(Below)

Louise Saunders as Drama

THE "revue" has become one of our theatrical institutions, but the management of the Palais Royal has succeeded in putting over something different. The attractiveness of the new bill at this popular "restaurant theatre" is proven by the crowds that flock to see it. "The Spice of Life," in addition to being well staged, is smartly costumed and exudes an atmosphere of elegance, very soothing to the frayed out nerves of the tired business man. One may partake either of dinner or supper served in a way to satisfy the most exacting Lucullus, without being compelled to disgorge in one day his weekly allowance

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"THE SPICE OF LIFE" ATTRACTS CROWDS TO THE PALAIS ROYAL

companies of greater size and much greater fame, did not alter the effect it produced, as it invariably does, on the audience. A perfection of *ensemble* perhaps could not be looked for under the circumstances; the artists, many of whom were also inexperienced, had not that ease and confidence in one another's support which can only result from years of work together by the same artists on the same rôles, even on the same stages. But, for attention to details of costuming and scenery; for good, or at the least, conscientious chorus work; for an earnest desire on the part of the principals to give of their best to an audience not only kindly but appreciative, the performances were noteworthy.

The second week had promised the "Tales of Hoffman" with Maggie Teyte as Antonia, Bianca Saroya as Giulietta, Ruth Miller as Olympia, with Riccardo Martin and Henri Scott respectively assuming the rôles of Hoffman and Dr. Miracle. An additionally interesting feature scheduled was Kathleen Howard's appearance as the violiniste Nicklausse. This was however postponed to Tuesday, October 10.

Following the example of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a series of Sunday evening concerts has been scheduled, to be directed by Henry Hadley. The first of these took place before a good-sized audience on Sunday evening, September 30, at the Park Theatre. Florence Hinkle Witherspoon, soprano, sang the *"Depuis le jour"* aria from "Louise" exquisitely and with fine effect *"In the Time of Roses,"* Spoff's *"Yesterday and To-day"* and Woodman's *"Lives in My Heart."* Max Gegna, 'cellist, played several numbers; Craig Campbell sang *"Che Gelida Manina"* from "La Bohème"; and, with Ruth Miller, Viola Robertson and Carl Formes, the famous quartet from "Rigoletto." Besides the Liszt *"Les Preludes,"* the orchestra played admirably two of Mr. Hadley's own compositions, *"The Angelus,"* a melodious and well-written bit of music from his own symphony; and the prelude to *"Azora."*

A large audience heard the second Sunday concert on October 6, the feature of which was a new suite of Mr. Hadley's, *"Silhouettes,"* given for the first time. While the Spanish and Egyptian movements seemed informed with an especial charm, the work as a whole appealed greatly to the audience.

Mary Kent delighted the hearers with the famous contralto aria *"Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix"* from Saint-Saëns' *"Samson et Dalila"*; the singer's voice possessing an especially rich and sympathetic quality. In encore she sang *"Robin Adair."* David Bispham once more demonstrated the reason for his exceptional place in the esteem of American audiences, by his singing of the prologue from "Pagliacci." His addition of *"America"* and *"La Marseillaise"* struck the patriotic note to the delight and enthusiasm of the hearers. Franklin Riker sang a group of songs effectively. The orchestra under Dr. Hadley held to the high standard of work which has distinguished it throughout.

In this connection, it is interesting to note a recent editorial in the *New York Globe,* commending the course of the Society in "putting into execution," as the writer remarks, "its idea of providing New York with a comic opera company similar to the Paris Opéra Comique. Such a company would take upon itself the production of the lighter and more intimate operas, and, when once established, could relieve the big Metropolitan of the duty of handling many works which are really ill-adapted to performance in a large auditorium. New York would thus possess two lyric theatres dividing between them according to suitability the operatic repertory.

"Toward this commendable end the Society of American Singers is shaping its course in wise fashion. Learning from the mistake of the New Theatre venture, the Society has not begun by building a costly theatre and setting up a new rendezvous of fashion. Its first solicitude has been to gather a company and a repertory. While these are being perfected any one of a score of theatres will do. When the venture shall have established itself will be time enough to consider a home for the organization.

"Although a belief seems to be general that in the case of a comic opera theatre in this country the performances ought to be in the English language, the directors of the present venture have no intention of sacrificing success to a theory. It is with the public that must rest the final verdict as to whether all performances are to be given in English, or some or all in the original tongues, and the public will have the opportunity to decide.

"Altogether the Society of American Singers is going about its task along the lines of discretion and common sense that are likeliest to lead it to success. It is almost superfluous to point out that the project deserves the cordial and active support of the music-loving and theatre-going public of New York."

HIS LETTERS HOME

The true feelings of the hero and the villain as revealed in their correspondence

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

(When he was playing the part of the villain so capably the audience hissed at his every appearance on the stage.)

DEAREST MARY—I am sorry not to send you your full allowance this week, but, hang it all, I just couldn't refuse to chip in to help Smith. After he broke his leg, the baby died, and then his wife took sick and is in a hospital, so when the subscription paper started around I gave half my week's wages. I am going without lunches to break even, but that won't hurt as I was getting too fat to be a good villain. What worries me is that the limited allowance may pinch you and the babies. Well, thank God, we've got them, anyhow. Poor Smith lost his.

With kisses all around,

JOHN.

* * *

(When he was the matinee idol.)

DEAR MARY—I am sending you a lot of photographs foolish girls have sent me. Every girl thinks I have her picture, and hers alone—on my dresser. I thought perhaps you could paste them into a funny sort of scrap-book and give it to Alice on her birthday, as a souvenir of her father's amusing experiences. To think I have a daughter of seventeen! I can't believe it.

Yesterday the manager asked me to make a speech between acts. "Tell them," he said, "that you have never married because you love all of them too well to love one any better than the others. That sort of dope, you know." I did it, and, by George, the box receipts to-day were doubled. And I'm the father of seven. I can just see you smiling as you read.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

* * *

(When he was the dauntless hero, killing seven men single-handed in the second act.)

DEAR MARY—Just a note. Sorry the plumber is asking so much, but suggest that you pay him in full. It is robbery, but it costs too much to go to law, and I am too much afraid of his fists to try to settle when I get home.

Hurriedly,

JOHN.

* * *

(When his love-making was causing all the women in the audience to rapturously sigh.)

DEAR MARY—I am too tired to-night to write. This love business on the stage sickens me. I said to her to-night, and by "her" I mean that bleached up nut they have made leading lady, "If you don't stop eating garlic I won't kiss you again, even if it spoils the act. You smell like Italy." She complained to the manager, but Hartly's a good old scout and he has ordered her to cut the garlic out. "It's John's love-making," he says he told her, "that makes the act, not yours. He can fold a dummy from a dry goods store to his breast in a way that fills the house with skirts. You just cut all smelly-food, and put a little perfume on your lips occasionally. It's a tough part for John, and it is up to you to make it as easy as possible."

Dear, I wish I had you and the kids here with me.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

* * *

(When he was the hard-hearted father who drove his daughter from home for marrying against his wishes. This is a night letter.)

MRS. JOHN MANNERS, Detroit, Mich.—Broken-hearted because Alice eloped, but don't let her know it. If she has made a mistake, we have to stand by her, for she is ours, isn't she? Take both of them home, and make them welcome.

JOHN.

* * *

(At the end of a season of wrecking homes.)

DEAREST MARY—Season ends in Frisco next week, and I'll take the first train home after that. I have been so home-sick I just stand around on street corners and watch the kiddies with their mothers and fathers, and want to bellow like a school boy because I am so far away from all who belong to me. Home! Why, I could just write tons of poetry about it. It's wonderful how love of home gets under a man's ribs.

Kisses for all,

JOHN.

Photos White

JULIA HAY AND ROBERT HUDSON
IN "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE"

EVA WILLIAMS, ARTHUR AYLESWORTH AND
LEILA FROST IN "SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"

Stanley Harrison Mary Servoss Leon Gordon Betram Marburgh

Act III. Captain Bennett, V. C., turns the tables on the German spies

SCENE IN "WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

COMEDY, FARCE AND SPIES HOLD THE BOARDS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Matzene

(Left)

CONRAD NAGEL

WHO plays Ted in "Forever After" is a native of Iowa, and got his experience in stock. When William Elliott gave up his role of Youth in "Experience," it was Mr. Nagel who succeeded him. Later, he went into pictures, from which he was rescued by W. A. Brady who engaged him to support his daughter

(Right)

EDGAR STEHLI

WHOSE work as Hank in "Jonathan Makes a Wish" attracted much attention, was born in France. Three years ago he joined the Stuart Walker organization. In one summer he ran the gamut that lies between the German inventor in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and the gentle old Sam Graham in "The Fortune Hunter." Before his association with Mr. Walker he was one of "Arsène Lupin" and "The Country Boy" companies

Matzene

Ira

JANE OAKER

WHO plays the divorcee with such quaint humor in "Lightnin'," came from society to the stage. She was a St. Louis girl, granddaughter of the tobacco magnate, Christian Peper. Miss Oaker made her début with Lotta James and Katherine Kidder in Shakespearian repertoire. She was seen in various rôles in "The Pet," "Love Among the Lions," "The Silver Girl," and "Everywoman." It was in "The Dummy" that Miss Oaker's mother was revealed for in that play her first comedy rôle was granted her. She says she will cleave to comedy as the Bible advises women to cleave to their husbands and for the recommended term

Sarony

MARGARET LAWRENCE

NOT a new face on Broadway, but one that has been eclipsed for nearly seven years, by marriage. Not that it shone less exquisitely on the domestic stage, but its lustre was for an audience of one. Margaret Lawrence's dramatic star rose on Broadway as the skittish stage bride in Philip Bartholomae's farce "Over Night." It set when she became the real bride of Orson D. Munn, Lieutenant Commander in the United States Service. Miss Lawrence lends her youthful cleverness and loveliness to "Tea for Three" because hubby is of necessity away from home. Furthermore she is actuated by the general American spirit "Everyone do something"

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

PLYMOUTH. "REDEMPTION." Drama in eleven scenes by Tolstoi. Produced on October 3 with this cast:

Anna Pavlovna	Beatrice Moreland
Elizaveta	Maude Hanaford
Sasha	Margaret Partington
Fedor	John Barrymore
Sophia	Zeffie Tilbury
Victor	Manart Kippen
Prince Sergius	Russ Whytal
Afremov	Tom Reynolds
Ivan Makarovitch	Jacob Kingsberry
Natasia Ivanovna	Helen Westley
Masha	Mona Hungerford
Ivan	Hubert Druce
Tarashkov	E. J. Ballantine
Attorney	Thomas Mitchell
Voznesenski	Ernest Hoffmann
Magistrate	Charles Kennedy
Secretary to the Magistrate	Robert Dunbar
Lawyer	William J. McFarlane
Perwolskie	Arthur Clare
A Maid	Rose Winslow
A Nurse	Gladys Fairbanks
Masha, first act	Helen Gardiner
Masha, second act	Jane Bartlett

I ADMIT I like unusual plays, not for a steady diet, but the exotic and the bizarre appeal to me. I hope there are a lot of my way of thinking for Arthur Hopkins deserves well of the public for his temerity. The man who produces Tolstoi's "The Living Corpse," these days, certainly has his nerve with him. I wish success to the production, too, on John Barrymore's account, a young actor, who, vivid in his interest of big things, plays the protagonist of this particularly morbid play, now called "Redemption," in the manner of a true artist.

"Redemption" is the story of an artistic sensual weakling told in a series of episodes that show his gradual decline, ending in utter degradation and suicide. Its effect on his wife and friends is collaterally revealed. It is graphic, varied and heroic and psychologically introspective in its study of the lack of will. It contains at least two flashes of propaganda, the futility of the indissoluble tie of matrimony as imposed by the orthodox church and the oppression of stupidly constituted authority. It is impressive in its simplicity and exploited by suggestion rather than by detailed literary analysis.

As a production "Redemption" is quite remarkable in its atmospheric verity, attained too by the simplest means ingeniously devised by Robert Edmond Jones. Throughout, is the absolute suggestion of Russia, heightened by the continuous accompaniment of Slavic music. The company, too, is a large one and of unusual excellence.

Fedor is an acting part of the first magnitude. Some of its phases escape Barrymore, but in three scenes he reveals a histrionic grasp that shows the wonderful and impressive strides that he has made in his profession. His drunken scene with the gypsies, his recital in the underground slums of his mordant philosophy of love, hate, life and death, and his outburst of latent decency prior to the suicide he shied at earlier, betokened evidences of the big dramatic manner. Mr. Barrymore is distinctly arriving.

Russ Whytal, as the elderly friend, and Zeffie Tilbury, as mother of the young man who marries Fedor's wife, when he is believed to be dead, were admirable in their natural sweetness and dignity. Hubert Druce, as a drunken egoist, who styled himself a genius, brought a refreshing breath of comic variety to the scene, while the Tzigane parents of Fedor's enslaving influence, were characteristically presented by Jacob Kingsberry and Helen Westley. There was real charm and nobleness in Manart Kippen's rendering of the devoted lover, while two bits of realistic Russian character were contributed by E. J. Ballantine and Thomas Mitchell. As the distracted wife Maude Hanaford was engagingly pathetic. Mona Hungerford was the Tzigane syren.

EMPIRE. "THE SAVING GRACE." Comedy in three acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced on September 30, with this cast:

Blinn Corbett	Cyril Maude
William Hogg	William Devereux
Percy Guildford	Edward Douglas
Mrs. Corbett	Laura Hope Crews
Susan Blaine	Cathleen Nesbitt
Mrs. Guildford	Charlotte Granville
Ada Parsons	Annie Hughes

BY all means the most captivating light comedy that New York has witnessed in several seasons is "The Saving Grace," which Haddon Chambers wrote for Cyril Maude. It is furnished with a set of characters who are both credible and interesting and whose conversation is constantly amusing.

Blinn Corbett, known in South Africa by civilians as "Fighting" Blinn, by soldiers as "Bloody" Blinn, has been cashiered for eloping with the colonel's lady and thus rescuing her from a brutal husband. And so the great war finds Corbett without a command and penniless because his business ventures are a trifle too imaginative.

When the purposed marriage of the wife's niece to a wealthy neighbor's son seems impossible, and when Corbett's request for reinstatement in the army has been turned down, he goes off to London with his butler to enlist. Meanwhile, the wife and the niece practice a little diplomacy which restores the rejected old warrior to his former rank. And the saving grace of humor in him wins over the wealthy neighbor so that the young folks may wed.

This simple tale is told with no extraordinary brilliancy of dialogue, but with that good breeding that is so rare on our stage and with unfailing spirit and good humor. The central figure is deftly characterized, a full-length portrait of a decidedly human person whose weaknesses merely serve to make him the more [illegible]. The [illegible] Maude a perfect opportunity to display his gifts for subtle and polished character acting.

He is closely seconded by Laura [illegible] Barrieque wife, overflowing with material tenderness and delightful feminine illogic. As the niece, Cathleen Nesbitt shows unguessed talent as a *comédienne*, and Edward Douglas is a delight in his characterization of the cheerful young idiot who falls in love with Susan Blaine.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "TEA FOR THREE." Play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced on September 19, with this cast:

The Friend	Arthur Byron
The Wife	Margaret Lawrence
The Husband	Frederick Perry
The Maid	Kathryn Keyes
The Valet	William Pearson

IN the world of pure comedy one must go back a long way to find an equal for "Tea for Three," which is a big hit at Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

Roi Cooper Megrue, the author, acknowledges that a play by Charles Sladen gave him inspiration for certain episodes. Be that as it may, the result is one of cheerful delight. The play is a mental oasis in a desert of [illegible]

As the title suggests, it is simply a variation of the well-worked triangle, but the treatment is so fresh, the handling so expert, the interest so sustained, the dialogue so bright and witty, that it all takes on the spirit of true novelty. There is only one flaw. It's conclusion is obvious ten minutes before the final curtain. What happens in that interim is only anti-climax, and mars an almost perfect piece of its kind.

The acting is of a high order of excellence. As the platonic friend, cold and contained, yet warm and pulsating, the master of himself, of the situation, and of the overlooked and bored wife's admiration—The Friend—suggests a modified Anatole. Arthur Byron acts with a sure and firm touch, a fine sense of comedy, and an authority that carries conviction.

The husband, not bad at heart, but narrow in his view of life, is well sustained by Frederick Perry. In this almost tragic episode between the two men, and in his subsequent scene of mental anguish, he plays with undeniable conviction.

The wife is a perfectly charming creation at the hands of Margaret Lawrence. It is so absolutely true and natural, so spontaneous and genuine, that it gives no impression of acting. She is the real thing.

COMEDY. "An Ideal Husband." Comedy in four acts, by Oscar Wilde. Produced on September 16, with this cast:

Lady Chiltern	Beatrice Beckley
Mrs. Marchmont	Elizabeth Deimel
Lady Basildon	Merle Maddern
Viscomte de Nanjac	George Hayes
The Earl of Caversham	Cyril Harcourt
Mabel Chiltern	Gretchen Yates
Lady Markbey	Alice Gordon
Mrs. Cheveley	Constance Collier
Mr. Montford	S. V. Phillips
Count Strelic	Vincent Sartori
Sir Robert Chiltern	Norman Trevor
Lord Goring	Julian L'Estrange
Phipps	Henry Crocker
Mason	Alfred Helton

IN the makeup of a play I confess that form and dignity of expression appeal to me. That is why I put myself on record as highly recommending the revival of "An Ideal Husband."

Although revised since its original composition, some twenty-five years ago, it proves that dramatic craftsmanship has improved since then. But it is an excellent play, according to the lights of its time, and still is, for it tells a good, human story of man's weakness, detailed by dialogue of a literary quality and punctuated with that scintillant wit of which its author was a past master.

The story concerns a certain Lord Chiltern, rich and powerful. His initial start was due to the fact that he sold a state secret. How this secret rises up at the hands of a polished adventuress to threaten his political supremacy and his wife's love, is the basis of the plot, worked out with a full appreciation of dramatic effects.

The women, to my mind, bear off the honors. The adventuress, as acted by Constance Collier, is boldly conceived, and carried out with dashing execution, while the trusting wife, albeit just a trifle priggish, is expressed with a refined feminine skill that denotes the high-bred woman and the idealistic wife. As Lord Goring, the worthy trifler and *raisonneur*, Julian L'Estrange gives an impersonation fraught with social elegance and a sense of imperturbable humor and common sense, quite irresistible.

I thought Norman Trevor's rendering of Lord Chiltern somewhat hard and monotonous. The gossipy, anecdotal and detached Lady Markbey was capitally presented by Alice Augarde Butler. My masculine mind grasped the fact that Miss Collier's last costume was something exquisitely beautiful, while I wish to pay a tribute to the man who redecorated the Comedy Theatre. The true artistic sense is his.

LYRIC. "The Unknown Purple." Play in a prologue and three acts by Roland West and Carlyle Moore. Produced on September 14, with this cast:

Jewel	Helen MacKellar
Bonnie	Marion Kerby
Peter Marchmont	Richard Bennett
James Dawson	Earl Brown
Phelan	E. L. Duane
Bobby Dawson	Arthur LeVien
Ruth Charleton	Lorraine Frost
Richard Bradbury	Edward Van Sloan
George Allison	Frank McCormick
Johnson	Herbert Ashton
The Stranger	V. Cromport
Burton	Curtis Benton

I TRY to be discreet in my use of adjectives, and employ only words which really convey the impression I want to express. Therefore, when I say "The Unknown Purple" is a thriller that thrills, I mean just that. It is a "corker" in its particular line, a gripping, moving melodrama, with a picturesque touch of the supernatural. Roland West wrote the original story, and Carlyle Moore helped him lick it into the acting version that will undoubtedly hold the stage at the Lyric for many a month to come.

An outline of the story is given elsewhere in this issue, and it would be manifestly unfair to tell anything more. Go to the Lyric and see for yourself how ingenious the authors have been in the gripping, exciting exploitation they have made of their original premises. It is splendidly acted throughout, and the electrical effects are managed with a skill that convincingly enhances the illusion.

Richard Bennett is the sweet, amiable, gullible inventor of the prologue and the suave, polished, implacable nemesis of the later scenes. In either phase he is finely successful. An impressive bit of emotional work is contributed by Earle Brown, as the lover. The ex-convict butler is impressively personated by Herbert Ashton; Bradbury, an imposed on friend with nice feeling, by Edward Van Sloan, while the "society" detective becomes a real figure in the hands of Frank McCormick. Helen McKellar, as the selfish, faithless wife, and Lorraine Frost, as her antithetical sister, are eminently satisfying.

SELWYN. "Information, Please!" Comedy in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Morrow	Helen Salinger
Sir John Desmond	Orme Caldara
Lady Betty Desmond	Jane Cowl
Ivy Druce	Viola Compton
Simpson	Hetty Graham
Edith Bacon	Blanche Yurka
Sir George	Henry Stephenson
Gerald Forrester	Robert Rendel
Smithers	Clifford Brook
Meggs	Harry Hanlon
Ralph Morse	Malcolm Duncan
Bell Boy	Jack McKee
Tom Morgan	Alan Brooks
Frederick Coningsby	Cecil Owen
Pierre	Jules Epailly

LONG since assured of her ability to move audiences to tears, Jane Cowl, at the new Selwyn, is now out to prove that she is equally proficient in the art of comedy.

Her new medium, of which she herself and Jane Murfin are the authors, is frankly farcical and deals with "high society," for she of the lustrous orbs plays the petulant, whimsical but truly feminine wife of a titled Irish M. P., so engaged in his political duties that he neglects his better half.

To cure him, she engages in a desperate flirtation and after a quarrel with him, elopes. Compromising as it all is, she, nevertheless, after considerable farcical intrigue, clears her skirts and all ends happily.

Always suggesting "Divorçons," "Françillon," "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Benefit of the Doubt," it is of its kind alone in the very marked spirit of its American treatment. It is often amusing and has bright lines; its general rendering, however, hardly suggests the milieu intended.

Miss Cowl is American to the core, but she plays Lady Betty with sure and sound comedy effects. As a middle-aged polite rounder, Henry Stephenson acts with distinction and fine humor. The new theatre is one of unusual beauty and splendidly appointed as to physical comfort and convenience.

CRITERION. "THE AWAKENING." Drama in three acts and an epilogue by Ruth Sawyer. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Prince Alexis	Wilton Lackaye
Mikail	Theodore Kosloff
Ivan	Henry B. Walthall
Rupert Leighton	Leonard Willie
Roger Penfield	Oscar G. Briggs
Lucien Thibault	Howard Boulden
Chas. Saurel	Edwin Beryl
Louis Le Cleve	Harry Sothern
Maurice De Brissac	Bennett Kilpack
Zametoff	Luray Butler
General Petain	G. R. Post
Pierre	Chas. Eaton
Sergei	Harry Sothern
Flora Tamar	Khyva St. Albans
Fitzgerald	Frederick Walter
Princess Maria	Gilda Varesi
Mrs. Lewiston	Laura Burt
Sybil Lewiston	Shirley Carter
Louise Saurel	Agnes Ruge
Vigee Delvair	Betty Prescott
Clarice	Mary L. Wilson

THE only way I can explain "The Awakening" is to assume that Khyva St. Albans and Theodore Kosloff wanted a play written around their well-known Russian dancing abilities, and they decided that Ruth Sawyer might as well do it. At all events, the net total of the transaction is the most lugubrious chapter in the history of metropolitan drama since "Mother's Liberty Bond."

It isn't necessary to relate the nebulous plot. Incidentally the piece seemed to possess all the elements of an up-to-date popular success, viz., kiddies, spies, and amnesia.

Wilton Lackaye made a forbidding Russian prince. H. B. Walthall did most of the real acting as a Siberian exile. Mr. Kosloff and Miss St. Albans are excellent dancers.

HARRIS. "SOME NIGHT." Musical comedy in three acts by Harry Delf. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

John Hardy	Forrest Winant
Robert	Charles Welsh-Homer
Mrs. Hardy	Camilla Crume
Marjorie	Grace Edmond
Daisy	Anna Fredricks
Bobby	Harry Lambert
Joe	Louis Simon
Dorothy Wayne	Roma June
Madden	Thomas H. Walsh
Joe Scanlon	James C. Marlowe
Henry Spiffens	Charles W. Meyers

"SOME NIGHT" must be classed among the early season plays that missed fire. Described as a comedy with music, it was a nondescript production of the usual hackneyed type. The plot was fairly interesting but there was much forced hilarity in the humorous situations. The only novelty was the chorus, the individual members of which did individual stunts on their own initiative. The music, while not original, contained some catchy numbers.

KNICKERBOCKER. "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE." Melodramatic comedy in four acts, by Larry Evans, Walter Percival and George S. Kaufman. Produced on September 9, with this cast:

McVeigh	Joseph Woodburn
Snowie	Edwin Redding
The Deacon	Wm. B. Mack
English	Dudley Digges
Jimmy Burke	Robert Hudson
Halloran	Sidney Toler
Peter Spencer	Robert Barrat
Freddie Vanderpool	Rex McDougal
Tom Hargraves	John Blair
Gerald Fenshaw	James Dyrenforth
Molly Brant	Julia Hay
Mrs. Glendenning	Lynn Fontanne
J. Percyval Glendenning	Hassard Short
Higgins	Basil West
Roberta Rollings	Mona Kingsley
Malone	John Sparks
Anderson	James Henderson
Coffery	George Andrews
O'Brien	Henry Lawlor
Olson	Thomas Larsen

ONCE it was written, *Omnia gallia est divisa in tres partes.* Now it is the local drama that is divided into three different kinds—mystery comedies, spy plays, and pieces in which the protagonist is a boy.

Of the first *genre* an excellent example is on view at the Knickerbocker, "Someone in the House." Three authors were concerned in its composition. It is a crook play, and the element of suspense is so ingeniously contrived that the final curtain is needed to solve the real status of Jimmy Burke, a thief, whose social graces give him entrée to the best circles. The plot revolves about the theft of a fabulously valuable diamond necklace, brought to a head by an amateur theatrical production.

The satire of this feature is bright and amusing, something on the lines of "The Pantomime Rehearsal." The vacuous importance of the author and the complacent adulation of his adoring wife make for some excellent farcical scenes, acted with rare comic adroitness by Hassard Short and Lynn Fontanne.

The crook is played by Robert Hudson, a young actor, thrust into almost stellar importance by the exigencies of the dramatic profession. He plays it nicely. One with more presence could have made it more fascinating; convincing. His valet, however, was acted with fine nervous intensity by Dudley Digges, and the Deacon, a pawnbroker fence, fell to the capable hands of W. B. Mack. Sidney Toler, as a Police Inspector, and his associate, McVeigh, by Joseph Woodburn, had quite the genuine flavor of Mulberry Street.

The cast throughout was entirely competent, and the settings elaborate.

BELMONT. "CROPS AND CROPPERS." Comedy in three acts by Theresa Helburn. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Annie	Irene Daly
Janie Wimpole	Eleanor Fox
Margot Marbrook	Louise Cook
Peter Weston	Ben Johnson
Allison Marbrook	Eileen Huban
Ray Parcher	Thomas Mitchell
Stetson	J. M. Troughton
Jean	Georges Flateau
Mrs. Bradley	Madeline Valentine
Dr. Truesdale	Vernon Kelso
Stephen Marbrook	Henry Stanford
Mrs. Spencer	Helen Westley
Mrs. Pray	Maud Sinclair
Pete Cobb	Charles Kennedy

THIS comedy, now off the boards, was a satire on the enthusiastic but impractical farmerette, the young woman who would help win the war—at least by her good intentions. Romance was supplied by the employment of a French soldier on leave, suffering from shock, who becomes the man of all work on the little farm.

Although the play failed to please Broadway, Mrs. Helburn shows herself a writer who is to be reckoned on. The story was told with genuine wit and with a very nice appreciation of what really goes to make up life. If this is her first attempt, to my mind it is an admirable one.

Miss Eileen Huban was not at her best as the venturesome farmerette. Comedy is not her forte. Louise Cook, as her sister, gave an admirable interpretation in both spirit and effect, while Georges Flateau brought a real Gallic charm to the part of the farmer poilu.

39TH STREET. "ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES." Comedy in three acts by Laura Hinkley and Mabel Ferris, based upon a story by Miss Hinkley. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Dick	Lionel Atwill
Miss Podmore	Ethel Wilson
Mrs. Wolfe	Lucia Moore
Anne	Carol Lloyd
Hughes	Paul Porter
Dora	Elsie Mackay
Dr. Worrall	George Backus
Slade	Richard Taber
Mr. Wolfe	Aubrey Beattie
Dawson	Erville Alderson
Miles	Cyril Raymond
Mrs. Milson	Gilda Leary

"ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES" is another play that had a brief and inglorious career on Broadway.

A crack on the head changed Richard Trent, a Nebraska newspaperman, to Richard Craven, who, though he had lost his memory, reared a fortune and a home in New York City. Then a railroad wreck gave Richard another crack on the head, and he reverted to Trent with no recollections of Craven. Convalescing in his Craven home, he insisted on his Trentian identity to no avail. The doctor merely looked solemn, and said the poor chap would be all right eventually.

Meanwhile, Trent, having Craven's beautiful young wife on his hands, fell desperately in love with her, but resolved with a breaking heart to do the right thing by Craven. It appeared to the self-denounced impostor that the rightful husband had fled with stolen money, perhaps to another woman; and so for the wife's sake the unwilling intruder had to stay on in the household for upwards of a year.

Finally an old sweetheart of Trent's turned up—herself married for these twelve long years—and helped to demonstrate that Trent and Craven were one and the same.

It was all fairly interesting, but it ran the gamut from farce to near-tragedy, and was further baffling because of the ineptitude of much of the dialogue.

BIJOU. "ONE OF US." Comedy in three acts by Jack Lait, in collaboration with Joseph Swerling. Produced on September 9 with this cast:

David Strong, Jr.	Arthur Ashley
Elsie Strong	Helene Montrose
Cyril Roswell	Murray Stevens
Tony Watson	Millard Vincent
Harry Miller	Frank Livingston
Marie Foley	Ruth Donnelly
"Frisco" Molly	Isabella Jason
"Jazz Joe" Falk	Harry Hart
Joan Grey	Bertha Mann
"Parson" Smith	Harry C. Bradley
"Coast-to-Coast" Taylor,	Charles Gotthold
Mullen	Wm. Balfour
Egan	Stanley Jessup
Barry	Frank Raymond
Mrs. David Strong,	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
A Butler	Williston Haggard

THIS piece had an old idea with more of the new in it, in treatment, than of the old. Efficiency it had, but it lacked sufficiency. A young man of means and social position, announces his intention to marry a girl of a cabaret and to reform her. He has observed her and been attracted to her, without being acquainted with her. It was not wholly clear whether he wanted to reform her from actualities or rescue her from possibilities. The cabaret scene in the opening gave the atmosphere with two specialties that were spiritedly unique. The types and characterizations were to the life as well as of the theatre. Arthur Ashley, the young marrying reformer, adopts Petruchio's methods with Katherine It was good foolery. The girl is tamed, but does not know why and how until the end, when she discovers that her husband is altogether somebody else, in name as well. An odd character is "Parson" Smith, played by Henry C. Bradley, a waiter by profession, at the cabaret, and a preacher by vocation, with a bottle in one hand and the Bible in the other. The "reformed" wife was played by Bertha Mann, who made all the points.

FULTON. "OVER HERE." Play in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey. Produced on September 10 with this cast:

Keever	George Schaefer
Haines	Elmer Grandin
Daggart	Harry Sherwood
Kennth Merrill, Jr.	Ralph Kellard
Adolph Von Hellar	William Ingersoll
Johann Berg	Fred W. Peters
Kenneth Merrill, Sr.	Harry Leighton
Beth Grayling	Lily Cahill
"Cupid" Little	Earle Mitchell
Mrs. Kenneth Merrill, Sr.,	Evelyn Carter Carrington
Karl Von Hellar	Leo Lindhard
An Officer of the U. S. Navy,	Frank E. McDermott

IN the long list of this season's many failures must also be included this piece seen for a short time at the Fulton. The idea of the play is a good one and tolerably new. It has become necessary to show certain young persons who have been inoculated with pacifism what the consequences of the triumph of German frightfulness would mean to themselves. There is a plot within a plot and we see how the lesson is brought home. During our short period of ignorance that it is all make believe for a good purpose those of us who like stirring melodrama and for whom the arm of coincidence never stretches too far, will enjoy the piece.

LYCEUM. "HUMPY - DUMPTY." Comedy in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Albert Mott	Otis Skinner
John Delamothe	Fleming Ward
Hon. Henry Delamothe	Morton Selton
Viscount Loosechanger	Robert Harrison
Higginbotham	Ernest Elton
Jopling	Robert Entwistle
Puttick	William Eville
James Wallop	John Rogers
Sinkins	Walter Scott
Lady Delamothe	Maud Milton
Nancy Delamothe	Ruth Rose
Mrs. Mott	Beryl Mercer
Crissie Parkins	Elizabeth Risdon
Mrs. Rogers	Clara T. Bracy

OTIS SKINNER is the type par excellence of the romantic actor. In "Kismet," "The Honor of the Family" he was inimitable. I do not mean that he should not try other rôles, but from former successes to "Humpty-Dumpty" there is too wide a breach. The part demanded a young comedian with a very light touch. That is not his any more, or maybe never was. In the second act, for instance, when the hairdresser of Swashcombe is transplanted suddenly into the rôle of a Lord of the House, the situation is preposterous. Mr. Skinner is too fine an actor to lower himself to such buffoonery.

But what a delightful actress, how sympathetic and heartrending, was Beryl Mercer as the mother. Nothing finer has been seen in New York in many a day. The rest of the cast were very good indeed.

CASINO. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Musical play in three acts. Book by Frederick Lonsdale, lyrics by Harry Graham, music by Harold Fraser-Simson, additional lyrics by Clifford Harris and Valentine, additional numbers by Jas. W. Tate and Lieut. Gitz Rice. Produced on September 11 with this cast:

Baldasarre	William Courtenay
Tonio	Bert Clark
Beppo	Carl Gantvoort
Carlo	Jackson Hines
Andrea	Victor Leroy
Pietro	M. La Prade
General Malona	William Danforth
Crumpet	Al Roberts
Lieutenant Rugini	John Steel
Mayor of Santo	William Reid
Zacchi	Louis Le Vie
Teresa	Sidonie Espero
Vittoria	Miriam Doyle
Angela	Evelyn Egerton
Gianetta	Gertrude Hamilton
Maria	Mina Davis
Marietta	Marguerite May
Beppiria	Eva Newton
Pepita	Patricia Frewen

WHAT London could see in "The Maid of the Mountains" that is now in its second year there, is only another example of what war can do.

New York, particularly, is ahead of time and the popular musical comedy has long since replaced the old time comic opera.

In "The Maid of the Mountains" we have the reincarnation of the band of brigands with its amorous, fearless, careless chief who is ready to risk imprisonment for the sake of his love. Notwithstanding the fact that the Maid of the Mountains does not hide her love, he falls to the charm and beauty of the governor's daughter. Of course, everybody knows that he will finally come to his senses and find out who is who and what is what.

(Concluded on page 312)

Mabel: "You silly Arthur! It's a public scandal the way I adore you."

Gretchen Yates Julian L'Estrange

Mrs. Chevely: "Even you are not rich enough to buy back your past. No man is."

Constance Collier Norman Trevor

Photos White

Beatrice Beckley Norman Trevor

Lady Chiltern: "Yes, write the word dishonest. She knows what that word means."

Julian L'Estrange Norman Trevor Cyril Harcourt

Lord Goring: "But it is after seven, and my doctor says I must not have any serious conversation after seven. It makes me talk in my sleep."

OSCAR WILDE'S "AN IDEAL HUSBAND" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

CLOTHES AND THE DRAMA

Actresses who have sprung into fame because of individuality in dressing

By MILDRED CRAM

IS an actress pretty? Is she young? Is she well-dressed? Ah, then her battle is half-won. Nowadays you may be *jolie laide*, you may have only an ounce of the pure essence of genius, but if you possess the secret of the *chic* you can go far, very far indeed. Ugliness in itself is not alluring, but witty ugliness, well-dressed ugliness, is irresistible.

Mistinguette will go down in our theatrical memories as a tiny monkey of a woman who made capital of her ugliness, as La Polaire and Ethel Levey do. Fritzi Scheff understood the lure of her tip-tilted nose. And Yvette Guilbert—who will ever forget her gaunt plainness and the long black gloves and that inspired "débutante slouch"—curved back, swinging arms and sagging knees, the weary, tragic, vastly humorous insouciance of the Parisian *gamine?* If Yvette's modern red curls and cap are not so famous, it is the fault of a public too lazy or too hurried to cherish such divine foolishness.

Not a few actresses have sprung into fame because of their clothes or their lack of them. Some happy trick of originality or daring or beauty has elevated many an obscure player to stardom. Every one remembers Irene Castle's dizzy leap to the Parnassian pinnacle on the wings of docked hair, a Dutch cap and a pair of long satin slippers! Gaby's monstrous feathers, her exotic crowns of paradise and aigrette made her famous long before foolish young kings smiled into her eyes. A Salvation Army bonnet earned a fortune for Edna May. Mèrode was internationally conspicuous because she parted her hair in the middle and wore it over her ears. And Fannie Ward has stamped herself on the public retina by wearing strings of fabulous pearls, each one as big as a hen's egg.

CLOTHES can be witty and poetic, full of emotional meanings. They can reflect the spirit of the woman who wears them. They can be fiery, electric, as multifarious as a prism, as vital as one's own skin. Or they can be dull, dowdy, unpleasant, a false note in the symphony of light within the proscenium.

There have been unforgettable stage costumes. Jones' delicious dress made of yellow suède, which moved across the stage during the performance of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," will live as long as our memory of the modern theatre. So will the "Sheherezade" of Bakst and the "pale green nymphs" in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" and the crinolines of Ethel Barrymore's "Camille." Mary Garden's "Salomé" will outlive our memory of a dozen operatic daughters of Herodias who have not understood, as Garden does, the strange beauty of smooth, red hair, a pallid face and the Biblical shift sans spangles, sans girdle, sans Teutonic embellishment. In Paris, Ida Rubenstein has worn gowns as strange as Ravel's music, as haunting as the verses of Verlaine, as provoking as the cubistic vorticisms of the modern painters. Rubenstein's costumes are made from the fabric of dreams, outlandish, beautiful and mysterious.

Very few American actresses know how to dress for the stage with consistent art and individuality. Yet nearly all of our actresses are well-dressed. An actress should have an innate sense of the spiritual quality of clothes. A fashionable gown destroys the spirit of tragedy, perhaps because fashion is nothing less than a witty commentary on the caprices of society. Farce, on the other hand, may be as *chic* as you like. But comedy, unless it be very sophisticated, should not be too fashionable. Whimsical comedy, subtle comedy, poetic comedy, must be gowned discreetly, with intelligence, simplicity and restraint.

Perhaps that is why Maude Adams has always preferred to be unfashionable. She is a disembodied spirit who has the fairy gift of invisibility. She would be quite at a loss in Mrs. Pat Campbell's chiffons, or wearing Grace George's very modern clothes. Maude Adams has never set the fashion as Lily Langtry did for so many years in England, as Monda Delza did in France before the war. Billie Burke and Irene Castle bear that burden here.

MRS. FISKE is another American actress who refuses to be smart. In "Erstwhile Susan" her coiffure was very droll and the cut of that first-act gown was deliciously funny. Yet Mrs. Fiske has never made the most of her hair and eyes, perhaps because she reasons that while many women have hair and eyes, personality is rare. One thinks of her in awful hats, in dowdy gowns, confused confections of lace and ribbon—and always the little flickering fan! If she should attempt to wear Emily Stevens' ultra satins, the Fiske charm, that perverse and bird-like intelligence, might lose its peculiar flavor.

Like Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske is a fashionable law unto herself. Bernhardt's clothes were as wilful as her temper. Her very hats were emotional. She wore enormous, boned collars, fantastic *ruches* so stiff and high that she could scarcely turn her head. From these skyscraper swathings her face rose like an exotic flower—an intentional effect, of course. She cared nothing for fashion, or else could not attain it. She exploited her pallor when rosy cheeks and quick blushes were made imperative by a sentimental Victorian court. Her clothes were morbid, eccentric, essentially Bernhardt . . .

No one has ever done it quite so well although Nazimova apes the divine Sarah's sinuosity whenever she can. In the prehistoric "Comet" and in "Hedda Gabler," Nazimova poured her nervous self into snakelike sheathings which made her unpleasantly like a wet codfish. Now she has docked her hair. What next? Gestures! Gestures, all of them.

DUSE understood herself and her public. Her gowns were as sombre and austere as the legendary Duse temperament. She cared nothing for personal adornment. Her slovenly costumes were picturesque; they never interfered with Duse's harmonious, poetic and tragic self. She did not wear jewels; her hair was often untidy; she despised the *chic*, disdainful of anything which might detract from the lucid simplicity of her acting. In watching her one was conscious only of her face, her eyes, her expressive hands. Duse in a smart hat and a French gown is unthinkable. One remembers her in the loose, straight robes and the full sleeves of "La Gioconda" and "La Città Morta." As to style, color or fabric, one has forgotten. It did not matter what "Francesca" wore but rather what she said and how she moved. Duse was always Duse *delle belle mani*, she who could make d'Annunzio's very silences beautifully audible.

Lenore Ulric costumes her emotional young self daringly; she wears coral beads and puts a scarlet flower aslant in her hair. There was temper as well as temperament in her dress for "Tiger Rose." She wore it as a primitive girl would have worn such a gown—carelessly, gracefully, with fine contempt.

Laurette Taylor has no remote flavor of the true *chic*, yet she was irresistible in 'Aunted Annie's rags and tags. Frances Starr, Mary Nash, Miss Anglin and Miss Rambeau are always well dressed but they have no sense of the dramatic value of clothes. They are clothed, and that is all. Elsie Ferguson is lovely enough to make her poetic gowns superfluous. Strange to say, she has appalling taste in hats, wearing her headgear at the Scandinavian angle, floating atop her beautiful hair like ships at sea. A Parisienne would snatch Miss Ferguson's *chapeaux* and jam them down over her eyes with no mercy for the famous golden coif!

The screen has created a fashion in heroines—an Elizabethan composite of flapper and vampire. If Mary Pickford would sacrifice her curls she might gain the attention of critical posterity. As it is, a faint aura of socks and baby ribbon hangs about her and one suspects, perhaps unkindly, that Mary cannot see how funny socks and baby ribbons are. Lillian Gish has gone even further and has evolved a screen fashion of her own.

HER gowns are complex and bizarre; they belong to no period, no country, no style. Miss Gish's shoes are infantile, her skirts are crinoline, her sleeves are mediæval, her collars are Directoire, her hats are a nightmare. It is sad, for the screen has been known to set the fashion. Valeska Suratt induced a million women to uncover their ears in a reckless attempt to imitate the Suratt coiffure, and to look as nearly as possible as if they had just been immersed in a deep and very wet river . . .

What are we trying to prove? That beautiful clothes are essential to great acting? Apparently not. A great actress may be dowdy and inspired. Frances White knows more about the art of clothes than Ellen Terry knew. Terry's costumes were sumptuous and beautiful—like Henry Irving's stage-settings they are already forgotten. Ina Claire understands, as Julia Marlowe never understood, the witty way to wear a gown, the audacious angle of a hat, the humorous possibilities of a parasol.

An actress may have supreme imagination, delicate fancy, infinite charm. There may be poetry in her voice, grace and beauty in her walk. If she does not understand the art of dress she is never a harmonious part of the piece in which she happens to be playing.

From a portrait by Abbe

M I T Z I

The diminutive star of "Head Over Heels" at the George M. Cohan Theatre is undoubtedly the joy of the piece, for she sings, dances, acts and performs acrobatic stunts—and does them all well, too

SAY, LET'S HAVE A SHOW

In spite of the Hun, the Doughboys manage to amuse themselves in the war zone

By CHARLES M. STEELE

DIRECTOR OF ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE A. E. F., Y. M. C. A.

THOSE who have read "Over the Top" will remember how Empey and his mates "promoted" an amateur show and produced it for an audience of British Tommies in the face of many amusing difficulties. Among the American boys, however, "promoting" a show is unnecessary. "The desire for dramatic expression"—as the college professors would say—is very near the surface. When routine palls and billet life becomes dull, the lure of the footlights is the favorite antidote and "Let's have a show" is a spontaneous and frequently heard suggestion.

Once the desire has manifested itself it must be carried into effect quickly. The soldiers are impatient of rehearsals. A show suggested and decided upon to-night must be rehearsed to-morrow and next day and produced the day after—at least that is the way the boys generally feel about it. Difficulties in the way of lack of costumes and equipment are not really obstacles; they are just problems calling for the use of resourcefulness and ingenuity. Solving them is part of the fun of "getting up the show."

The first show produced by the "—th Infantry Dramatic Club" (the —th was the outfit to which I was attached for a time) was an amazing illustration of the above observations. I had been with the battalion about a day when the demands to "have a show" began.

"But we have no play books," I pointed out.

"Aw, let's write one," was the answer.

"All right," I replied, "I'll see what I can think of."

But that wouldn't do; what they wanted was immediate action.

I KNOW a show," declared one Mathews, a cook in one of the officers' messes, "I helped shift scenes for it in the opera house in my home town. I'll tell it to you—and you can write it down."

"Sure, let's do that," assented the others, and so the "libretto" was communicated—by oral tradition, as it were.

Matthews couldn't remember the real name of the piece, but suggested that it be called "Hotel Life in Arizona"—and so it was billed. The cast of characters was as follows:

Proprietor	Cow-puncher
Negro porter	Cook
Bell hop (blackface)	Mine owner
A "bad nigger"	Mine foreman
Lady musician	Farmer
Drummer	Jew merchant
Elevator boy (blackface)	Iceman (German)
Waiter	

From the Y. M. C. A. at the next village we borrowed some grease paint. A corporal appeared (the needed person always does) who was a good make-up artist. And the make-up of the characters, though a bit emphatic, was really excellent. From another battalion of the regiment, quartered in the next town, we also secured a fiddler and a guitar player— *with instruments.* How they had managed to carry around personal musical instruments all the way to the war zone in France will always be a mystery. But there they were—a marvelous combination, man and instrument together. These two, aided by a soldier-pianist played the "overture" and entr'acte music and also the "accompaniment" for a clog dancer whom we introduced at the last minute.

THE "lady musician" was added to the cast of characters at the dress rehearsal, for a woman character (taken by a man) always makes a hit. Her costume was a marvel. The skirt we made out of a blanket—on which, at the suggestion of Private Lisk, the stage manager, our make-up man *drew* with chalk large buttons as trimming. My own near-Sam Browne belt held up the skirt. The waist was a lace curtain from the peasant's house where I lived. Its corners were fastened around the tattooed arms of the soldier-lady by what looked like pink ribbon, but was really some of the official red tape of the War Department obtained from one of the company headquarters. Around the neck of "Daisy"—that was her name—a strand of the red tape suspended a "dog tax," a soldier's name tag.

For a hat she wore a woolen winter cap, trimmed with a green bow made out of a piece of felt from an old billiard table. Daisy's hair was made of a frayed out rope, which we found on the floor of an *epicerie* at the next village and brought home for that express purpose. By the time she had been properly "rouged up" Daisy was just such a lady musician as might be frequenting an Arizona hotel.

The hut, crowded and full of tobacco smoke, is packed with soldiers eager to see the show

Our stage was a dandy—quite deep and fitted up with three or four wings on either side, which our stage manager neatly constructed out of blankets suspended by the corners from the roof. The back drop was made in the same way of blankets, with a door in the center leading to the "kitchen." Through this the cook would stick his head from time to time and bawl out negroid humor. The hotel office desk was a table covered with a blanket and on it sat a box covered with dark brown paper ("like bronze," one imaginative soul suggested) and labelled "Cash" to represent a register. Neat paper signs pinned on the wings informed the audience that this was the "Office" and that was the way to the "Elevator."

The show was announced for seven o'clock. Shortly after five the crowd began to assemble, having come direct from "chow" at 4:45. Most of the seats were filled by 5:30 and there they sat more or less patiently with only occasional clamors for the show to commence. The audience presented quite a picture. The place was jammed. Men sat on all the chairs and benches. They stood up in the back of the hut. They sat on the floor right up to the curtain; in fact, they had to be pushed back off the front of the stage, when the musicians went outside the curtain to play while the scenes were being shifted.

The play began with Peterson, the Proprietor, coming in and announcing that he had just opened the hotel. Soon Jerry, the Drummer, came in and registered and was shown to his room, with comedy by the negro porter. Then came Einstein, the Jew, who delighted the audience as soon as he hove in sight. Then the lady Musician, whose appearance called forth flattering remarks. When the miners came in carrying a bag of "gold" (consisting of stones), the porter worked the old change-bags trick and stole the "dust." And at the end of the act the "bad nigger" came in and the scene broke up in a row between him and the porter.

At this point, because we found that the play was going too fast, we worked in an extra musical number and a blackface comedian between acts. I learned afterward that some of the audience liked the entr'actes best.

ACT II showed the dining room of the hotel. One by one the guests came in and took their places for breakfast. Einstein talked all the time and flirted with Daisy—to the great diversion of the crowd. There was general conversation at the table, working in various local jokes. Then the rube farmer came in and passed through to the kitchen. The cowpuncher followed, looking for him with a rawhide whip and many threats. (It will be observed that these two characters have nothing to do with the action of the play—they just wanted to be in.) Einstein sang a song about the food of the Army—always a fruitful subject for conversation and jokes. Then the cowpuncher, who had threatened to "try his new spurs" on the farmer came actually riding him across the stage, followed wildly by the negro porter. Again the scene broke up in a row with all the hotel guests running madly for safety.

For the next entr'acte we put on a clog dancer with guitar and fiddle accompaniment. We were to have had a "buck and wing" dancer if the stage manager had not unfortunately told the performer that he was "punk," which so incensed him that he could not be induced to perform, though he confided to me that a buck and wing

Charlotte Fairchild

FANIA MARINOFF

Who played leads at the Greenwich Village Theatre last season, is the picturesque and sinuous Russian model in the new comedy by the Hattons entitled "The Walk-Offs"

Maurice Goldberg

HELEN WESTLEY

In the recent production of "Crops and Croppers," Miss Westley, formerly a prominent Washington Square Player, contributed one of her neat thumb nail sketches of vigorous New England character

Mary Dale Clarke

MARGARET MOWER

The temperamental Mlle. Perrault of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" attained her first success as a member of the Washington Square Players

LITTLE THEATRE STARS SHINE ON BROADWAY

dance was so far superior to "what dat guy done"—that there was no comparison. Following the clog-dance there was a clown act, put on by a really able comedian discovered at the last minute.

In the last act, after some blackface comedy between the negro servitors, the proprietor comes on and, in the course of conversation with the porter reveals—what the audience had not yet guessed—that he and his whole outfit are a bunch of crooks. They are all diligently engaged in an effort to steal the guests' money and particularly the miner's gold dust. One of the guests overhears them, denounces them and goes off making dire threats. Einstein, who has paid in advance, tries vainly to get his money back but finally leaves without it. The miner, at the point of a revolver, seeks to make the proprietor disgorge, but during the argument the negro attendants steal across the front of the stage with the bags of gold and other loot. They are detected by the mine foreman just as they reach the wings. The miners give chase and the play ends with shooting off stage.

It was suggested at rehearsal that in the interests of justice the crooks should be captured, brought back on the stage and shot. But the more influential—or at least the more vocal—members of the company insisted that it would be better to leave the ending indefinite, permitting each one in the audience to draw his own conclusions as to whether the crooks escaped or were winged by the pursuing posse—a modern adaptation of "The Lady and the Tiger."

So the curtain fell, the audience dispersed and we immediately called a conference of the better actors—eliminating the others with difficulty—to plan for another show next week.

"Were you satisfied with the performance?" I asked Private Lisk, the stage manager, as we walked home to our billets through the darkened village streets.

"Well," he replied, "we could 'a done better—you know it and I know it. But I'll bet when we announce our next show you won't be able to get into the hut for the crowd."

"Yes," I agreed, "the public likes it"—and I smiled at the time worn excuse.

The amateur play—burlesque or minstrel show or vaudeville, or "a play out of a book," as the boys say—is one of the important factors in the entertainment of the A. E. F. Of course the work of the professionals is the big thing. The boys hunger for them, go wild over their appearance and give them a reception they will never forget. But the professionals can't always be with the regiment. The amateur actors are always on hand, and as Major R—— put it, "what the boys do for themselves they enjoy twice—once for the show itself and once for the amusing efforts of their comrades." The show above described was given by a battalion of old-line regulars diluted with rather recently enlisted men. With the coming of the men of the draft army the standard of amateur dramatic effort is improving constantly.

AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER

Characteristic comments from the boxes, the gallery, and behind the curtain

By HARRIET KENT

Miss Get-Rich-Quick: Mamma, I must have a dress like the ingénue wore in the first act, a hat like the star wore in the second, and a fur stole like the vampire wore in the last scene. Mamma, I must! This is an awful show, but I don't care. I've selected one of my new Fall costumes out of it. What was it all about anyway? I was so busy making sketches and noting colors that I only heard about three lines in each act. I tell you the theatre's the place for discovering the latest styles all right.

The Shop Girl: Did you see him kiss her, Mary? Beats any love making I ever seen in the movies. You bet it does. And what d'ye think of her curls? Why, that girl could put Mary Pickford out of business in a week. And she cried real tears when she thought he'd desert her. Say, I could too if a handsome gink like that was going to leave me flat. No wonder all the girls are stage struck. You never get that kind of love making in real life, do you? Gee, ain't I the romantic kid, though? But what's the use. Come on and let's have an ice cream soda.

The Actor (out of a job): No wonder he's made a reputation and gets $200 a week. Just look at the parts the managers hand out to him. They're as fat as the lady in the circus. Who wouldn't make a hit in such a rôle? Surely there's nothing wonderful about his looks, either. And here I am—experienced and handsome—no, I'm not giving myself bouquets, but that's what everyone tells me—and been at liberty for a season. Did you hear that simp of a girl alongside of us praise his love making? The fool—everybody knows that he hates the leading lady, because she gets $250 in her envelope—$50 more than he. I wish that girl could see me act. Not that I'm conceited, but at love making on the stage, I bet I outshine Lou Tellegen himself.

The Critic: Just another instance to prove my contention that the drama is going to the dogs. The leading lady's greatest asset is her wig, the leading man should have been a tailor's model, and the piece has not a thrill, a laugh, or a witticism. This is the tenth opening I've attended this week. For mediocrity it certainly leads all the rest.

The Flapper: What a perfectly darling show! I simply idolize the leading man, and the star is a dear! We must have a theatre party from our club and come to see it again. And the little dog that comes on in the first act. Isn't he the cutey? You know how wild I am about dogs and they always have the dearest darlings on the stage. I must come again if only to see the little pet—and bring Gwen with me. You know how perfectly crazy she is for Pekingese.

The Housewife: I'm so tired of this never ending grind—washing dishes and clothes. I wish I could go on the stage. Fine gowns, travel, position—what an enviable life the actress leads. If only I could have a tiny bit of fame—to live in a world of make-believe, of romance and fiction. Well, I better rush home to cook the dinner. There'll be no dessert to-night, because I've spent the money on the show.

The Star: Another performance over. Oh, how sick I am of that fool's love making. What a silly, empty part. Nothing to do but change one's clothes. I may as well be a fashion model. Not an emotional scene, nor a chance to show my ability. I'm tired too, of traveling about. No home—no comforts—none of the real joys of life. I wish I had married and settled down. Now, no one will have me. I'm such a fright without my make-up. But I suppose I'll have to make the best of it. I must go now and see that my name is given more prominence in the advertisements. You have to stand up for your rights, you know.

The Tired Business Man: Come on, let's have a high ball after that. It certainly was a lemon we picked all right. Not a girl, a song or a dance. And they call it a comedy, too. I'd call it a tragedy for the man who deposits his $2 at the box-office. Three acts devoted to the love making of a silly young ass and a dressed-up girl. Why, I can watch my daughter go through that same nonsense any evening, and it doesn't cost me a cent. There may be nothing elevating in racuous farce or musical comedy, but give it to me every time. Hurry up, Bill, we may still have time to get into one of those midnight shows. I'll not do a cent's worth of business to-morrow if I don't get over the effects of that sentimental slush just inflicted on us.

The High Brow: I reiterate what I have often said—when Ibsen died the drama went with him. This gooey, sentimental drivel we have just witnessed, so sugar-coated that the theatregoers can't detect how tasteless it really is, goes hand in hand with our asinine short-story and our senseless motion pictures. Where is the message it carries to the masses? Nowadays the climax of all plays is the final clutch, center stage, between hero and heroine. What has become of American art? Has it gone to the trenches? Hereafter I shall attend none but the Little Theatres. They may be small in size, but they are large in artistry.

The Usher: Gee, I'm glad this show is over! Every gosh darn person forgot his program and handed me this: "Usher, may I trouble you for a program?" Trouble! Well, I should say you would! After running up and down the aisle 500 times, do they think it's a joy to run up 500 times more for programs? Well take it from me, it ain't. And drink, did you say? Not a guy refused water during intermission. Take it from me, boy, this audience must have landed straight from the Sahary Desert. If there's many more crowds like this, I'm goin' to make the boss pay for my shoes.

White

John Cope, Jeanne Eagels and Bruce McRae

"Daddies" tells the story of four confirmed bachelors who are persuaded to adopt war orphans. In the end Robert Audrey (Mr. McRae) falls in love with his ward (Miss Eagels) and an adorable kiddie softens the heart of the hardened woman-hater James Crocket (Mr. Cope)

SCENE IN "DADDIES"
AT THE BELASCO

(Below)

"Mr. Barnum" is a quaint character comedy sketching the life of the world's greatest showman, P. T. Barnum. All our friends of the circus are there—clowns, acrobats, freaks, the snake charmer and the lady bareback rider. The picture shows Mr. Barnum and Lavinia Warren, the diminutive coquette who later marries General Tom Thumb

THOMAS A. WISE
IN "MR. BARNUM"

Tom Wise

Queenie Mab

Clara T. Bracy, Otis Skinner and Beryl Mercer

(Left)

"Humpty - Dumpty" introduces Otis Skinner in a new rôle—that of an English hairdresser. Fate takes him out of his shop, however, and he becomes the Lord of Delamothe. With him to his great estate goes his simple mother (Miss Mercer), who is eager for her old life. In the end he tires of his splendor and longs for his wigs and shop, where in the final act we find him with the girl he loves

OTIS SKINNER STARS
IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY"

DRAMATIC FARE FOR THE PLAYGOER

A THEATREGOER'S TABLE TALK

Murdering the King's English and other freakisms of the contemporary stage

By CHARLTON ANDREWS

SPEAKING of the war tax and the theatres, it seems to me that our legislators have overlooked an opportunity in not levying severely upon the producers of bad plays. If managers had to pay Uncle Sam, say, $30,000 every time haste or poor judgment caused them to insult the general intelligence with stupid or dull plays, surely both the war chest and a long-suffering public would benefit exceedingly.

For, of course, such a penalty would not deter a large number of the more hopeless producers—not, at least, until their bank balance was exhausted. It is obvious enough to any playgoer that there are plenty of people who will put on the stage almost any kind of concoction in which actors may mouth lines.

And on the other hand ultimately the public would be spared much needless misery, since our butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers would hesitate before investing their savings in Cousin Charlie's farcical knock-out, or Aunt Maria's soul-stirrer that she learned to write at Yarvard. And particularly we should be spared that pest of pests, the first play which the author produces himself.

If such a law had been in effect since the first of last August only, we might not have been afflicted with some of such woes as "Allegiance," "Double Exposure," "Why Worry?" "He Didn't Want to Do It," "Crops and Croppers," and more particularly, "The Woman on the Index," "Over Here," and "Mother's Liberty Bond."

ONE of those painful quarter-hours that occasionally crop up in the theatre I experienced during the first performance of "Daddies." Bruce McRae, of the play's bachelor club, had adopted a war orphan by cable. He expected a child, but instead there turned up a girl of seventeen. She was frail, pallid, stoop-shouldered, and pathetic, instantly suggesting—thanks to the art of Jeanne Eagels—an abused and starved victim of the kultured Hun.

To intensify the painfulness of her plight she was suffering with an attack of *mal de terre* such as occasionally afflicts sea-voyagers newly landed. Weak and staggering, she appeared before her guardian, a picture of helpless feminine misery. How any human being could have laughed at this wretched study in pathology is more than I can ever fathom.

And yet for the purposes of the play she was there to be laughed at. Instead of being moved by pity and chivalry to come to her rescue, her surprised guardian for comic purposes merely registered disappointment and avoided her. She might have fainted and fractured her skull a dozen times for all the aid he seemed willing to render her.

But the saddest part of it all was that a considerable portion of the audience—the guffoons who are usually in the majority—did laugh throughout the whole painful scene. You would think nothing could be funnier to them than the sufferings of a French refugee war orphan! Across the aisle from me the critic of an evening newspaper fairly haw-hawed with glee, and another reviewer described the scene as one of the most delicious bits of comedy imaginable.

One of the curiosities of newspaper English as She is Wrote concerns the word "aphasia." As anybody who uses a dictionary or kens a little Greek must know, this word names a brain affection in which the power of expression in words is impaired. It has nothing whatever to do with "amnesia," which means loss of memory.

And yet until the last year or so nearly all the New York City newspapers have spoken of persons who could not recall their own identities as 'victims of aphasia." In this misuse the word has been taken over by the theatre. I recall a one-act play by Edgar Allan Woolf in which "aphasia" is lovingly dwelt upon as meaning a mental affliction involving total forgetfulness.

RECENTLY in "Another Man's Shoes" some effort was made to straighten out the tangle. In the first act the doctor attending the amnesic hero muttered something about 'aphasia," and later he spoke of "alternating amnesia, sometimes inaccurately called 'double aphasia.'" Inaccurately, indeed!

Yet even this explanation seems to have been insufficient for one of the reviewers of the *New York Times*. For after quoting these clarifying words of the doctor's this critic goes on to expound: "The scientific accuracy of the author's premise has long made aphasia and amnesia popular subjects for both drama and fiction." Evidently this gentleman has progressed no farther than to the belief that "amnesia" and "aphasia" are synonyms.

The latter disease, says the lexicographer, "is the impairment or abolition of the faculty of using and understanding written and spoken language." According to which it is the "unlettered Caribbees" of the press and the stage who are actually—if unconsciously—suffering with aphasia.

And speaking of the unlettered, what is to become of English pronunciation in our theatre at the present rate of decline?

I don't refer to the matter of accent or presume to decide whether there is any real American standard. Perhaps, after all, we of the United States speak only a collection of dialects. But at least there are reasonably definite standards of diction, quite sufficient to make inexcusable the atrocities with which our ears are repeatedly assailed in the playhouse.

CHANNING POLLOCK in one of his recent *feuilletons* observed that in the same sentence in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," Katherine Kaelred said "yeahs" and "gover'ment," while Amelia Bingham was contributing "potentualities" and *"Deutschland oober alles."*

It would require more print paper than war conditions allow to record the similar instances most of us have met. Charles Hopkins, for example, in "April" is to be credited with "wahstrel" and "flahrist." Shelley Hull in "Under Orders" lays much stress on what he calls his "dooty." Laurette Taylor reads into her Shakespeare such variations as "preverse" and "w'en." Henry Miller is faithful to his "ideel." Hilda Spong thinks there is a "d" sound in "Wednesday." And even Olive Tell is fond of her little "jew *d'esprit*."

I felt much indebted last season to Walter Hampden for his most laudable Shakesperian interpretations, but I could not see just how he glorified the Bard by such pronunciations as "unleeneal," "su'gestion," and "eye" in "stand aye accursed." (At all events I sympathized with the actor, when playing Macbeth in a pair of squeaky shoes, he exclaimed, "Hear not my steps!")

These are but a few instances culled from many. From less official theatrical sources I have had "avviator," "raddiator," "burgular," "tremenduous," "perculator," and scores of similar gems. And one of our three or four most noted managers recently conferred with me as to how to make the villain in one of his new plays do something "despickable."

As for words and phrases and reviewers, I am reminded that it seems a comparatively simple thing to be a dramatic critic. Judging by what I have lately read, all you have to do is make judicious combinations of the following locutions and then slap your stuff into print:—

Delightful portrayal	hackneyed and trite
stilted lines	heightened the effect
crude characterization	time-worn expedients
genuine note	not convincing
adds distinction	subtlety of method
pivotal rôle	sketchy in outline
spirit of romance	palpably theatric
facial play	professors of the drama
voice her feelings	skating on thin ice
grasp the situation	tasteful production
metropolitan standard	attractive setting
semblance of reality	stage puppet
reeks of the theatre	a finished actor
her big moments	extracted the comedy
rings all the changes	vaguely reminiscent
strains of credulity	mediocre production
well-approved ingredients	wallowing in sentimentality

OF course, there are a lot more, but these will at least suffice for a beginning, and a little study of the amusement columns of daily newspapers will supply whatever else you need when you begin to branch out. And whatever you do, don't forget to put in about the star comedian:—

"His work is particularly notable for its restraint in the comedy moments, for much of the piece could have become farce in the hands of a less finished player."

And speaking of restraint in comedy moments reminds me of an incident I witnessed lately at the filming of Leonce Perret's patriotic movie, "Stars of Glory." Assisting at the performance were the Carusos. There came a thrilling moment when a regiment of Yanks went over the top, charged through a hail of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and routed the super boches (or boche supers) from their trenches. When an unexpected bomb exploded within two yards of him, and a half-dozen battle planes swooped down within fifteen feet of the ground, the movie-actor-tenor seized his bride and fled to shelter along with E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli, the co-stars of the piece.

Photos Juley

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

This portrait in differentiated blacks, was placed low on the canvas to emphasize the slightness and youth of the subject

BEN ALI HAGGIN, the well-known artist, who has been conspicuously before the theatregoing public of late as the arranger of the patriotic Tableaux in the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Midnight Frolic," recently gave an exhibition at the Seligmann Galleries, Fifth Avenue, of his portraits of stage people for the benefit of the Fraternité des Artistes. The pictures shown included portraits of Marie Doro, Laurette Taylor, J. Hartley Manners, Kathleen Clifford, Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott and others

Lovers of Peg will like this unusual portrait of Laurette Taylor

A strong, impressionistic portrait of J. Hartley Manners, the dramatist

Marie Doro's spiritual and fragile beauty is well caught by Mr. Haggin's brush

PROMINENT STAGE FOLK AS SEEN BY A WELL KNOWN ARTIST

A NEW RIP FOR THE OLD

Frank Bacon, who recently captured Broadway, tells how he came to play Lightnin'

By ADA PATTERSON

A metropolitan critic, commenting on the success of Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" said that no one had heard much about him before. The critic was mistaken. The THEATRE MAGAZINE *had heard of him. Several years ago we predicted his success. In our department "In the Spotlight," a valuable indicator of the players who are likely to capture Broadway—was a sketch of Frank Bacon. At that time we said: "His performance has the touch sure and firm of authority, yet the delicacy of perception of the artist. Frank Bacon seemed not to act, but to be." We consider Mr. Bacon an alumnus of our Spotlight Academy, and present herewith this interesting interview in which Mr. Bacon gives some account of his career:*

"I DIDN'T care about coming to New York," the Lightnin' of "Lightnin'," says in his endearing drawl. "California's all right. I had a prune farm on a hill overlooking Santa Clara Valley. I liked the folks of the Golden State and they were patient with me. I didn't want to go further. But the earthquake shook me out of it."

The man who with Winchell Smith, wrote "Lightnin'" and has been raised to the theatrical heavens as a star, in the play which is establishing one of the leading records of the season, was a barnstormer in California.

THE wisest knoweth not what direction feline Broadway will spring. The preponderance of experience hath it that she prefers the exotic, the never-before-heard-of, the stimulatingly spiced. Yet now and then she purrs long and loudly at some treasure that those wisest would have catalogued for stock companies in communities. She achieves ecstacy of approval of the sweetly simple.

"Lightnin'" is a simple play about, for the most part, simple folk. It is a pearl of pathos in the beginning stage of solution in the vinegar of wit. Its star and co-author is a small town man from California. He has been a photographer, a newspaper publisher and a prune grower. But his performances have the tang and richness of rare old wine.

The new generation of playgoers that pour into the Gaiety Theatre, disdaining analysis, says: "Mr. Bacon is delightful. You must see him." The old generation say that no other man was ever so like Joseph Jefferson, the incomparable Rip Van Winkle. "See Frank Bacon and you will see dear old Joe Jefferson again. He is as like him as a reincarnation."

Yet the new favorite, blinking in the near-sighted, owlish way of a Belasco, says: "I never saw Mr. Jefferson." It is quite true. To his backwoods of California came once Edwin Booth, playing Hamlet. Clearly he remembers and fervently admires W. E. Sheridan. But Sheridan was a tragedian. He has had no models of acting. He became an actor as surely as metal turns to the lodestone. He doesn't know how nor why he is an actor. He tries no more than did Maude Adams in her first year nor her successive years as a star, to reduce the art to a formula.

"One cannot tell how to register an impression upon an audience. Acting defies rules,"

Sarony

FRANK BACON
as the quaintly humorous and lovable Lightnin' Bill Jones in "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Theatre

she said. David Warfield, too, flouts them.

"Either you can or you can't," he says.

They who recognize in Frank Bacon the quality of Joseph Jefferson detect in him a Warfieldian flavor. When "Lightnin'" crept timidly into the national capital on a preliminary test of its strength, a critic welcomed Mr. Bacon, "because he restores the standard of acting that we feared was lost." The Californian blinks more rapidly at recollection of this critique. There have been many eulogies since but that was as a draught to a desert-weary traveler. "For it came when we needed it," he says, and repeats, "It came when we needed it."

MAYBE," he begins in his deliberate fashion, "people like 'Lightnin'' because it is true. There's nothing in it that isn't true."

Of his own phenomenal leap into metropolitan popularity he ventures: "While I'm on the stage I believe everything I say and do. If I didn't I couldn't make others believe it, I suppose."

Yet Frank Bacon discusses no subtleties of theatrical art. He talks not of insight that is a true guide nor of every man enveloping in the potentialities of all men.

"I knew Lightnin' long ago," he says. "It was in Vallejo, a California port. Mother and I had just been married. We had a room at his house. He wouldn't work. He was always under the influence. Generally he was quietly amiable although once or twice we heard him assert himself. He was a liar and a braggart too."

When the young man of California had lived through his successive phases of photographer and country newspaper proprietor emerging empty-handed, save for the rich sediment of knowledge of human nature, and adopted the life of the theatre, he remembered Bill Jones. He built three sketches about the mild inebriate. All were successful. But that which was surest of the response of smiles and tears that form the rainbow of success was "Coming Home." Bill Jones evolved through fifteen years until he reached the stage of the Gaiety Theatre and was pronounced perfect. For fifteen years he was written around by Mr. Bacon. For three years and three months he was Winchell Smith's alter ego. In his present form the prophets predict for him a life of at least six years.

THE man who may be remembered for his Lightnin' as James O'Neill will be for his Monte Cristo and as Joseph Jefferson for his Rip and as David Warfield for his Music Master, is a silver-haired son of the Golden West. The silver hair and the drawling speech and the extreme deliberation of manner of the new risen star, mislead hasty observers.

"What a pity that his success has come so late," they say, folding their programmes in their muffs as they wend their crowded way from the Gaiety. Overhearing which the subject of their observation slowly smiles.

"Father seemed as old when I married him as he does to-day," says vivacious Jennie Jeffreys, the wife of his youth and of his maturity. "Except that his hair was a little darker. It has always been somewhat gray." In truth Mr. Bacon is of nearly the age at which Grover Cleveland rose to national fame. There had been in both instances fifty years of preparation for the plaudits of the multitude.

He was born at Marysville. In his unripe years he worried French sheep herders by impromptu declamation on the hills of California. That the herders slept and the sheep wandered away was disconcerting to the tow-headed, barefooted disciple of Thespis. The unresponsiveness of the audience may have caused him to enter the nearest path to the goal of livelihood earning. His brother was a photographer. Frank followed

Campbell

BEATRICE NICHOLS

Who plays the pretty heroine in "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety

© Hixon-Connelly

ELISE BARTLETT

Lou Tellegen's new leading woman who will be one of Broadway's youngest leads this season

Moffett

ELSIE MACKAY

Who gave an appealing characterization of the wife in "Another Man's Shoes"

Campbell

REGINA WALLACE

As June Block in "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, Miss Wallace has scored an individual hit in one of the most successful plays of the season

YOUTH, BEAUTY AND ABILITY IN NEW DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS

his brother's example and became his partner in the camera art.

Neither fame nor fortune beckoning him further down that path the Native Son applied himself to the service of a San Jose newspaper.

Perceiving the gratifying emoluments of the newspaper business he purchased a weekly newspaper at Mountain View.

Ambition led him to another hamlet. He purchased the *Mayfield,* now the *Palo Alto,* organ of community intelligence. Fate was peevish. The young proprietor caused it to become known that he was willing to sell his plant. A stranger called and asked the price.

"Five hundred," said Editor Bacon. Then began bargaining after the Turkish method. They reached and agreed upon twenty-five dollars. The bear upon newspaper stock confessed he hadn't that sum.

The publisher accepted his note, which was never paid.

During the dusk of stress that ensued flashed a hope. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bacon had pleased friendly audiences in amateur theatricals. Why not join one of the repertoire companies that followed the Californian highways? They did and their first season netted them "cakes," (board) and "forty dollars sent home."

At this inauspicious time Mr. Bacon met a State Senator whom his newspaper had ardently supported.

"Where and what are you now?" asked the politician.

"I'm an actor."

Whereupon it was proven that gratitude may dwell in the heart of a politician.

"I own a theatre in Sacramento. Come over and play with the stock company."

With an alacrity he had never before nor has since displayed Frank Bacon accepted the offer. Soon he became the stage director of the theatre. Oliver Morosco saw him in that playhouse in a drama the Senator had written. He invited him to bring the play to the Morosco Grand Opera House in San Francisco. After that production he was an established favorite with the playgoers of the Pacific Coast metropolis. But sixty dollars a week was the apex of his salaries.

Came the earthquake, journeyings to and fro with vaudeville sketches of his own and his wife's writing, and played by the Bacons and their children Lloyd and Bessie. Throughout the circuits "Bill Jones" made divers but frequent appearances. Playing in vaudeville in New York he met James Montgomery.

"Go over and get the old man part in 'Stop Thief'," said the author of "Ready Money" and "Going Up."

"We are doing very well with vaudeville. I have a farm at Mountain View. I am a contented man."

"Go!" commanded James Montgomery.

"I'll go and find out what there is in it," drawled Mr. Bacon.

There was so much in it that, seeing him Winchell Smith engaged him for "The Fortune Hunter."

In the two years that followed they explored the maps of each others' mind. Frank told Winchell about the popularity of Bill Jones, amiable drunkard, plausible liar and beloved egotist. Followed collaboration, the while Mr. Bacon acquired a New York reputation as Prim rose, the servant in "The Cinderella Man."

Then and now Lightnin'.

To avoid idleness the incorrigible stage idler is writing with Freeman Tilden another play called "Five o'Clock."

MODERN COMEDIES AT THE FRENCH THEATRE

Jacques Copeau opens his second season at the Vieux Colombier

THE French Théâtre du Vieux Colombier recently inaugurated its second New York season, under the direction of Jacques Copeau, with Henri Bernstein's piece "Le Secret," played here in English a few years ago by Frances Starr.

The note of modernity struck in the closing days of the Vieux Colombier's first endeavor to create a paying clientèle is evidently being repeated this year. Plays of to-day or no older than the nineteenth century drew better, it was then discovered, and nobody can have it in his heart to blame the most idealistic director for turning half an ear, at least, to the voice of the box-office.

The classic French theatre will be, in fact, drawn on but seven times in the twenty-five weeks and another innovation, if it had been intended to be a rule, is this: each week is to be devoted to a single production or double bill which will be run regularly from Monday to Saturday, inclusively, Molière, Beaumarchais, Shakespeare, Alfred de Musset are the authors whose masterpieces are thus to be infrequently given. "Le Médecin malgré Lui," "L'Avare," "Le Misanthrope" and "L'Amour Médecin," are the Molière offerings. Alfred de Musset's single draught is the charming, witty and melancholy "Caprices de Marianne"; the Shakespeare bill will be the same play we saw in French at this theatre last season, "La Nuit des Rois"; (Midsummer Night's Dream) Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton" may be classed as a classic and, of course, La Fontaine's little known "La Coupe Enchantée" is one.

Dumas Fils, Ibsen, Augier, Verlaine, represent the 19th century French theatre, rather a meager showing since it includes a foreigner and Verlaine whose play, his only play, "Les Uns et les Autres," a one-act piece can be shown merely as a curiosity.

The moderns, therefore, have the season almost to themselves and this fact speaks volumes as to what M. Copeau learned last year. Experience taught him that a literary play, *pur et simple,* did occasionally catch the public; Merimée's piece did but also that literature without drama emptied the theatre. So he uses of the French master only those pieces of his maturity which still interest a general public and chooses his other scant classics with the same wisdom. The spice of Beaumarchais's "Figaro" rarely fails of a degree of effect and in war times it is apt to prove more than usually sparkling.

The same care in selection seems to have been employed when it came to a choice of the near-classics: Dumas' "Femme de Claude" is the nearest approach to a topic pertinent to the times which could have been chosen out of his long list of plays; "Georgette Lemeunier," by Maurice Donnay is less encumbered than some of that author's recent pieces with dogma and of course when it comes down to Bataille, Renard, Bernard and Bernstein, nothing given us by these modern successful writers is caviare to the present generation of playgoers who know them in translation almost as soon as Parisians do in their vernacular.

The modern comedy writers are in force in the announced repertoire: Paul Claudel, Emile Mazaud, Alfred Capus, George Courteline. We may therefore look for a quite different company in the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier this year than last. For to say it as kindly as possible, last year's society of players in that little house was a serious band. They worked hard and unfortunately showed that they were working hard which worried the spectator brought up to believe in the traditional Gallic lightness of touch and mercurial verve; they rarely smiled and when they did it was nearly always with a suspicion of tears behind the smile.

The French company of last season has been increased by the addition of Eloise Beryl, Mme. Van Doren, Mlle. Jeaniet, Romaine Bouquet, Rene Bouquet and Henri Noel.

M. Copeau has the theory and practices it of engaging young people who are untrained and un-stagy, believing that he can get better result from this material than he would be able to obtain from actors afflicted with a smattering of stage tradition and habit. No doubt he is right. The theory is not original with him; it was emphasized by a playwright and producer, the late Dion Boucicault in many of his pieces. That celebrated actor had at his finger tips all the tricks and devices of the stage and of the play author. It used to be amusing to see his pupils in one of his pieces; one could close one's eyes and fancy Boucicault was assuming all the parts.

That M. Copeau overcame great obstacles in his first season has to be admitted freely. He literally built a stage, constructed scenery, designed and manufactured costumes and laid plans for obtaining audiences while at the same time and all the time he was rehearsing artists whom he dared not leave for a moment to their own inspirations. That some of his effects of novelty on the stage were flimsy may be admitted without detracting from the value of his work as a whole. Out of these herculean labors he succeeded in putting on in his first season a half dozen pieces which should have taught our native producers that they still had a great deal to learn. In truth, although he did not succeed in establishing his theatre on a firm financial foundation he carried out as far as was humanly possible his very lofty ideals for the theatre. It was a happy day for New York when this actor producer transported his little stage from an obscure street of Paris to West 35th Street in New York. If any theatre needs ideals and aspirations, if any theatre needs new ideas, it is the stage of the Western metropolis.

From the prospectus it would appear that the Parisian manager who is still regarded in his native Paris with a degree of condescension has learned a little more of what this audience wants and, without lowering his standard, is prepared to give it to them within reason. On his loft compromise the best hopes of the French Theatre in New York may well be based.

From a photograph by White

Act II. The Queen of the Carnival bestows the prize on Nicolo as the best violin maker in Cremona

TAVIE BELGE AND THOMAS CONKEY IN THE MODERN OPERETTA "FIDDLERS THREE," AT THE CORT THEATRE

THE PUBLIC AND THE ARTIST

We know what the audience thinks of the dancer, but what are the feelings of the dancer towards her audience?

By DESIREE LUBOVSKA

DO the public and the artist see the same in the dance? Much has been written about this art from the standpoint of the audience, its spectacular and scenic effects, the personality of the different talented interpreters. It has all been from the other side of the footlights. I should like to present to the public the feelings of the artist towards the audience, in order to make clear certain of the aspirations of all artists who express themselves in the dance.

I feel that too much mystery has been woven into the fabric of the modern dance and that the public who are not students of this form of expression perhaps only take a small part of what the artist really intends them to get, since their minds are devoted to absorbing the color and music and are seeking for mysteries that do not exist or exist only in a degree sufficient to arouse interest, as in a picture of fine quality.. An old Eastern fairy tale will illustrate my thought:

AN ancient king desired the finest robe for his coronation that could be made. Hearing of this, two tailors of a rather doubtful reputation set out at once for the court, with a plan of great ingenuity, although reflecting little credit on their honesty. Once there, they announced themselves as being able to produce the finest material the world had ever known. This material was to be so marvelous that only the wisest men in the kingdom would be able to see it at all; it was not for the common eye. They called for the finest materials, the rarest jewels, and then apparently set to work. In spite of their apparent efforts the looms remained empty. This deeply impressed the entire populace who set out to see this marvelous weaving. At first they doubted their own senses and then rather than be considered stupid, professed to see something that did not exist. From all sides came pæans of praise for these wonderful weavers and no one but was able to describe something that existed only as a figment of their imagination. The king himself paid a visit of state to the craftsmen who had excited so much talk in his kingdom and since everyone else was able to describe the beauties and marvels of the tissue, he himself felt that he must be very stupid not to be able to see it; and rather than admit his mental lack to his people, allowed himself to be gulled into the popular belief.

At last the tailors announced that their labors were completed, and they went through the movements of putting this wonderful garment on the still-deluded king. Sad to relate, he attended the coronation in little more than his crown, his sceptre, and the illusion that possessed him and his entire people in regard to the costume.

In the audience that saw the splendid ceremonies performed, there were certainly a few doubters, and the solemnity of the coronation must have been to them extremely entertaining. The doubts thus aroused gradually spread to the people, and the public then visited their displeasure on the entire race of tailors because of the chicanery of these two.

This reflects the popular attitude towards certain phases of the art of dancing. They are tired of looking at the empty looms. They demand the real thing; they are turning to the devoted few who have really created something, who in following the form of the story, are good tailors, but who for one reason or another have not had the best material to work with.

It is trite to ask the public to take the art of dancing seriously, and yet no other form of words conveys the thought that is in my mind. In primitive times the dance was used to interpret every deep emotional relationship with the phenomena of nature. Dancing was the center of tribal life and was the basis of the modern drama, music, and religious ceremonies, and the costumes especially created for the dance among primitive peoples represent their highest form of æsthetic expression in color and line. Dancing was the one language they felt deeply enough to reach and express the god idea. The effort to conventionalize certain characters, develop certain forms of physical expression which gradually grew into dance steps and movements.

The modern dancers must feel the dignity of the art which they interpret. The public must be brought to understand the dignity and importance of this ancient form of expression that has survived through all the ages with an ever increasing interest. Therefore, anything that tends to degrade the art, to put it on a level with sensational efforts, or to make its appeal to pointedly along sensual lines, is equally repulsive to the true artist and to the cultured audience. A sincere dancer is as jealous of the reputation of his art as is a sculptor, a painter, or a musician.

The modern dancer seeks to express to the audience not only the surface emotions of the character represented, but the deeper significance.

THE aim is to show through beautiful movements of the body not only the beauty of the physical body but the finest expressions of mental vision and spirtual conception.

How true it is, indeed, that where beauty is depicted for mere beauty's sake, it is a cold and colorless affair. A work of art must be fired with the dynamics of life and spiritual vision in order to stir the heart or awaken the intellect. Superficial dance could be likened to little children learning to recite poetry without knowing the meaning. Little attention has been paid to the psychology of color, the potency of natural human expression, and emotion in motion—soul pictures set music.

Nearly every one to-day has been trained, or instinctively knows, how to distinguish the integral parts of musical composition—melody, rhythm, harmony, counterpoint, theme, etc. We know because we are not blind, that painting has color, light, shadow, technique, and meaning — practically all the parts of music save its melody.

"Pure dancing," then, is and should be the essence of emotional expression; the visualized ideals of phases of emotional beings, historical, psychological, and religious; the perfect demonstration of the law of obedience with respect to impulse, principle, idea; a reproduction of ideals in rhythmical motion; the visible language of the soul.

Photo Marcia Stein

DESIREE LUBOVSKA
Première danseuse in "Everything" at the Hippodrome

Sarony

WALKER WHITESIDE

Broadway will see this splendid actor shortly in "The Little Brother," a piece which ran successfully in London for a year

(Below)

JANET BEECHER

One of the leading players in "Double Exposure," the farce by Avery Hopwood recently seen here

(Below)

GERTRUDE DALLAS

This attractive player is supporting Mitzi in the new musical piece, "Head Over Heels"

Sarony

Lewis-Smith

A TRIUMVIRATE OF LEADING PLAYERS

A PAGE FROM YESTERDAY

EARLY TICKET SPECULATION HAMLET IN STREET CLOTHES ROBERT G. INGERSOLL A CRITIC

WHENEVER a new brand of breakfast food or a new style of scouring soap is put on the market, one of the favorite ways of introducing it is to distribute "samples" in a house-to-house canvass. What if the Broadway managers were to adopt similar tactics, and distribute "free samples" of their fall productions? It doesn't seem likely, does it?

And yet no longer ago than in 1899 a repertoire company in one of the principal New England cities gave a free matinee at the beginning of the week in order to coax patronage nor is it so long ago that Corse Payton and Cecil Spooner gave tea parties to the audiences on the stage of their Brooklyn theatre, after the matinee performance—the object, of course, being to encourage hero worship and thus advertise the show.

Most of the old methods of attracting crowds have given place to more modern devices. Nowadays, when a manager wants to "drum up trade," he either papers the house or else arranges with the speculators to buy a big block of the seats for the first eight weeks of the run.

And yet, why abandon all the old tricks? Think of the drawing power of a marriage on the stage. County fairs used to advertise the marriage of a couple in a balloon as a special attraction. Some of our war melodramas could substitute a tank for the balloon.

Then there were the street parades, bloodhounds and all that used to precede "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Wonder if the Shuberts ever thought of that idea for the Winter Garden?

WHEN "The Great Ruby" was playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, a balloon used to advertise the play lay down on the job and also on the Sixth Avenue elevated, holding up traffic for some time.

* * *

IN 1900, when it was reported that David Belasco was going to build a model theatre on Broadway, he received a letter from a woman expressing the wish that the proposed theatre would have a looking glass where women could put on the hats which they had just learned to take off during performances. "Please, oh, please, Mr. Belasco," the letter ran, "be good to us. The manager who makes women comfortable while they are in the theatre is unconsciously acquiring a large staff of unsalaried press agents that are good talkers and grateful to the point of insanity for small favors."

* * *

DURING the late nineties, one of the hotels in Terre Haute, Ind., kept a separate register for theatrical people.

* * *

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL dipped into dramatic criticism in 1887, with the following remarks about Julia Marlowe: "To retain the freshness that is her greatest charm, all she will have to do is to keep away from the elocutionists and pay no attention to the critics. Her talent needs no guide save that afforded by experience and her own mentality."

* * *

THE press in 1887 heralded a new gas-burning apparatus which it was predicted would "revolutionize interior illumination and put out the incandescent light." One authority thought that it would "prove more powerful and economical than the electric light for lightning theatres and theatre lobbies." But somehow the incandescent has managed to survive.

* * *

PEARLS come in different hues. William Gillette appeared in "The Great Pink Pearl" in 1887. And this season, "The Blue Pearl" came to Broadway.

* * *

NEW YORK ticket speculators please copy! In 1866, when Forrest opened an engagement in San Francisco as Richelieu, the first ticket for the opening performance brought $500.

* * *

IS the theatre a luxury? Congress wants to know. And Providence, in Colonial days, passed "an Act to Prevent Stage Plays and other Theatrical entertainments within this Colony," on the ground that theatregoing occasioned "great and unnecessary expenses."

* * *

HAMLET" isn't necessarily a costume play. Once, when his baggage failed to arrive in time for the performance at Waterbury, Conn., Booth played the first three acts in his street clothes, while the Ghost wore a tin dipper on his head in lieu of a helmet.

THE first voice that traveled over a wire from Chicago to Boston was an actor's. It belonged to DeWolf Hopper. Faulty insulation of the telephone instrument resulted in a slight burn on the actor's hand. "Never mind," was his comment. "This isn't the first time I have been roasted in Chicago."

* * *

IN 1893 Marie Wainwright announced her retirement from the stage. "But," she added, "I am not certain that my retirement will be permanent." Subsequent events have justified her uncertainty.

* * *

FAITH in the power of advertising was never stronger than in 1899, when this advertisement appeared in a theatrical journal: "Wanted, an author to write a romantic play. State experience."

* * *

WHEN Horace Greeley was offered a box for a performance of Charles Fechter in "The Lady of Lyons," he declined on the ground that he "didn't want to lose the right to criticize a foreigner." Fechter was an Anglo-French actor.

* * *

HAVE you missed vaudeville recently? When motion pictures were shown for the first time in Keith's Union Square Theatre J. Austin Fynes, then Mr. Keith's general manager, predicted that in ten years the movies would replace the vaudeville houses.

MATHILDE COTTRELLY, appearing on Broadway this season in "Friendly Enemies," has been manager as well as actress. For she at one time managed the Thalia Theatre on the Bowery.

* * *

WHEN Wallace Eddinger got his first bicycle, back in 1893, that fact appeared in the theatrical notes. Only everyone called him "Wally" then.

* * *

AT the beginning of this century, Douglas Fairbanks and the movie camera hadn't even had an introduction. "Doug" was playing small Shakespearian rôle with Frederick Warde.

* * *

THE Bowery After Dark" sounds like a lightless night play, doesn t it? It's the title of a melodrama which Sam H. Harris produced many years ago, with Terry McGovern, featherweight pugilist, as the star.

* * *

MORE than thirty years ago, Flo and May Irwin were appearing in vaudeville in a "sister" act.

* * *

DO you go down to the Bowery to hear grand opera when you are in New York? Not now, but in the seventies a $5,000 house to listen to grand opera in the Stadt Theatre was not unusual.

* * *

IN 1903, George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," was placed under the ban in Vienna because it presented a somewhat burlesqued picture of the Bulgarian army. Wonder what Vienna thinks of it by now?

* * *

WHEN electric signs first began to come into general use as theatrical display advertising, they didn't have the sweep of vision nor the prodigality of their modern successors. In the early days, there was often just a limited space for the lettering, and if an author had been so thoughtless as to select a long title, he had to take the consequences. The electrician did the necessary abbreviating. Thus there appeared "The Jmt of King Solomon" for "The Judgment of King Solomon," and "A Rmkble Case," a remarkable makeshift for "A Remarkable Case."

* * *

ONE thing is certain: Richard Mansfield's tours were made before the day of McAdoo railroad regulation. That artist utilized a private train of ten cars when he went on the road, and his own private car was reputed to have cost $30,000.

* * *

THE word "green room" was evolved from the old "scene room"; that is, the room off the scene, or stage.

* * *

THERE was a time when actresses shrunk from publicity. Incredible, but true. Mrs. Morris, a favorite American actress of the last century, was so modest that she went to the trouble of having a private path made from her lodgings in John Street, so that she could reach the Park Theatre without being stared at by the fashionable loiterers on Broadway. As to employing a press agent! Never!

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

MAKING UP

IN the first instalment of "Making Up" in the October issue, we discussed the various kinds of creams and grease-paints, essential to an effective make-up, and in this, the last article, on this fascinating subject, we will take up the question of wigs and beards. If space permitted, we should like to tell you in detail all the methods of make-up from youth to maturity and old age; the correct way to make up the eyes, the mouth, the lips—and even the hands—for "character" as well as "straight" parts, but in the brief outline we have been able to give you in these two articles, we believe that we have at least pointed the way, to the amateur performer who is keen for perfection. We recommend to the amateur wishing to make a serious study of make-up, the book "Making Up" by James Young, to whom we are indebted for much of the material in this article. The book gives a complete history of make-up, explicit and understandable directions, with many illustrations.

WIGS

SOMEWHERE we have been told that the hair is the crowning glory—and it is certainly the crowning achievement of a good make-up. Even though the wig may be lacking in the qualities of luster and luxuriancy, it may, from the artistic point of view, be beautiful in its baldness, in its delicacy of construction, and naturalness of effect.

Naturalness, undoubtedly, is paramount to every other effect. It is the aim of those who wear wigs that they shall not be "wiggy" in appearance; and to gain this effect, much care, labor and thought are demanded.

In costume plays, representing a particular period, great care as to correctness must be observed. The hair should be worn "according to the fashion of the time."

If the wig happens to be of a different color from your own hair, you can easily color yours to blend with the wig. With a little mascaro, water and brush, your hair can be made gray, blonde or brunette, and this is easily washed off. Grease-paint is sometimes used to color the sides of the hair to match the wig, and while it is for many reasons not satisfactory, yet it will do in an emergency.

The wig must be pulled well down in the back, in order to completely cover your own hair. With your hand-mirror, see that this is well executed before going on the stage. The sides and back are the points where the fact that it is a wig is most apparent, and, if the illusion is to be complete, the wig must seem to be the thing that it is not, and not what it is. When it is put in place on the head, it must cease to be a wig. If you are to play only a few performances, you will find that you will now be able to rent very fine ones which are carried in stock, and can be hired for these occasions. These will be dressed, and made to fit the wearer.

Wig making has reached such a degree of perfection that it is not difficult to secure a wig that will appear as if it were your own hair, no matter what the style of the wig may be.

George C. Williams as "Cap'n Warren"

BEARDS

THERE are two methods of attaching false beards to the face. The most natural and effective way is, of course, the most difficult and troublesome. It is to practically make the beard on the face, by shaping it out of crepe hair; the other way is to have the beard on a gauze foundation, which fits the lines of the face.

* * *

To be quite frank, it is almost impossible to accurately describe how to make beards any more than physics can be studied satisfactorily without the aid of demonstrations and experiments; yet, there are certain rules which, when combined with practice, will be sufficient to enable the student to make for himself a natural appearing beard. Some actors excel in the perfect handling of crêpe hair, and their moustaches and beards are so true to life that they could walk upon the street with little fear of detection. Again, other painstaking players seem never to be able to master the science of the manipulation of this part of the make-up, and so have the beards made on gauze.

THE MOUSTACHE

THE moustache is the *"bete noir"* of the beginner, or, speaking more exactly, to both the amateur and his audience; for it is usually black beyond all semblance to any natural shade, and in shape and size out of all natural proportions.

In the first place, the young amateur is often fearful of his moustache falling off. The consciousness of this fact makes him nervous, and as this agitation is by some peculiar psychological transmission conveyed to the understanding of the audience, both suffer from its effects.

Remember, to begin with, the hair on the face is almost invariably lighter than the hair of the head.

Moustaches made by the wig-maker, woven on silk gauze, are the most natural in representing modern styles. They are pasted on the lips, and when artistically made, look as if the hair were growing from the flesh.

* * *

THE particularly clever make-up of George C. Williams as "Cap'n Warren," in a production by the Amards, an amateur dramatic organization connected with the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, is a striking example of what may be accomplished with a properly worked-up beard of crêpe hair—and careful attention to detail. We have but one criticism to make—and that a rather important one. Mr. Williams forgot to make up his hands to convey the illusion of rugged old age.

Forthcoming Articles

On this page, from time to time, will appear articles on

SCENERIES
COSTUMES
PROPERTIES
PLAYS

"SHERWOOD, or ROBIN HOOD and the THREE KINGS"

Directed by GRACE C. ANDERSON

MITCHELL COLLEGE, STATESVILLE, N. C.

THE students of Mitchell College, Statesville, N. C., presented that most beautiful play, "Sherwood," by Alfred Noyes, on the College out-of-door stage.

The stage is situated on low, tree-crowded ground, from which the foreground gently rises,

Ruth Morrison as "Robin Hood" and Mildred Smith as "Maid Marian"

affording a very fine elevation for an audience.

The stage-setting for "Sherwood" need not be elaborate. A framework was built about five feet from the back of the stage to hold the gates of fairy-land, a window, a green-curtained alcove, and a platform from which steps led down to the stage.

This framework and the entire back and sides of the stage were massed with trees and ferns. From the side-front, and on the ground, a painted set of woodland slides cut off the "behind-the-scenes" from the audience.

Mildred Bedford as "Shadow-of-a-Leaf"

COLORED lights were used for flower-hung fairy-land (which showed beyond the gates when they stood open)—, and for a sunset glow; yellow and clear lights were turned on for moonlight and for castle scenes. Wide steps led up to the many entrances for the free passage of the actors. Over the gangways tramped the Black Knight's war-horse and Blondel's snow-white charger. And, over them too, trotted the little grey donkey led by the dancing Fool as he waved his ferns: and cried, "Hosanna!"

AN unusual feature of the presentation was "A Song of Sherwood," (one of Noyes' short poems) used as a prologue. The stage is set. For a moment there is an expectant stillness. Then, far-off—bugles blow in like ghosts of echoes. Silence. Suddenly, a dancing figure, looking like a spray of forest-green, appears through the trees. It is the Spirit of Sherwood. She is on tiptoe, her hands lifted, her face listening: "Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?" She pleads with a great longing that the dead of the merry green-wood rise from their leafy beds. Her voice joyously exults as, at last, full-blown bugles sound close

Virginia Steele as "Queen Elinor" and Kathryn Somers as "Prince John"

at hand. She disappears dancing through the green:

"——— the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling, as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day."

Again there is a moment of stillness, broken this time, (as a fuller moonlight floods the stage) by the wild cry of a serf who is dragged on by King John's men and the play has begun.

KING JOHN'S MEN IN

"..... SHERWOOD, / ABOUT THE BREAK OF DAY"

NOTABLE PRESENTATIONS BY AMATEUR SOCIETIES

"MAID OF FRANCE"

BY HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

PRESENTED BY THE

OUTDOOR PLAYERS,

PETERBORO, N. H.,

FOR THE FUND FOR

KNITTING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE INSTITUTIONS

Hilda White as Joan of Arc and
Sidney Dudley as an English Tommy

IN a charming spot about two miles from Peterboro, N. H., is located the delightful summer school camp who call themselves "The Outdoor Players." A beautiful, natural out-door stage, in a picturesque spot has been the scene of many a delightful pantomime or dramatic performance. Recently a performance of "The Magic Flute" was given, as arranged and coached by Alexis Kosloff (of the Imperial Russian Ballet, Moscow). Other instructors in the school include Lotto Alma Clark, Head of the Department of History, Boston Normal School; Louise Mackentosh Rogers, Dramatic Coach and Hostess, and Marie Ware Laughton, Director. Their performance of the "Maid of France" was given with special scenery and lighting effects by Livingston Platt, in which Hilda White impersonated Joan of Arc, with uncommon dignity, and Sidney Dudley (who we might mention, is a professional) took the part of an English Tommy with easy freedom

THE PLAYERS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

IN

"THE RIVALS"

A REMARKABLE performance of "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was given in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, California, when William H. Crane and Emelie Melville appeared with members of the Little Theatre of San Francisco, conducted by the Players Club, of which Mr. Crane and Miss Melville are honorary members. The Players Club is an organization of unusual amateur actors, who have been banded together for six years, producing plays of the highest literary merit. "The Rivals" was staged under the direction of Reginald Travers, director of the Little Theatre

(From left to right)

Rafaele Brunnetto, as Captain Absolute

Pearl King Tanner, as Lydia Languish

William H. Crane, as Sir Anthony Absolute

Emelie Melville, as Mrs. Malaprop

William S. Rainey, as Bob Acres

Mae O'Keeffee, as Lucy

A PERFORMANCE OF "SHYLOCK"

GIVEN BY

"THE AMARDS"—A DRAMATIC SOCIETY AT THE ITHACA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

THE Amards is the enigmatic name given to the Students' Society in the Dramatic Department of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. This society is now in its twentieth year and has presented some very creditable dramatic productions. They regularly present a long play in January and June; also several short plays during the season. The long plays are coached by the director of the department, while the short plays are presented under the coaching of one of the advanced students in the school. Last year the society presented sixteen short plays, also "The Merchant of Venice" and "Cap'n Warren," the latter being a dramatization by George C. Williams, head of the dramatic department, of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod story by the same name.

George C. Williams as Shylock

A SHORT time ago this society conducted a Dramatic Festival for three afternoons and evenings, giving in all twelve plays typical of various epochs in the development of the drama from its beginning down to the present time.

The society also conducts four annual social affairs:—a Masquerade Ball on Hallowe'en; Twelfth Night Revels, including a banquet, Christmas tree and Twelfth Night Games, at Christmas time; a Sleigh Ride to one of the neighboring towns in February; and a Picnic on Cayuga Lake in June.

Frederick Ward, the noted tragedian, is an honorary member of the Amard Society.

Ray Smith and Nadia Landon as Bassanio and Portio

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" was presented in Elizabethan manner with the regular Elizabethan setting, pictures from the presentation accompanying this article. Two very creditable presentations were given for local charity benefit.

Other plays given by the society include "A Professor's Love Story," by Barring; "The Lady of Lyons," "The Rivals," "The Middleman," by Henry Arthur James; "A Bachelor's Romance," by Morton; "The Taming of the Shrew," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Master Pierre Patelin," "Sweet Lavender," by Pinero; "The Suppliants," by Aeschylus; "Esmeralda," by Burnett; "David Garrick" and "Everyman."

Arthur Bell as young Gobbo

Columbia Grafonola

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To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

COLUMBIA Records on the Columbia Grafonola bring the best music of all lands and all ages into the friendly intimacy of your own home. They make good music what it ought to be in every family—an enduring source of pleasure and inspiration, a solace in time of trouble, an added joy in happy days.

A very human sort of an instrument is this Columbia Grafonola. A big, handsome, musical friend with a voice that is sweet and clear and strong, bringing good cheer to every home he enters. You need his cheerful voice in yours.

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Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300. Period Designs up to $2100.

TYPES—

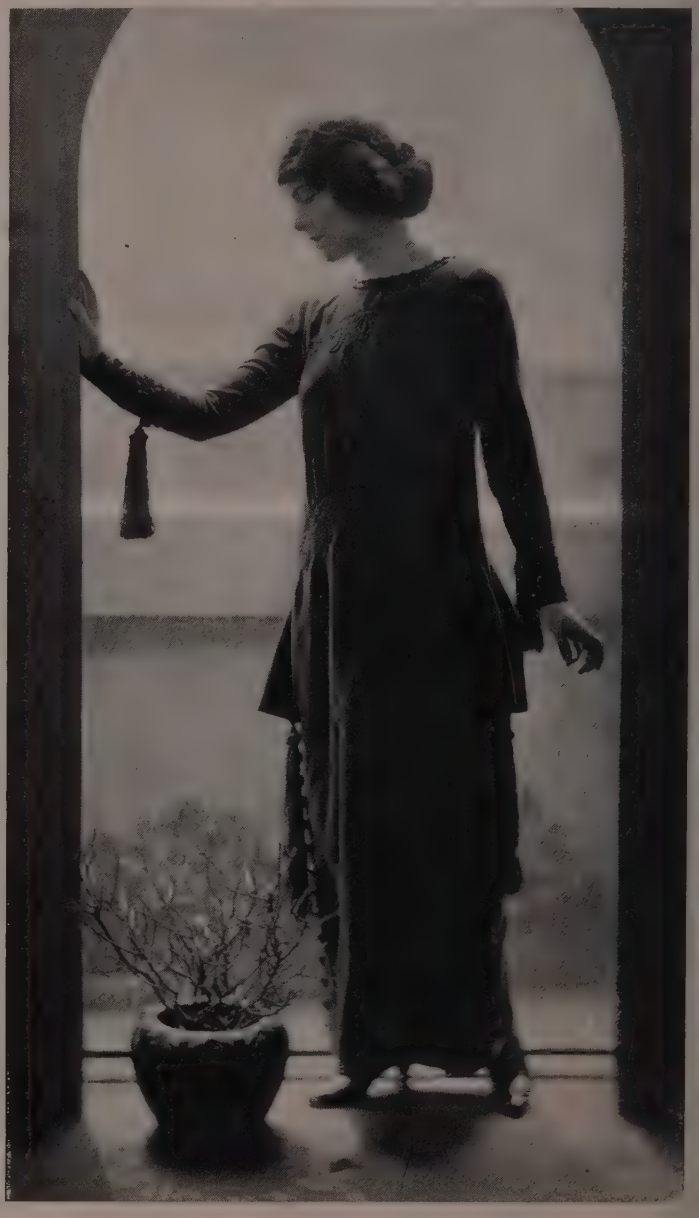
MISS MARY NASH AN IRISH BEAUTY

By
ANNE ARCHBALD

JUST as there are two Irelands, the North and the South, so there are two different types of beauty, the Northern and the Southern. Miss Nash's type is the South of Ireland, County Clare being the birthplace of her ancestors. Therefore she has brown eyes and brown shades in her black hair, to go with them, instead of blue eyes and blue-black hair, though she has the white camellia skin that is the common property of both types.

Miss Nash is one of the most individually dressed women on the stage and her appearance in any play always means—among other things—a distinct sartorial treat. One "reason why" is that each of her frocks is "designed on her," she says. Madame Julie—who has dressed Miss Nash for several years—superintends the designing, "and the material is never cut until it has first been draped and pinned on her."

Miss Nash's is a type that can stand a great deal of vivid color in her clothes, and she has taken full advantage of that fact in these five frocks from "I. O. U.," which was recently presented at the new Belmont Theatre.



Photos Ira L. Hill

Yellow is one of Miss Nash's favorite shades both for individual wear and for her stage frocks, and this tea-gown of corn yellow panne velvet, a fabric which takes on the most delicious nuances under the lights, is contrasted with the tawny yellow of fitch fur. There is a high-in-front and down-in-back neckline and the part of the robe that is hidden from you is cut on semi-fitted Princess lines with a girdle of twisted yellow chenille and tassels loosely knotted around the waist line

To match Miss Nash's lovely County-Clare-South-of-Ireland-brown-eyes-and-black-hair-coloring is this day frock in that smart and unusual French combination of shades, black and brown, the brown of tobacco duvetyn with the black of soutache and chenille embroidery. There are long black soutache and chenille tassels hanging from the wrists and the side folds of the skirt, which reaches quite to the ankles and is buttoned down one side with black bone buttons

(Center)

It is perhaps not so difficult to summon that come-hither Irish light in the eyes when you can rest with such absolute Gibraltar-like assurance on the breath-taking picture you make in a flamingo pink velvet dinner gown over a silver lace petticoat, with every accessory in a state of artistic perfection,—fan of deeper pink in uncurled ostrich, diamond hoop earrings and chain and pin, slippers of flesh pink satin with brilliant buckles

(Below)

A rich claret-colored velvet is combined with Kolinsky fur and a shining silver girdle-ribbon for this street frock, and Miss Nash's choice of headgear to go with it is one more proof of her expertness in handling tones in a costume. For the hat is of black velvet and has wreathed around it a feather of uncurled ostrich, a shade brighter and redder than the claret velvet, the red, say, of claret held to the light

(Below)

A gallant costume, a Cavalier costume! A costume rich in color! The dress is of sapphire blue velvet, its skirt hem embroidered in wheat sprays of hyacinth blue, and has a loose panel falling from the shoulders, somewhat like a pushed-back Cavalier cape, except that it is tucked under and fastened at the hip line: the gay plumes on the black velvet hat are of vivid King's blue; and the bag is of black and steel

Photos Ira L. Hill

REVILLON FRÈRES *in the* ORIENT*

Trading Posts in Northern Siberia for the Collection of Sables and Ermine: Zavodes in Bokhara for Handling Broadtail and Persians. French, American and South American Furs.

ASIA has two great fur producing regions, one in Northern Siberia, the home of two of the most valuable furs known to the market—the Russian Sable and the Ermine—and Bokhara, "The roof of the world", where the Asiatic sheep is raised for its beautiful pelt. The conditions of fur trading in these districts differ somewhat from those in our own Northwest country, though they are in no respects less difficult.

The northernmost Revillon post in Siberia is the one at Dudinka near the mouth of the Yenisei River. Fridtjof Nansen came upon this post in his search for an open passage for shipping from Siberia to Europe, and seemed greatly surprised to find the comforts of life so near the Arctic Circle. In his book he writes of the town and the post store as follows: "There was a pretty little church with a belfry and no fewer than seven bells. There was also a French shop, Revillon's, where we bought a coffee pot, glasses, plates and various other things to supplement our scanty messing outfit."

The native race in Northern Siberia is the Ostiaks. They are very primitive in their mode of life and far from fastidious. They clean house by the simple method of moving the tent a short distance away from its old location. As real estate isn't valuable in Northern Siberia the plan works well enough. The Ostiaks live by trapping, which they carry on in much the same way as our own Northern Indians. They set out in the Fall for the trapping grounds with their equipment and provisions, working until about Christmas when they return with their catch of furs. They stay at home for a few weeks through the severest weather and then go out again for what is called their Spring catch. The Winter catch secured from Autumn to December is brought to the main trading posts by sledge, but the Spring catch can be transported by rivers to the various centers on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

With the Ostiaks hunting and trapping are religious observances as well as a means of livelihood. Before going out to take game they perform interesting ceremonial rites and the actual taking of game is carefully guarded from the eyes of any stranger. They regard the bear with peculiar reverence and for a particularly binding oath they swear on a bear's head. This does not prevent them, however, from killing bears when they have an opportunity to do so.

The main office of Revillon Frères in Siberia is at Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei River. This is a town of some importance on the Trans-Siberian Railroad and is the center of the Northern Asiatic fur district. Revillon Frères have erected here a modern building for collecting furs and sorting and shipping them to their branches in Europe and America. From this main post at Krasnoyarsk buyers are sent out through the South among the Tatars. Tatar buyers travel with cash and buy furs from trappers and from the small Tatar shopkeepers who have taken the skins in exchange. The Tatars are good trappers and shrewd traders. Revillon buyers travel among them selecting with an experienced eye the choicest skins which they forward to the main trading post.

The furs secured in the northern districts are white and red foxes and squirrels, while ermine, kolinsky, sable and Caucasian marten are found in great numbers in the central and Tatar territory.

Of these pelts the sable and the ermine are the most conspicuous in history as well as in fashion. The Russian sable varies greatly in color as in size, the darker skins being the most highly prized; but as these skins vary not only in intensity of shade but in tone, the individual difference is almost unlimited. The considerable cost of sable skins is due not only to the rarity of the animal but to the variation in the individual pelts which requires the highest skill in matching.

Coat of Pure White Siberian Ermine.

The Fur Market at Irbit.

The finest sables are collected around Bargusin and Yakutsk east of Lake Baikal. They are very dark and silky, suitable for coats and wraps. The Kamchatka sables with deeper longer furs are used more largely for sets.

The ermine furnishes one of the most interesting examples in nature of protective coloring. In summer it is a light reddish neutral harmonizing with the general tone of its surroundings, but in winter it changes to pure white which is invisible against the snow. Naturally the ermine is trapped only in winter when the condition as well as the color of its pelt is most attractive.

Sable and ermine have been highly valued from the greatest antiquity and are two of the four heraldic furs. The use of both has been limited at different times by sumptuary laws but they may now be worn by whoever can appreciate their beauty and afford their price. Ermine is still used on the ceremonial robes worn at the coronation of a British sovereign, the width and markings of the bands being regulated strictly by the rank of the wearer.

Certain parts of Siberia were settled by the former Russian government with political prisoners, and sometimes with ordinary convicts. Some years ago a half score prisoners escaped from the prison at Tourouharsk, and on the night of October 1st, 1906, made an armed attack on the Revillon trading post at Selivanino on the river Tunguska. The assistant trader Shuman was severely wounded in the right arm while trying to defend the safe and offices on the ground floor. The robbers secured 11,275 roubles. They also seized the public buildings of the town and took the government funds. The Revillon district manager at Krasnoyarsk complained at once to the Governor General, who sent a guard of Cossacks to hunt out the fugitives and protect the shipments of furs as far as Krasnoyarsk. The whole district was for quite a while under military law and ultimately the robbers were recaptured; the booty, however, was never recovered.

With the coming of Spring the collection of Siberian furs is at an end for the year, but a Revillon buyer instead of enjoying a long rest until next Winter must go at once to the other extreme of climate. Crossing the Caspian Sea he lands at Krashnovodsk the terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railroad and travels under a broiling sun in overheated cars through desert solitudes until he reaches the ancient Khanate of Bokhara, "The roof of the world."

Bokhara is the home of the Persian lamb which grazes in large flocks, often numbering five thousand head, on the desert table lands. As the grass on these steppes is short and scanty the shepherds must constantly lead their flocks from place to place. It is a curious fact that all attempts to breed this fur bearing sheep in other countries have failed entirely. Only in Bok-

* In a preceding article we published a brief sketch of the activities of Revillon Frères in Canada. The present paper gives a similar account of the collection of furs in Siberia and other countries where Revillon Frères have large organizations for buying skins in the original market.

Copyright, 1918, by Revillon Frères.

hara can conditions be found which give the pelt its distinctive and beautiful character.

The skins are sold by the breeders in the green state, and as they deteriorate rapidly in the hot climate they have to be prepared for their long voyage before leaving the country. The native processes of curing lambskins were so unsatisfactory to Revillon Frères that they determined years ago to establish a factory of their own where the skins could be treated scientifically, but it was many years before this could be accomplished. Bokhara is a Mohammedan country governed until late events by an Emir under the protection of Russia. The old city of Bokhara is entirely native and the new city is considered military territory. Land there could not be purchased by foreign owners, but a few years ago Revillon Frères obtained a special permit to build their factory in the interests of the fur industry. A 99-year lease was secured and a modern *zavode* was built. The *zavode* contains living accommodations for the white members of the staff as there is no modern hotel in Bokhara and the ancient caravanserai is decidedly deficient in comfort. The representatives of the firm live in Bokhara for about two months in the Spring of each year.

A Revillon Zavode for collecting Persians.

It actually requires more pluck, perseverance and energy to trade in Bokhara than in North America and Siberia, since the trader has to fight against treacherous fevers which await the unacclimated European. It takes years for buyers to get acquainted with the best native breeders and to find the herds which produce the best skins. Each year a million and a half Astrachan skins are exported to Europe and America. The lambs are killed while quite young, the smallest of all yielding the flat wavy fur called broadtail. This is exceedingly scarce as it is not to the interest of the breeder to produce broadtail but to get the Persian lamb which is the stronger fur taken from an older animal.

Merchant or shepherd the Bokharese is hospitable, sociable and little inclined to violence. He is keen on profit but spends largely on ceremonious occasions such as holy days and marriage. The native shepherds are gay and happy. After a day's wandering the guides and leaders of caravans put up at some wayside caravanserai to drink a steaming cup of tea and relish their pilaff of mutton while the tired camels rest in the ancient courtyard. When the meal is over a primitive guitar is brought out and the dance is begun.

In the Spring of 1918 Red Guards invaded Bokhara and a week of heavy fighting ensued, in which several thousand people were killed and the Red Guards repulsed. Much property was destroyed but luckily the Revillon *zavode* escaped damage. Many of the Russian population returned to Tashkent with the retreating Guards, leaving those who remained behind in dread of even worse disorder, until the Emir decided to protect them. The railroad lines were entirely torn up and traveling had to be resumed by the old stage routes which were safe only when a military escort could be provided.

Many readers will need to be reminded that furs are collected not only in distant places but that some of the most desirable are found in well settled countries. The mole from which such graceful garments are made is found in England, and in great numbers in France where mole catching is a recognized industry. Other valuable French furs are the marten and fitch caught chiefly by gamekeepers and other employees of large estates. The most valuable fur in the United States is skunk, widely distributed in many regions, the darkest and choicest skins coming from the counties near New York. Skunk is caught by farmer boys during the leisure months of Winter.

A new born Persian Lamb.

One of the costliest furs at the present time is Chinchilla which comes from the mountains of Chili, South America. This fur used to be trapped in large quantities but the species was so nearly exterminated that the government of Chili determined to protect it much as the seals of Alaska have been protected by our own authorities. In 1916 they passed laws regulating the taking of Chinchilla for five years. At present only a very few fine Chinchilla skins are procurable each year. The heavier the fur and the bluer in color the greater the value, the finest specimens coming from the high altitudes. Chinchilla is used mostly for coats and sets for evening wear.

Another American fur of great commercial value is the muskrat. This humble but useful little fur bearer lives along lakes and rivers and in marshes. The muskrat is fortunately very prolific since his skin is one of the most widely used in the fur trade. The darkest muskrats are beautiful in color and when carefully dressed and skilfully handled make very attractive garments. Large quantities of the ordinary muskrat skins are used for coat linings, and many more are sheared and dyed to make "Hudson Seal" one of the most widely used furs for women's medium priced coats and sets. In former years large quantities of American muskrat skins were sold to the Russian government for military clothing.

Evening Coat of Chinchilla.

In all these countries buyers for Revillon Frères go from place to place collecting the skins which are forwarded to the firm's central warehouses. American purchases are shipped to the raw fur warehouse on the West Side in New York, where they are immediately prepared for manufacture. During the busy season of December and January work goes on continuously night and day.

In whatever country they may be trapped or produced, the choicest furs come at last to the Revillon building in Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street where they are made up into garments or offered to the patrons of the house for selection for custom work, or they are sent to the Revillon establishments in London at 180 Regent Street and to the original house at 81 Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

A Revillon Buyer Thadee Zabieka Inspecting Persian Lamb Skins.

The all-black costume is to be a feature of Miss Walton's wardrobe and this chemise frock from Lanvin is of black satin trimmed with black cord fringe—much like a curtain fringe of a very fine quality—which gives a quaint Victorian effect. Note the fringed neckline and the new belt which buttons across into seven buttonholes instead of tying

Photo Fairchild

A house gown from Callot that is beautifully representative of all that goes to make a French model a—well, a French model, quality and color of material, extreme charm in the simplicity of lines. It comprises a pink satin slip banded head and foot with gold lace over which falls from an Italian neck-line a robe of the palest of crushed raspberry chiffons, an enchanting contrast with Miss Walton's brunette beauty

Another of Miss Walton's French model frocks, also from Cheruit, also of black, black taffeta. This time over a narrow pulled back under petticoat of the same and trimmed with row upon row of loop upon loop of inch-wide black grosgrain ribbon. The straight up and down chemise lines are ingeniously worked out and given character by lines of stitching

I HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF SOME FRENCH MODELS

By ANGELINA

I RAN into Miss Florence Walton the other afternoon as I was coming out of the tea-room at the Biltmore. She was looking very fresh and blooming after her summer at Great Neck and was attired charmingly in an all-black costume, black tricolette frock with deep embroidery on the hem, small black hat with a large black Alsatian bow, a black fox fur slipping off her shoulders and a pair of those smart French pumps, silver-buckled, whose round, short-vamped shape she so believes in for the trimness and comfort of a dancing foot. With Miss Walton was her new Russian dancing partner, who takes the place of Mr. Maurice now fighting in France.

* * *

Miss Walton was told how effective her all-black picture was and responded that she was rather specializing in it for the Fall. "I've just bought two other all-black frocks, two stunning French models. And I think they must have been delivered by this time Don't you want to come up to the apartment and see?"

* * *

Naturally I did. We found the frocks just being taken from the tissue by Miss Walton's maid. They were adorable. Quaint, mid-Victorian! Yet both built on the modern "chemise" lines, and those lines manipulated in true French fashion, the material cut out and fitted together again like a picture puzzle, with ingenious stitchings, as you may see in the little sketches above. One black frock, a Lanvin model, was of satin with a border of rows of black silk-cord fringe, the fringe outlining the neck also. Its black satin belt fastened with black satin buttons instead of tying. Not a stitch of any other shade, or trimming, was on the frock. It was to be worn dead, solid, black.

* * *

So too was the second model, a Cheruit, of black taffeta, with rows of grosgrain ribbon loops weighting down the hem of the skirt like the petals of so many flowers, loops likewise around the neck and the *elbow* (Note!) sleeves.

* * *

Miss Walton told me that when she was in Paris a year ago, Madame Boulanger, head of Cheruit had just originated that loop idea. She used it first on a frock for Miss Walton to take to Biarritz with her, a white chiffon trimmed with lapin on which the little loops were of chiffon and ran down the front. It certainly is a charming conception. (*Concluded on page* 308)

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"The Furs That Heighten Woman's Charm"

FUR STYLE BOOK FREE

I HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF SOME FRENCH MODELS

(*Continued from page* 306)

Having had a first taste of French models I thirsted for more and luck favored me the next morning in the shape of a telephone call from Giddings asking me if I didn't want a look behind the scenes at their French models that had just arrived. Again yes, enchanted!

* * *

The Premet collection is the finest this year, all hands agree. And the finest of their finest are steel beaded effects on black for afternoon and semi-evening frocks. An enchanting frock of black satin—chemise lines, long sleeves, deeply cut V neck, practically to the waist line—was studded over its whole surface at invervals with tiny steel beads. I don't mean thickly studded, but regularly and diagonally placed, each tiny bead at about a two-inch interval from the other. Around the waist line of this goes a narrow girdle, heavy and glistening with the steel beads, which crosses over once and drops down the skirt; and there is a long row of small steel buttons to button it down the back.

* * *

Those small ornamental buttons for the back and for other ornamentation are very popular with Premet and with several of the other houses. The former takes a reduced-in-size copy of the "mandarin" button—that button you know originating on the jacket of the Chinese dignitary and made of strands of tiny coral beads—and makes it the starting-point for a blue serge one-piece frock. These small sized "mandarins" run diagonally down the left side of the front and to carry on the inspiration there is a peplum skirt embroidered all over with a pattern of coral beads intermingled with tiny crystal ones and a gold thread.

A Premet frock of blue serge whose creation has evidently been inspired by the coral-stranded "mandarin" button. Small editions of it decorate one side of the bodice and a design worked out in tiny coral and crystal beads with a gold thread covers the tunic, edges the neck and sleeves and forms a heavy girdle. From J. M. Gidding.

One of the best of Jenny's collection and distinctly made for coalless days! Black velvet is combined with taupe angora, which forms a muffling collar and vest to which is attached in back a long sailor collar. For a bit of brightness flexible diamond slides hold the narrow black velvet belt in place at either side of the vest and attach the full tunic skirt to the tight-fitting angora under petticoat

* * *

This bead embroidery runs around the neck and sleeves and forms a girdle similar to that used on the black satin frock mentioned above. To wear with this Madame Georgette, of Giddings, suggests the chic little toque from Julia (seen in the sketch vis-à-vis) that is of black velours sectioned by means of lines of henna-colored (obsolete, terra-cotta: up-to-date, henna) embroidery, with a great Panjandrum "little round button at the top."

* * *

Small ornamental buttons running down the back, by the way, are a feature of several of the French model frocks of this season. They may be of cut steel, or set with brilliants, and sometimes slides to match the latter are used, employed in somewhat unexpected manner, as for instance on the combined velvet and angora wool model from Jenny shown above, also at present a member of the Gidding household.

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Showing garment
under hose

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There's a difference in the shoulder straps, too. Instead of the usual ribbon shoulder straps that seem positively to evaporate when washed these straps are of hem-stitched glove silk! They don't go wandering down your arm, either! They're closer together in back than in front and this angle keeps them just where they belong, on your shoulders!

Whether it's in unions, vests, knickers, envelopes or Pettibockers, you'll always find a special "something" about Vanity Fair undersilks that means either added comfort, beauty or wear. They're all made of the jersey silk that you "can't wear out." All the better shops carry Vanity Fair—write us if you have any difficulty getting just what you want.

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NO class of women knows so much about perfumes as the actress. She has always specialized in them along with the other cosmetics —I think you could call a perfume a cosmetic under the dictionary definition of "cosmetic, something that beautifies"—that are an integral part of her profession. She has always known and used the best, which means the highest priced, which means, in turn, the French imported perfumes, and notably those of Houbigant and Guérlain.

A fresh shipment of both, we are happy to report, has just arrived from the other side. It looked for a time recently as if there were going to be a distressing shortage, but fortunately that period has passed. The price of even these highest-priced products has advanced, of course, but that is only to be expected. And we must have them. Some so-called luxuries rank really as necessities and such are the Houbigant and Guérlain perfumes. They are the perfumes that are the most deliciously fragrant and sense-stirring, that are pervasive and elusive all in the same breath, as a real perfume should be.

Houbigant's famous *Idéal* has had a recrudescence of popularity among the stage and society women and is being widely used again, in both the Extract and the Toilet Water. It is just a little less expensive than the newer *Quelques Fleurs*, which is Houbigant's last "odor supreme" and comes to us with the fashion approval of Paris. There are besides the *"Coeur de Jeannette,"* one of the favorite perfumes of Queen Alexandra, which smells like an old-fashioned garden; the always staple *Violettes* and a *La France Rose* rich and heavy and lasting, almost like an attar of roses. And others.... With all of these extracts go the corresponding soaps and talcs and face powders and toilet waters: also an *Eau Végétale* in all the different odors, used instead of toilet water and less even in price.

Rich and rare perfumes should be housed in rich and rare bottles and cases! So the amber liquid of Quelques Fleurs, Houbigant's last new odor, reposes in a clear crystal bottle in a pale blue box and the subtle and indescribable scent of Guérlain's Parfum des Champs Elysées in a hand-carved bottle with a red morocco leather case

If I had my way I should have a number, a set of perfumes, selected to be sure within certain limits to suit my personality, and use them according to different costumes and moods and occasions.

This, by the way, is also what Monsieur Guérlain, the head of Guérlain et Cie, believes should be done. It is his greatest delight to create "rich and strange" perfumes, and two of his newest creations are the *Parfum des Champs Elysées* and the *Parfum Rue de la Paix*, which impart the atmosphere of those wonderful streets themselves and suggest the mingled scents that are wafted to one from the courtyards of the old houses that line their way, curious, intriguing perfumes.

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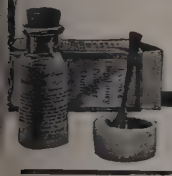

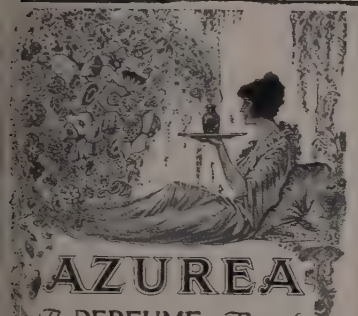

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 280*)

William Courtenay was very impressive as Baldasarre. Sidonie Espero sang well and Evelyn Egerton the governor's daughter, looked beautiful and blended nicely in the picture.

PRINCESS. "JONATHAN MAKES A WISH." Play in three acts, by Stuart Walker. Produced on September 10, with this cast:

Aunt Letitia	Elizabeth Patterson
Susan Sample	Beatrice Maude
Uncle Nathaniel	George Gaul
Uncle John	Ainsworth Arnold
Jonathan	Gregory Kelly
Mlle. Perrault	Margaret Mower
Hank	Edgar Stehli
Albert Peet	Joseph Graham
Mary	Elizabeth Black
John III	John Talbott

THIS piece did not enjoy long life on Broadway.

Jonathan was a lad of fourteen who wanted to be an actor-playwright-manager. But his tyrannical uncle was resolved to make an engineer of him. They quarreled. Uncle boxed Jonathan's ears and locked him in, and the boy climbing out at a high window, had a fall. Jonathan became delirious. He was a hunchback, and none of his old acquaintances recognized him. Then he climbed a green hill, reached the top of the world, preached a little sermon to boys of fourteen, and jumped off. Eventually, Jonathan recovered. Then he quarreled again with the autocratic uncle and went away with the sympathetic one, who was a writer of best sellers and had an income of $350,000 a year.

Before his fifteenth year Jonathan had written forty-one plays. I hope, at least, some of them were better than Stuart Walker's. The first act of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" was extremely interesting and full of promise, but the last act merely reiterated it, and the intervening one—the injured boy's ravings—was a dreary waste of the spectator's time. I suspect it of symbolism, but venture no further than the suspicion.

MOROSCO. "THE WALK-OFFS." Comedy in three acts, by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on September 17, with this cast:

Mary Carter	Frances Underwood
Sonia Orloff	Fania Marinoff
Ah Foo	Elmer Ballard
Carolyn Rutherford	Roberta Arnold
Peter Grandin	Charles A. Stevenson
Schuyler Rutherford	William Roselle
Judge Charles Brent	Percival T. Moore
Mrs. Alicia Elliott	Janet Travers
Kathleen Rutherford	Carroll McComas
Murray Van Allan	Fred L. Tiden
Robert Shirley	Winston Edmond Lowe
George Washington White,	Emmett Shackelford

IT has remained for the Hattons to exhume "The Love Drive," after New York had twice buried that piece last season. To it they have added a dash of "She Stoops to Conquer," and then finished off with an act from "The Taming of the Shrew."

The trite story is inundated with wit that usually misses fire. Practically its only amusing moments are furnished by the bibulous ex-husband, assisted by his tearful and amorous ex-wife. And it is chiefly the acting of William Roselle and Roberta Arnold that makes these rôles effective.

The others of the cast give the piece the interpretation it deserves. Edmond Lowe is as offensive as anybody could wish as the Kentuckian, and Carroll McComas is quite as artificial as the woman who stoops to conquer him, and is eventually bullied into submission.

CENTRAL. "FOREVER AFTER." Play in three acts, by Owen Davis. Produced on September 9, with this cast:

Ted	Conrad Nagel
Jack	John Warner
Jennie	Alice Brady
Mrs. Clayton	Mrs. Russ Whytal
Mr. Clayton	Frank Hatch
Nan	Isabel Lamon
Private Nolan	Maxwell Driscoll
Tom Lowell	Frederick Manatt
McNabb	J. Paul Jones
Miss Webb	Bernice Parker
Doctor Mason	J. R. Armstrong

THIS latest work of Owen Davis is merely another instance of what incredible stuff may achieve presentation on our stage. The story is trite and undramatic, the characters are generally without semblance of reality, and the dialogue is for the most part without distinction.

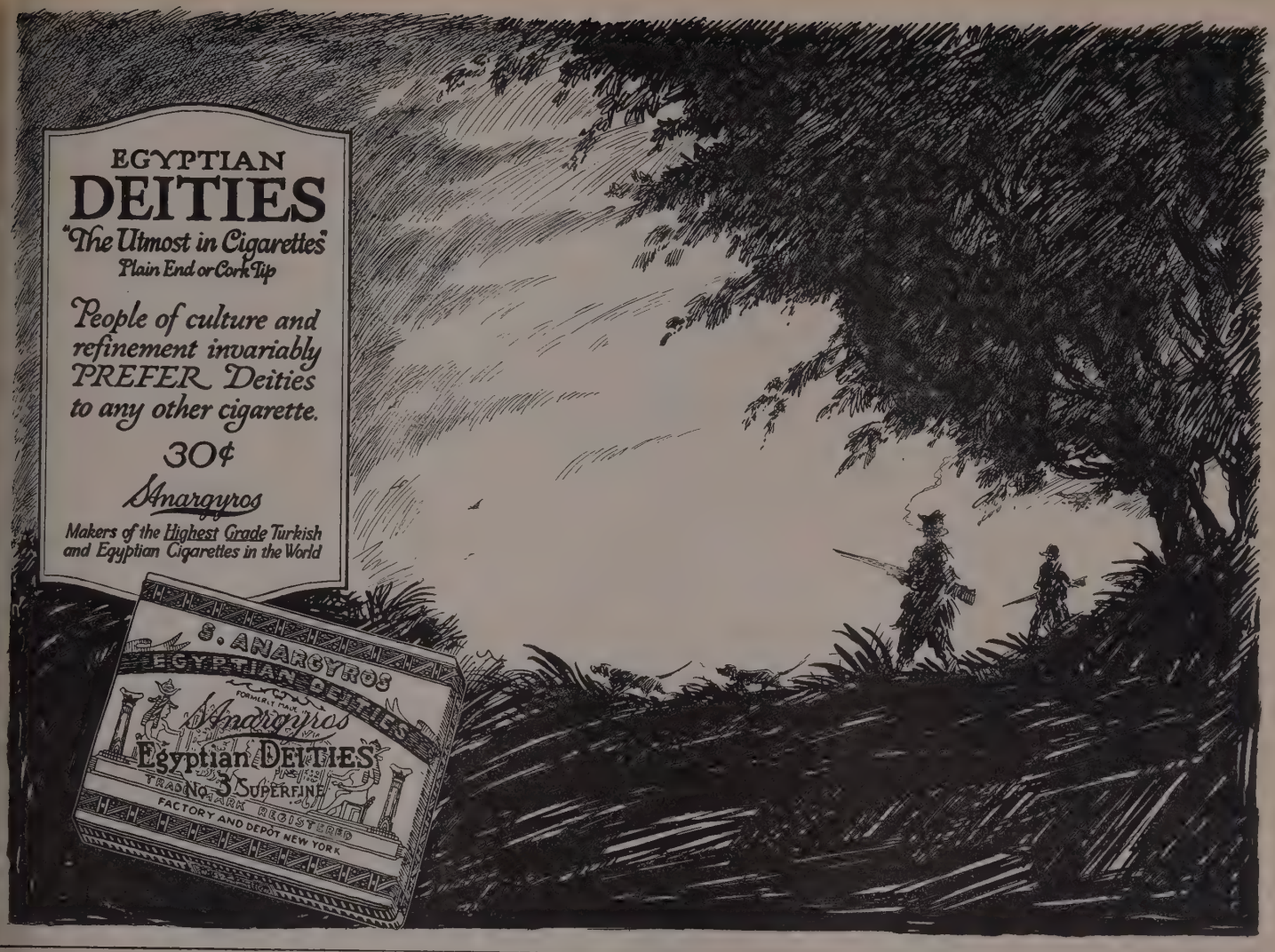
A delirious soldier lying near the firing line lives over three episodes in his past life—one in which he first told the rich neighbor's daughter that he loved her, a second in which he stroked the Harvard crew, just after learning of his father's death, and the third in which his excessive pride made him tell his sweetheart that he no longer cared for her.

Thereafter—I am sure it is quite needless for me to add—he went to war, got wounded, and inevitably was carried to that very room in that very hospital over which his ex-fiancée presided as a Red Cross nurse. What war play, story, or movie nowadays is complete without this highly probable concluding incident?

As happens so often, the acting was generally much superior to the material. The skill and sincerity of Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel made the parting scene in Act III seem almost real, even when reason revolted at the idea of an upright Harvard stroke-oar and A. B. being reduced to acting as soda jerker in a village drug store.

The Czerwonky Recital

A MUSIC event of considerable interest will be the appearance in this city at his own recital this month of Richard Czerwonky, the well-known violinist, teacher and composer, lately concert master of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and now director of the violin department of the Bush Conservatory, Chicago. Mr. Czerwonky will be heard at Aeolian Hall on November 13 next in a programme arranged with a view to encourage his fellow American artists by playing their compositions. The programme is as follows: 1. Chaconne, by Bach; 2. Concerto in B minor, D'Ambrosio; 3. a. Prelude, Spalding; b. Menuet in olden style, Hochstein; c. Humoresque, Stoessel; d. Serenade Negre, Macmillan; 4. a. Etude Melodique, Rode-Elman; b. Improvisation, Saenger; c. Reverie, Enrico Polo; d. Dance, Czerwonky.



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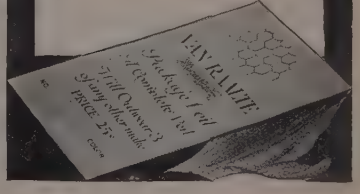

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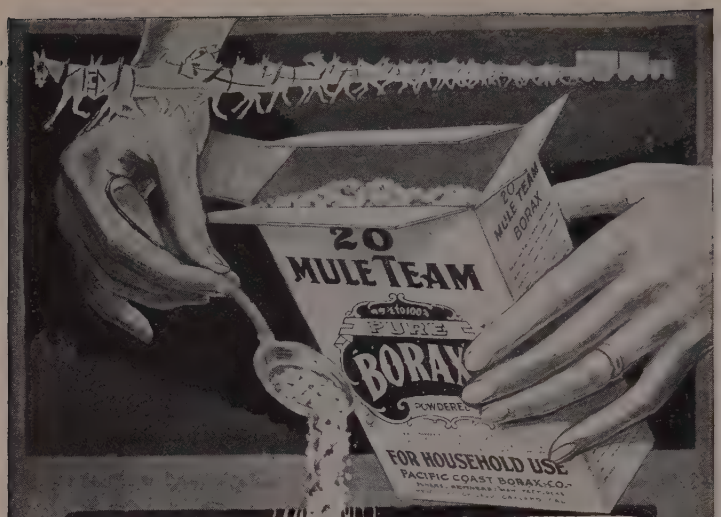

For the Toilette

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20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the Bath

COLUMBIA RECORDS

WITH the opening of the operatic season close at hand, Columbia announces three new records of exceptional interest in its list of November music.

One is that scintillating musical skyrocket, the *"Questa O Quella"* of the heartless Duke in "Rigoletto," sung by Lazaro. The second is by Georges Baklanoff, the great Russian baritone, who contributes the exquisite Fishers' song from "La Gioconda." The third is another famous baritone aria by Riccardo Stracciari,—*"Pari Siamo"* from the "Rigoletto" that is the most notable performance in Stracciari's varied repertoire.

Just the softest, sweetest, crooning lullaby that ever wafted off a drowsy pickaniny into slumberland is *"Ma Curly Headed Babby"* sung by Hulda Lashanska. It is one of the best of the new November Columbia Records.

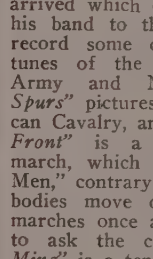
Another notable record in this group is made by Barbara Maurel, *"From the Land of the Sky Blue Water"* and *"By the Waters of Minnetonka"* are exquisitely rendered on this beautiful record.

"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and *"Loch Lomond"* are songs that thrill even in the mentioning. The only measure of beauty that could be added to either is to say that Oscar Seagle sings it.

Dance music is represented of course, by a half dozen or more of the latest dance hits, played by famous dance music makers.

VICTOR RECORDS

LIEUTENANT JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, U. S. N. R. F., is a busy man these days, and we are fortunate that a happy opportunity arrived which enabled him to bring his band to the Victor factory to record some of the latest march tunes of the invincible American Army and Navy. *"Sabre and Spurs"* pictures a patrol of American Cavalry, and *"Solid Men to the Front"* is a remarkably spirited march, which suggests that "Solid Men," contrary to the habit of solid bodies move quickly. Hear these marches once and there is no need to ask the composer. *"Mate o' Mine"* is a tender song offered this month by Clarence Whitehill. His palpable sincerity and the exquisite tenderness of feeling to which his voice lends itself so sympathetically make this record one of exceptional interest. *"The Golden Cockerel,"* a new Victor record sung by Mabel Garrison will not fail to interest lovers of music. *"N'Everything,"* by De Sylvia, Kahn and Jolson is as American as its name, full of energy and "pep" and *"I Want You to Want Me"* are two splendid fox trots for November.



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MABEL WITHEE

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSH MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, E *required by the Act of Congress of Au* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, lished monthly at New York, N. Y., October 1, 1918, State of New Y County of New York. Before me, a tary Public in and for the State County aforesaid, personally appeared E Meyer, who, having been duly sworn cording to law, deposes and says that I the business manager of the Theatre M zine, and that the following is to best of his knowledge and belief, a statement of the ownership, managem etc., of the aforesaid publication for date shown in the above caption, req by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodie section 443, Postal Laws and Regulat printed on the reverse of this form, to That the names and addresses of the lisher, editor, managing editor, and ness managers are. Publisher, The The Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New Y Editor, Arthur Hornblow 6 East 39th New York. Managing Editor, none. ness Managers, Paul and Louis Mey East 39th St., New York. That the ers are: The Theatre Magazine Comp 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. H Stern, 838 West End Ave., New Y Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th New York. That the known bondhold mortgagees, and other security ho owning or holding 1 per cent. or mo total amount of bonds, mortgages, or securities are: None. That the two graphs next above, giving the name the owners, stockholders and sec holders, if any, contain not only the of stockholders and security holders they appear upon the books of the pany, but also in cases where the holders or security holder appears the books of the company as trustee any other fiduciary relation, the nam the person or corporation for whom trustee is acting, is given; also that said two paragraphs contain statement bracing affiant's full knowledge and as to the circumstances and condition der which stockholders and security ers who do not appear upon the book the company as trustees, hold stock securities in a capacity other than th a bona fide owner; and this affiant ha reason to believe that any other pe association, or corporation has any int direct or indirect in the said stock, or other securities than as so state him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Bus Manager. Sworn to and subscribed fore me this 18th day of September, [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, N Public, Bronx Co. No. 41. New Yor Clerk's No. 200. New York Co. Regi No. 10203. (My term expires Marc 1920.)

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

Photo Campbell

Specially posed for Theatre Magazine

MISS ANNA CASE

The charming operatic star who sang at the Treasury Department, Madison Square Altar, and Public Library during the Liberty Loan Drive in New York, with great success. She is soon to appear in moving pictures

"What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

* * *

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H. Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes,—

—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you yourself are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life!

Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you!

Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be.

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital *difference* between *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout—you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

* * *

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

YOUTH

THERE is an old adage that youth must be served and will always come into his own.

* * *

The events that have transpired during the past four years, not alone in connection with the present world war but in every line of endeavor have brought forth the *youth* of our land, as exponents of "big things."

* * *

It is strange to contemplate that ten or more years ago a man under the age of forty-five was considered to be still undergoing his preliminary course in "experience" and real big things were not entrusted to one, unless grey hairs of advancing years shown prominently.

* * *

But to-day things have taken a complete turn about. Walk along Broadway and there witness the stream of commissioned officers ranging from Second Lieutenant to Lieutenant-Colonel and the majority of them are still hairless on their upper lip.

* * *

Take the record of things that have been accomplished within the past four years in the theatrical and motion picture profession and we find in comparison to previous years a superior record of achievement in the same line of endeavor, totaling up the score altogether in the favor of the young man and young woman.

* * *

And youth, its struggles and its victories when either recorded in novel form, or dramatized, or visualized upon the screen, have been proclaimed with a degree of success that no longer accorded the book or production dealing with advanced years.

* * *

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" and "Penrod," the stories of which revolve around the life of youth have been successful beyond expectation and the author himself is a young man of but twenty-nine years.

* * *

Take as a concrete example the production "Once To Every Man" just completed but not as yet released, by The Frohman Amusement Corporation. Here is a story glorifying the achievements of youth, written by Larry Evans, a young man of twenty-seven years, an author, magazine writer and playwright having just written the stage success "Someone in the House"; the screen version was written by Anthony Paul Kelley, a young man of twenty-three years, who is also the sole author of "Three Faces East," one of the most popular, if not the most popular Broadway attraction now running; the director, Hayes Hunter is but thirty-five years of age and has done some of the biggest things in the motion picture industry credited to any one man.

* * *

The star, Jack Sherrill is a boy of twenty years who up to this time has been starred and featured in no less than fifteen special photoplay productions.

* * *

The co-star is Mabel Withee of eighteen years, who has been featured in Broadway shows under the management of the Shuberts for two years.

* * *

The camera man is but twenty-seven. The performance of this aggregation in connection with this production would ordinarily have been ascribed to persons of more matured experience.

But this being the age of youth, when men of affairs appreciate the fact that brains do not lodge only in the cranium of a septuagenarian, it is reasonable to expect that a virile, active mind unobsessed with either routine or tradition will continue to do those things that the changing condition of the new world demand.

Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee in a scene from "One To Every Man"

* * *

And what is the reason for this sudden advent of youth in the arena of life? To what are we to ascribe this recognition of ability to the younger men of to-day. Concretely in our opinion it might be said that as a necessity, a complete metamorphosis has been worked because of the new view of life which the world has been compelled to accept.

* * *

The laws that heretofore have been considered immitable are being altered and abandoned, even the arts themselves are pursued with a different code. The cubist movement, the woman suffrage movement, the acceptation of internationl brotherhood of man and down to even the art of photoplay production, when people no longer accept the substitute for the real, certify to a change that has been worked in the worldly operation and with this vast and complete "turn about," the young man has been given his rightful position. In effect we would compare all of this to a cleaning of the slate and the starting over again with everybody afforded an opportunity to make good. Youth heretofore submerged, has arisen to this occasion and to larger endeavor with success to himself.

* * *

In the field of motion pictures where new ideas and original conceptions of things count for so much, a young man takes advantage of the opportunity, is plunged into the center of things so that his hand being new he has become in the main the guiding genius of the progress of motion pictures and theatricals generally.

* * *

If we may be bold enough to predict the future, I would say that the bigger things that are to come in every line of endeavor, including that of the silent drama will in the majority emanate from the young man, ever anxious to originate, still forging ahead, creating and devising, always giving birth to new ideas, leaving it to the more matured minds to pass judgment and approval; and why should not youth be encouraged in his endeavors; why should he not even in his early years be permitted to become the father of big things? While his impetuosity may cause him to travel far and often on unsafe ground yet there will always be culled out of the sum total sufficient to add to the joy of things and make life worth while.

* * *

The Croix de Guerre and the Medale Militaire of war, while now being awarded mainly to those youths who are shedding their life's blood on the battlefield of France, so to Palm the Merit and Achievement in the peaceful pursuits of life are being rightfully handed to the young man.

* * *

And in the art of photoplay production we feel that we can always depend for its steady progress upon a mind that is unharnessed by tradition, and that the public will always look with favor on the rising generation, to reveal yet bigger things in the unexplored regions of the silent drama.

BLANCHE SWEET

who returns to the screen after more than a year's absence under the management of Harry Garson. Miss Sweet has just finished what is said to be the most unusual story ever seen in Motion Pictures "The Hushed Hour," and is now filming Major Rupert Hughes' "The Unpardonable Sin" which is being directed by Marshall Neilan. Both pictures will be released about November First.

THE PIE PIONEER

The founder of the squashed pastry school of photodramatic art has a word or two to say on its development

IN the old days of stage burlesque the main comedy ingredient was a prop made of two pieces of wood bound together at the handle and designed so that, when brought into forcible contact with any stationary object, such as the seat of a comedian's trousers, it gave forth a resounding whack. It was the noise of the whack that spread the laugh. The discomfiture of the object attacked by this peculiar prop was secondary in the risibilities of the audience to the crack of the two pieces of wood as they came together. Psychologically the noise started applause, just as it started a cackling sound of laughter in the audience. Such was the birth, the reason for being, and the ultimate justification of the slap-stick.

* * *

The proof that it was the noise that started the laughter and not the action of the slap-stick was found when the moving picture comedy came into being. In the silent drama the slap-stick was used in precisely the same way as it was on the stage. It was brought into immediate and sudden juxtaposition with various portions of the human anatomy but the result was a dire failure. Not a cackle from the audience; not a ripple of applause. The thing was a failure on the screen. Why? Because the noise could not be heard. Silent comedy demanded a new slap-stick.

* * *

Enter Mack Sennett on the scene with an idea. The comedy of the slap-stick must be visualized, he reasoned. The noise is no longer in it. What can take its place? What can be used to register the results of the slap-stick, carry that result to the eye and make it last long enough to tease a tickled laugh from the tired theatre trotter? What indeed, but a custard pie?

* * *

Such was the birth, the reason for being and the ultimate justification of the custard pie in pictures. And therein Mack Sennett showed himself a student of psychology and earned the honorary title of the pie pioneer of the screen. To-day rough-house comedy is still known as "slap-stick" but there is not a slap or a stick in a single foot of the sort of mirth-makers Sennett puts out. There is little of the pie stuff, too. That has gone by the boards. But the time was when it was the high-sign of screen comedy, the sure fire laugh-getter of the black and white, the giggle tickler of the silver sheet.

When Mack Sennett discovered the astonishing natural phenomenon that a custard pie brought into forcible contact with the human face spreads considerably he became the father of the slap-stick and the soft pie picture. The slap-stick he did not invent but he made that type of movie fashionable. The pie-throw was of his own invention.

Neither pie nor stick were the least of his discoveries, however. There was water. Formerly people imagined that the funniest thing one could do with water was to pour it over men and women. Mr. Sennett showed us our error. He poured his men and women over water, shooting the chutes with them over lakes and ponds and watery streets and bounding billows.

* * *

Mr. Sennett made other discoveries. One was that slap-stick comedy without a comedian to do the slap-stickery is not comedy at all. For the comedians he picked he will be remembered when the slap-stick has long since turned to rotting wood. To his pie, his waterworks, his spectacular finales, his oh so beautiful girls, he owes but little of his reputation. Other men have followed him along the way he blazed through the wilderness and some there are who can throw pies straighter than Mr. Sennett's first assistants but they are not comedians. There are dare-devils who will drive motor cars over steeper cliffs than Mr. Sennett selects for his luckless actors but they belong in the circus. The Charlie Chaplins, Fatty Arbuckles, Chester Conklins, Ben Turpins, Charlie Murrays are more than mere pie-throwers or funny chase men. These are the artists of screen burlesque.

One of the happiest moments of Fatty Arbuckle's life

* * *

It is on the very point of burlesque that Mr. Sennett waxes most eloquent. "Picture plays have got to be one of two things to interest the public," he vouchsafed to me in the course of my still hunt into the mysteries of the pie-throw. "They have got to be straight drama—with comedy relief, of course, and all that sort of thing—or they have got to be plain burlesque. There is no such thing as a good light comedy in pictures. There are a few good farces and plenty of attempts at parlor comedy picture plays but I believe these latter are too inane to hold a permanent appeal for picture patrons.

"What I mean is this: 'The Importance of Being Earnest' is a light comedy a most admirable one for the speaking stage. In pictures, plays of that kind cannot be produced. Such a comedy's punch comes from clever dialog, not from action or strong characterization. So it is, that light comedy producers of pictures try for themes that offer action and strong characterization and, if they do not turn to burlesque, they are no good at all.

* * *

"Picture comedy must have exaggeration that takes it into the realm of burlesque. Stage comedy that has exaggeration turns out to be farce. There are few adequate farces in pictures; they turn into burlesque and the easier they turn and the more surely they turn, the more appeal the picture comedy will have for the public.

"Do you get what I mean? Burlesque is to the picture play what farce is to the stage comedy, only it is far more difficult to achieve and, if properly done, represents a higher degree of artistic endeavor, just as the satirist represents a higher degree of literary endeavor than the humorist. It is not easy to achieve burlesque. One must have a twist in his make-up that gives him a different point of view on life. Above all one must be serious.

* * *

"Actor, producer and subject must start seriously if good burlesque is to be achieved. The subject, for instance, may be the story of a household in which a water pipe bursts, floods all the rooms and carries the inmates out into the street. That is a serious enough subject. The burlesquer appreciates its seriousness but he turns that serious situation into burlesque, for after all it is such an exaggeration that it can be nothing but burlesque if it is to be swallowed by the spectator at the movies.

* * *

"The actor must be serious, too. If he tries to be funny, he ruins the effect. That is as true on the stage as on the screen. For all Fatty Arbuckle's good-natured grin, the audience never gets the idea for a moment that he thinks he is funny. Charlie Chaplin's seriousness is his biggest asset. If Charlie laughed while he accomplishes his tricks, the audience wouldn't.

(Concluded on page 325)

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

STRAND. "COME ON IN," with Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex. Written by John Emerson and Anita Loos and directed by Emerson. "Come On In" at least varies in its story and stars from the regular Paramount offerings. "Come On In" is a satire on the failure of German Propaganda in this country, into which there has been intermingled the story of a youth, who having acquired a bump upon his head, is thereby enabled to pass the heighth test of the army by a scant half inch, and a maiden fair whose mania for spy catching, results in complications both humorous and thrilling. The refreshing personality of Shirley Mason and the quaint humor of Ernest Truex add considerably in establishing "Come On In" as a picture well worth seeing.

* * *

RIALTO. "OUT OF A CLEAR SKY," with Marguerite Clark. A well directed picture, but a bad story. Consequently much disappointment registered by a restless audience. An impossible near-war story, in which little Miss Clark does nothing new, but in which she is however ably supported by Thomas Meighan. To speak in the vernacular "Out of a Clear Sky" is not so good.

* * *

NEW YORK ROOF. "RULING PASSIONS," with Julia Dean, Edwin Arden, Claire Whitney and Earle Shenk.

The following is reprinted from the program, and tells all about the aims, ambitions, desires, etc., of The Schomer Photo Play Producing Co.

In presenting our first photoplay, "Ruling Passions," we start out with the hope that we will merit and obtain the approval of a discerning Exhibitor, a discriminating Public and a critical but kindly Press.

We believe that the Screen should aid in the education of the Public, but that it should also entertain and amuse; the entertainment, however, should be intellectual and the amusement wholesome. This, in our opinion, can be achieved only by raising the Screen to the full dignity of an art.

It is with the Exhibitor, the Public and the Press, who are its natural censors, that the progress and elevation of the Screen to an art must lie.

In "Ruling Passions," we aim to give the public clean and intellectual entertainment. We believe that Art should speak to the mind; that it is to the mind alone that it should give pleasure. If it seeks to excite the senses, it ceases to be an art and becomes a trade.

* * *

The story is poor, and has been dragged out to interminable lengths. Edwin Arden, who has since died, was immense. Julia Dean, Claire Whitney, and Earl Shenk are exempt, inasmuch as any performers could have played the parts assigned them equally well, and at much less expense to the producer. The titles are weird, bad spelling and bad grammar their main assets. The story means nothing and gets nowhere.

* * *

SYMPHONY. "TOGETHER," with Violet Mersereau. I wish that the Universal would find a story for Violet Mersereau that would do her justice. "Together" is very far apart in continuity. The star takes two parts and in so far as her work is concerned, it is the most creditable part of the picture. The story is weak, and the lighting and photography is spotty, yet Oscar Lund has done rather well with the material at hand. "Together" is only a fair picture, that will just about get over.

* * *

44TH STREET THEATRE. "SALOME," with Theda Bara. The William Fox version of Salome is based on the Chronicles of Flavius Josephus, Historian of The First Century, directed by J. Gordon Edwards, scenario by Adrian Johnson, and photographed by John W. Boyle. The screening of Salome is as unessential as using gasoline on Sunday. It may not be Miss Bara's fault if the story is risky as it is one which will allow of vamping to the nth degree. Put such a story in the hands of the screen's most capable vampire and the results are easily imagined. "Salome" is a picture that will recommend itself to that portion of our public that delight in sensational, thinly moraled productions with plenty of kick. It is a massive production upon which no expense has been spared. The photography and direction are commendable, but just how "Salome" is going to get by in cities where the Board of Censors are anything but a joke is beyond me.

FRANCE--THE REAL MOVING PICTURE

By LOIS MEREDITH

Passed as Censored Without Deletions

Miss Meredith is now on the Western Front as a member of a Y. M. C. A. Entertainment Unit entertaining the American Troops

YOU have seen thousands of moving pictures advertised as "The Real Moving Picture," maybe millions. I have played in scores myself that have had the same advertising caption, and now that I am in the midst of the greatest drama of all times, I think I have found the REAL Moving Picture. Oceans of ink have been used, and will be used, by people writing about France as a nation of fighters, of real people, but they will never be able to give it its full share of credit. From what I have seen of France from its southern coast, with its dim outline of white stone houses standing out in contrast to its green hills, flanked by the deep blue of the ocean to the shell-marked roads of the famous "Western Front" France to me has appeared as a big moving picture. Its opening caption, "cut in" or title, choose your own professional term for it, are the small harmless looking camouflaged submarine chasers that come out to welcome your big steamer as you come in. A string of them unwind themselves, and the spray they dash up seems to say "Don't worry, we are here to protect you." A little further on in the first reel, you meet some more funny little boats that seem to have a train on them like a lady's evening gown. They are the mine sweepers, as they bob along you think if they could talk, they would say "Go right ahead, we are sweeping the ocean so it will be safe for Democracy." You sail up a beautiful river, lined with castle-shaped houses, and now and then a fort with saucy looking guns comes in view. No director in the world, no matter how good he might be, could get the dash and drama into these sights that really exists. We might call reel number two the impressions that one has upon landing upon the soil of France. The first thing you notice is that the men are all either mere boys or old men well on in the winter of life. They all smile a welcome smile to the American, and I must confess a chill or two ran down my back as the American troops on the ship I crossed on, marched down the gangplank under heavy marching outfit, their guns swung over their shoulders in business-like style, one of the color sergeants proudly flying the American flag, there was just enough breeze to make it blow out in soft ripples, and the early rising Frenchmen who were on their way to their daily tasks, saluted as it passed. Here was a real mob scene, with no supers, as the battles those boys have fought have proven that each one is a principle. Reel three one might make Paris, Gay Paree, the setting of many a comedy, now the center of a great drama. Paris is playing its part well, it has its amusements, its gaieties, but not like the Paris of musical comedy days, the blue lights that it uses at nights to protect it from the Kaiser's airplanes, give it a grave touch, but what it lacks in gaiety it makes up in beauty. Its even skyline seems to smile defiance to these night sky prowlers who come to destroy it. The people smile when you mention the war, and shrug their shoulders, they are used to it now? Paris makes a good third reel for any feature picture. Reel four might be the small French town, any small French town near an American camp. The doughboys making purchases in the small stores, struggling with their idea of the French language, the smiling French shopkeepers doing their best to keep from laughing out loud. Now and then you see one of the Sammies (I don't know why, but they do not like anyone to call them "Sammies." I hope the boys who told me this do not see this article) sitting on the stone step before the entrance to some French home talking the best he can to some smiling French damsel. I have seen two of them help a little French girl clean the big plate glass windows of the shop she worked in. Surely this comes under the head of some kind of drama. The old people in these French towns cannot restrain themselves from showing their affection for the Americans. I have seen old men salute Buck privates on the street. I suppose reel five should be the battle-front. I am afraid I have gone far enough now, in attempting to describe what I have seen there, is a task too large. The boom of a gun, in war-times cannot be written on paper, and the boom of hundreds of guns is just that much harder. Sisters of the stage who may read this should come over and see for themselves. The Y. M. C. A. would be glad to have them and the American boys they help to entertain would never forget them. I can tell them now frankly, that a tin helmet does not make a bad looking hat, but it is not very easy to act carrying a gas mask on the "alert," meaning on your chest, ready to put on in six seconds. But you will like it. Movie directors, movie artists, and movie fans, the real moving picture is the nation that helped America years ago—France.

Campbell

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW

White

MISS BLANCHE BATES

© *Victor Georg*

MISS ELSIE FERGUSON

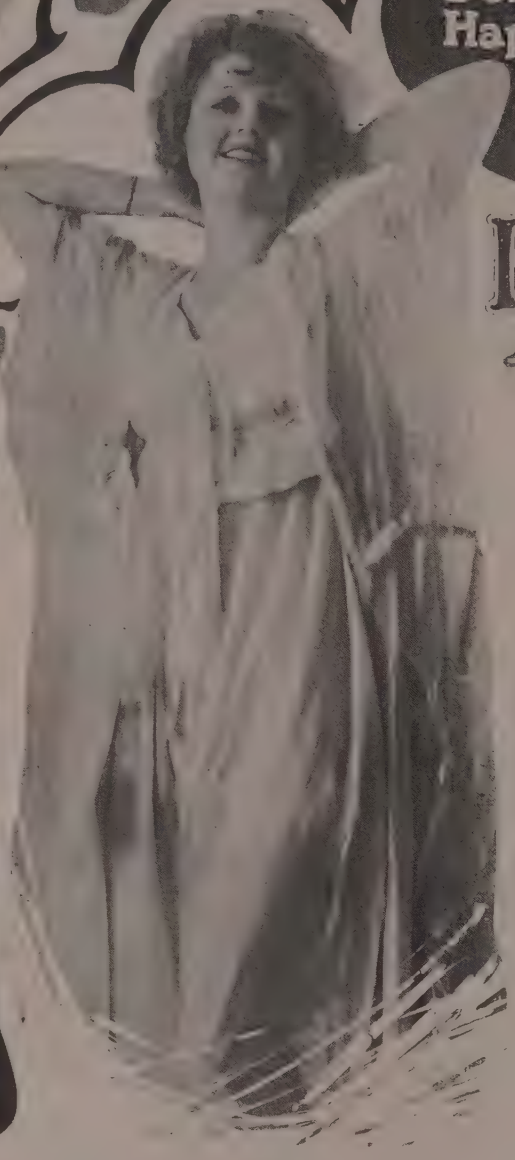
MISS RAY COX

MOTION PICTURE STARS WHO HELPED MISS RAY COX PUT OVER THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN AT THE STAGE WOMAN'S WAR RELIEF LIBERTY THEATRE IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Second of the Series of Eight Happy Pictures Starring

Lillian Walker

The Girl with the Golden Smile



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Josephine Hill who makes of "Minna" in "The Troop Train" a lovely little lady. "The Troop Train" is an Edgar Lewis production

(Left)

Alice Joyce making a new discovery in a scene from "Everybody's Girl" a Vitagraph feature

(Right)

This is Bill Hart without his western camouflage. He looks pretty good, doesn't he?

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CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG---ARTIST AND WOMAN

MANY poets have made the immortal lover of the poetically moral Marpessa say, "Thou art not created to strive or toil but only to be beautiful, only to be sweet." This might be said of Clara Kimball Young. One hears many expressions of admiration as to her beauty, artistic attainments and admirable qualities, but I question if some of her most lovable traits are sufficiently well known to be properly appreciated. One which is rather rare and wonderful, especially in a star who shines in such a brilliant firmament, is her womanliness and her great attraction for women. History has it that beautiful women usually attract, in the main, only men, but Miss Young draws women to her as a magnet. I think women admire her really more than men for she has a peculiar understanding of her fellow women and holds in her heart a fondness for them as great as is theirs for her.

* * *

Miss Young's life has been spent almost entirely, despite her arduous profession, in "a home," even though transient and temporary, with both her parents.

* * *

One of the few things which brings a cloud of unhappiness into

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Miss Young's life is being separated from her father and mother. Her father, Mr. Kimball, who is a well-known old actor, acts with her in practically all her pictures. It is a tacit agreement with her managers that he shall be with her in all pictures where it is possible, as she greatly prefers working with him to anybody else, and in the making of pictures Miss Young is an autocrat. She is one of the strongest believers in the art of progress and idealism in the profession. She accepts only the best, and assists in perfecting that which her company produces, not only through her own acting, but supervises, creates, dreams over, and in every possible way, regardless of effort or discomfort, aids those with whom she works to achieve the ultimate of perfection. She is a devotee of art for art's sake; she has a broad knowledge of literature, painting and sculpture and surrounds herself with the beautiful as far as she can. She is at the present time making a deep study of Spanish and Italian art, both from the love of it, and the fact that she leaves nothing undone which will add to the perfection of detail which is with her a religion. She has traveled far and wide. Egypt is not the sphinx country to her for she has solved all its mysteries. Africa is not a burning blaze of unknown country for she has discovered all its wonderful little known beauties. She has a Kipling love of the sea, both in storm and calm. Her spirit of adventure is almost manlike in its fearlessness. She was the first woman to fly around the Statue of Liberty, and though, as she did this in the early days of air travel, she was deemed almost crazy to assay it; she came down smiling and saying, "Oh, it was such fun—I shan't be satisfied until I get into the clouds."

* * *

It would probably surprise many of Miss Young's ardent admirers to know that despite her cheery smile and always sunshiny manner, she is, in her personal life, unusually studious, quiet and almost averse to gaiety. Quiet evenings with her father and mother appeal to her very much more than butterfly flittings. Rendering help or giving comfort to those less fortunate than herself, is one of her chief pleasures, but like all big natures she does this quite without flare of trumpets or beating of drums. Her left hand is always quite ignorant of the many things done by the right hand.

* * *

Miss Young is starting her second season at the head of her own organization under the management of Harry Garson. Her next picture, which will be released about the time this publication goes to press, is "The Road Through the Dark," to be followed by "Cheating Cheaters," which had such a long and prosperous run.

THE PIE PIONEER

(*Continued from page* 319)

"There are some subjects that should not be burlesqued, some that cannot be. I do not believe in burlesquing war or public officials, or anything that has to do with a patriotic subject. Fundamental traits of character offer the best starting points for burlesque. The jealousy of the villain, exalted heroism, anger, love, hunger, cattishness, pride, humility and all that sort of thing offer subjects for burlesquing, if the dictates of good taste are followed.

* * *

"The hair trigger comedy has come to be an institution in the movies. I believe its appeal is due to the fact that it doesn't ask any favors. You know there are a lot of movie dramas that don't ring true, no matter how much salt you consume with them. They just don't happen that way in real life and yet the picture asks you to believe in it heart and soul. If you want to enjoy it, you *have* to believe in it heart and soul.

* * *

"But with this present form of slap-stick comedy, you don't have to sacrifice your intelligence at all. You know perfectly well such things don't happen in real life and it is the very fact that they *don't* happen like that, that makes them interesting to you. When a man is hit over the head, he doesn't rock and totter like the smiling idiots of picture burlesque. But does that detract from your feeling of amusement? Not a bit. You laugh because they don't act that way in real life.

* * *

"Speed, pretty girls and spectacular effects are three essentials of good burlesque. And to-day the greatest of these is pretty girls. I dare say you have seen a few of them on the screen. Sometimes they appear in bathing suits. You have no idea how appealing that is to the general public. Or have you?"

* * *

Thus spake the pie pioneer. Another day we shall ask this philosopher of burlesque what the screen is to expect after the slap-stick and the pie? Already Fatty Arbuckle is using watermelons for the necessary squashiness of comedy and much of the fun of the newer Sennett pictures is based on situation where formerly it was based entirely on action.

* * *

Can it be that the swing of the pendulum is to bring us genteel comedy—not quiet comedy, heaven forbid, but comedy wherein the comedian's clothes are not quite so spotted with grease? It is up to the pie pioneer to tell us when. When Mack Sennett says slap-stick must go, then the days of screen burlesque are numbered.

* * *

What we get will be worth waiting for. The Charlies, Fattys, Bens, and Chesters may all die of a broken heart but every part must have its martyrs. We can afford to view the future with equanimity.

UNWINDING THE REEL

WHILE other motion picture companies are moving Heaven and earth to make a quick removal of their studios to California, the World Film Corporation is not alone standing pat but its officials declare that the concern has no intention of moving its production division West. The company, the officials say, will continue to produce feature pictures at Fort Lee, N. J., for a number of very good reasons.

First among these reasons is the fact the removal of so many companies to the Coast will leave for those that remain in the East the biggest sort of a field of successful, skilled actors and actresses to chose from for the parts below those of stars and leads in new productions. For a number of years stage actors and actresses have been playing in pictures during the day time and doing their bit before the footlights at night, thereby earning two salaries and making a decidedly good living year in and year out. If these thespians follow the flag to California it means that they will be out of stage work and will have to depend entirely upon their screen earnings. This means that their income will naturally be cut in two, in addition to risking the hazards of screen fortune far away from their accustomed base of supplies. The great majority of them are sitting tight and staying in New York.

Already the World Studios have been flooded with applications for work from stage stars who have been working for other film companies now removed to the Coast. The World is able to pick and choose the best and consequently make the casts for World productions superexcellent. Having this reservoir of skilled players to draw from, instead of being forced to break in rookies as many Coast companies have done, means a big thing to any company, which, like the World, is producing a feature picture a week. It means less time lost in casting, no retakes because of poor acting by some novice cast in an important rôle and a saving of time in rehearsals, makeup, etc. And the less time lost in a studio the more money there is saved.

Another important reason why the World is remaining in the East is time. A tremendous amount of time is lost in shipping prints and supplies back and forth between Coast studios and home offices in New York City. By concentrating home office, studio and factory in the East, the World eliminates all this expensive waste of time and, in addition, saves an enormous amount of correspondence that would otherwise be a necessary part of the work of producing on the Coast and distributing from New York. Time is a mighty vital factor in the motion picture business when a company's schedule calls for the prompt release of a feature picture each Monday of the year.

Still another big reason for the World remaining in the East, according to officials of the company, is this: Eighty per cent. of all the most successful authors live in or near New York City. It is from the established authors that the biggest percentage of good screen material is obtained and it is by co-operation with the authors in the filming of the features that the big punches are most successfully put into screen dramas. Consequently it is a distinct advantage to have the producing end of the company in close proximity to the country's literary center because it is then possible to have the author work with the director and actors at the studio in properly interpreting his ideas.

The World, it is admitted, has made a careful survey of the whole production end of the business and everything that it has ascertained has simply served to strengthen the determination of the company's officials to continue producing at Fort Lee. While it is true that the locations in California are beautiful, World officials have found no difficulty in discovering locations within short distances of New York City which are equally as beautiful as those within reasonable distances of West Coast studios. Furthermore, there is an even greater variety of scenes within a striking distance of New York than near the California studios. The West is noted for the vast distances that must be traversed to get anywhere and traveling these days is a most expensive proposition. So in this point, too, the World feels that the weight of facts are all in favor of Eastern production.

The one big outstanding factor in which California has it over the East is in the matter of sunlight. It is to get sunlight and avoid the expense of lighting a half dozen companies in the studios with many high calender power Kriegslights during the dark days of the winter that many Eastern companies are folding their tents and quickly scurrying toward the Golden Gate. But, while the World is perfectly aware of this condition of affairs, this company does not feel the impelling force of other companies of avoiding the winter's electricity bills. The fact of the matter is that the World took advantage of the long summer days to push to a completion enough feature pictures to maintain the World schedule of one release a week until spring. Consequently the World will not be put to the necessity of buying current for the lighting of a half dozen companies during the wintertime. The World can economize to the fullest possible extent on current and no matter what rulings the Government may make in regard to the consumption of electric current by motion picture companies, it is in a position to grin cheerfully.

Under these circumstances the emigration westward leaves the World satisfied. And, as stated above, the more companies that abandon the East, the more skilled actors and actresses there will be looking for motion picture engagements to add to their stage income, thereby giving the World the pick of the country's accomplished players for its casts.

"I'LL be a famous artist," cried Adolphus Vincent Brown,
"For Pa and Ma both say I am the genius of the town."
At four he drew a pig-pen and Papa was very pained
If one could not decipher it—unless it was explained!
At ten he got "a hundred" for a map of the U. S.
At fifteen had a picture in the Sheedunk Daily Press.
When nineteen years o'ertook him, why of course he knew it all,
So he started for Chicago with his canvas, paints and mahl;
But the stores thought he was joking and the publishers were coy
And the dealers said, "Go home and try to learn to draw, my boy!"
Then Adolphus got real wrathy and returned to Sheedunk, Mo.,
And earns his dollar every day behind a spade and hoe.

* * *

"I am destined for an authoress," said Hilda Libby Jones;
"I'll be a Queen of literature—I feel it in my bones."
At school her compositions were exceedingly admired,
And her Pa and Ma extolled her until everyone grew tired,
She wrote a little drama and the town said it was fine;
Composed two poems, one called "Spring," the other "Summertime,"
Her stories in the local press were full of love and fire,
So she paid a dollar every week a typewriter to hire;
She purchased reams of foolscap—wrote on both sides of each page
And when they came "Returned with thanks" it put her in a rage;
For the Editors refused her and the magazines said "No"—
And now she tends the general store at Milton Center, O.

* * *

"I'm going to be an actress," said Miranda Miriam Green:
Her family had said she'd be the greatest on the screen.
And Klickitat (in Kansas, please) applauded in amaze,
As Miriam took the leading parts in all the local plays.
She was awfully cute as Portia and a ripping Peter Pan;
In fact from farce to tragedy her great successes ran.
So—she said she'd be a screen star and she ran away one day,
And joined a movie company, but never got her pay;
They could not see her talent, sure it was not understood,
The director got quite nasty and her fellow artists rude,
So she swore that she would quit it and never more would roam,
And now she cooks and sweeps the dear old parlor floor at home.

SAID Bessie Barriscale, "I've lost in weight
I'll take a rest before it is too late."
She went to Catalina for a while,
And slept a lot and sauntered 'round the isle,
And bathed and fished and read and lazed and swam,
And ate the little fish, likewise the clam.
Then Bessie hied her back to work once more,
Got on the scales, then gasped and cried "Oh Lor!
I've added fully twenty pounds," so then
She started to reduce these pounds by ten.
Ten times each morn touched toes with finger tips,
And twisted like a top with hands on hips.
Each evening skipped a rope and hurled chairs
Before she went to bed and said her prayers.
She exercised and rationed, not in vain;
For Bessie is her normal weight again.

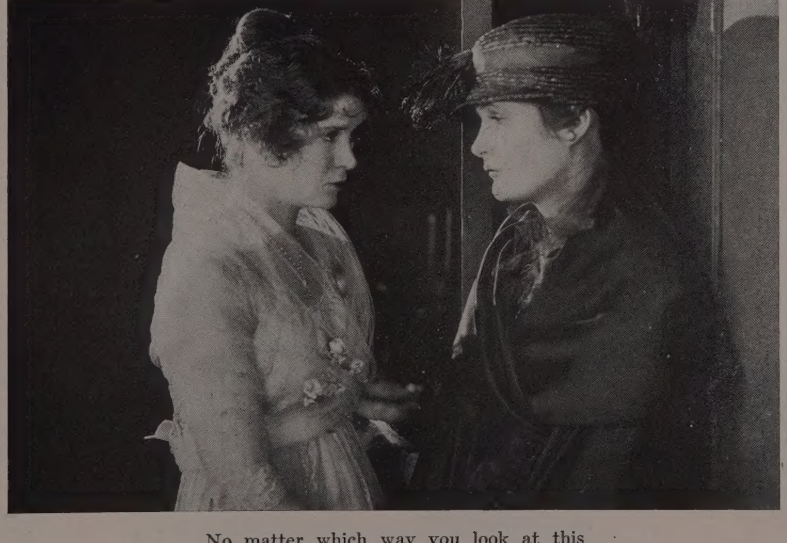
W.....of the Coast.

Fairchild

Lillian Walker whose second Happy Picture is an adaptation of John Beckenridge Ellis' novel "Fran." This picture is now being completed on the coast

The latest photograph of Harold Lockwood, Metro star

Nazimova, popular Metro star who is now in California



No matter which way you look at this picture, it is Mae Marsh, Goldwyn star as she appears in "Hidden Fires"

Will Rogers as he appears in Rex Beach's story "Laughing Bill Hyde," released through the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation

A scene from "The Girl of To-day," a Vitagraph feature in which Corinne Griffith is starred

Hale Hamilton, who has just finished his first Metro picture, "Five Thousand An Hour," a screen version of one of George Randolph Chester's famous novels

A tragic moment for Harry Morey in "The King of Diamonds," a Vitagraph picture

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Thousands of miles from home in a land torn by battle, our boys yet listen to the spiritual voice of Art. Through the Victrola, the mightiest artists in all the world sing to them the hymn of victory, cheer them with their wit and laughter, comfort and inspire them.

"A singing army is a victorious army," says General Pershing. The great artists of the world are on the firing line, rallying our hosts about the banners of Freedom.

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